

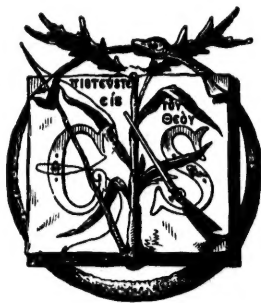
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CONSTANCE OF ACADIA.

A Novel.

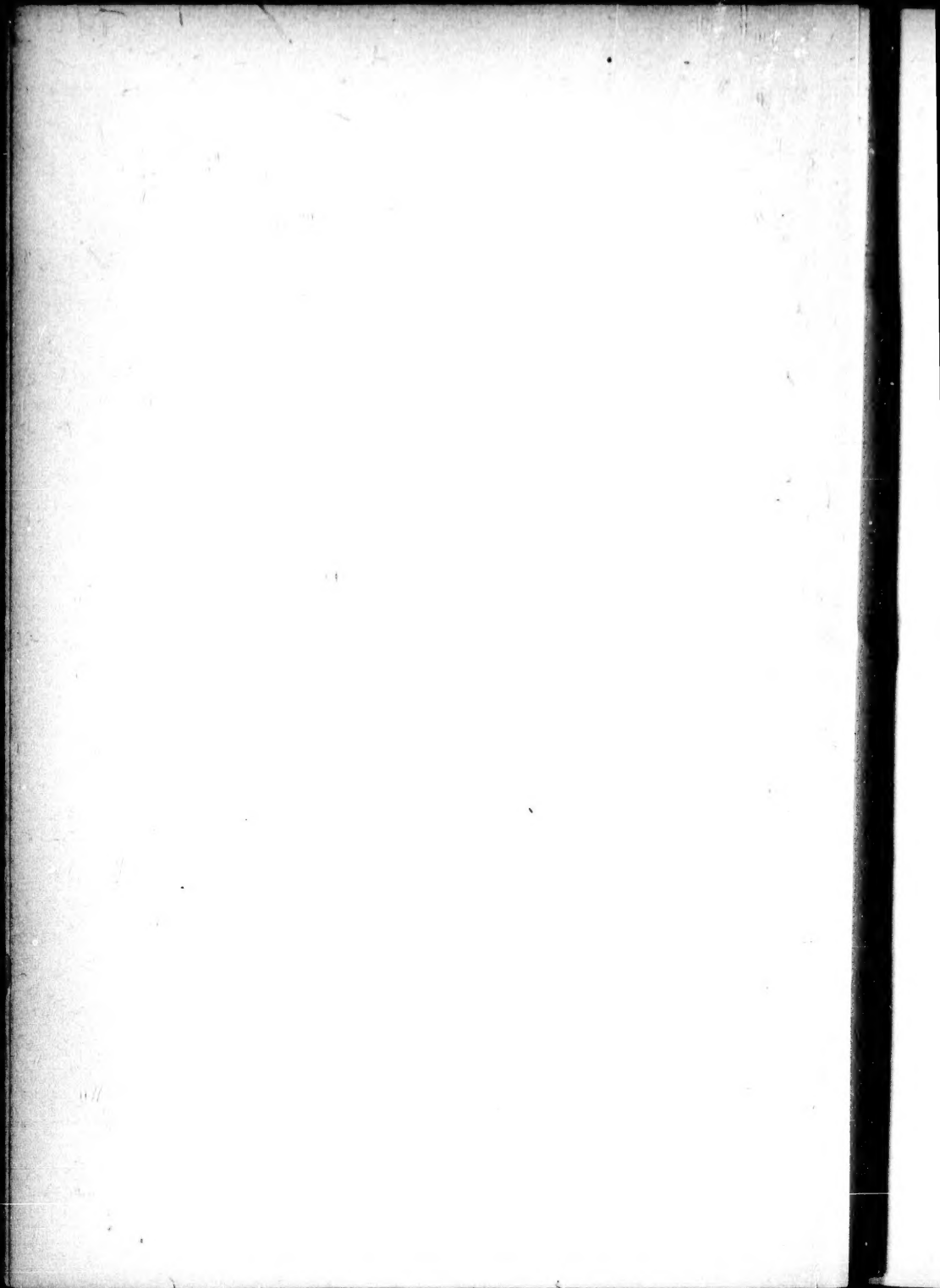


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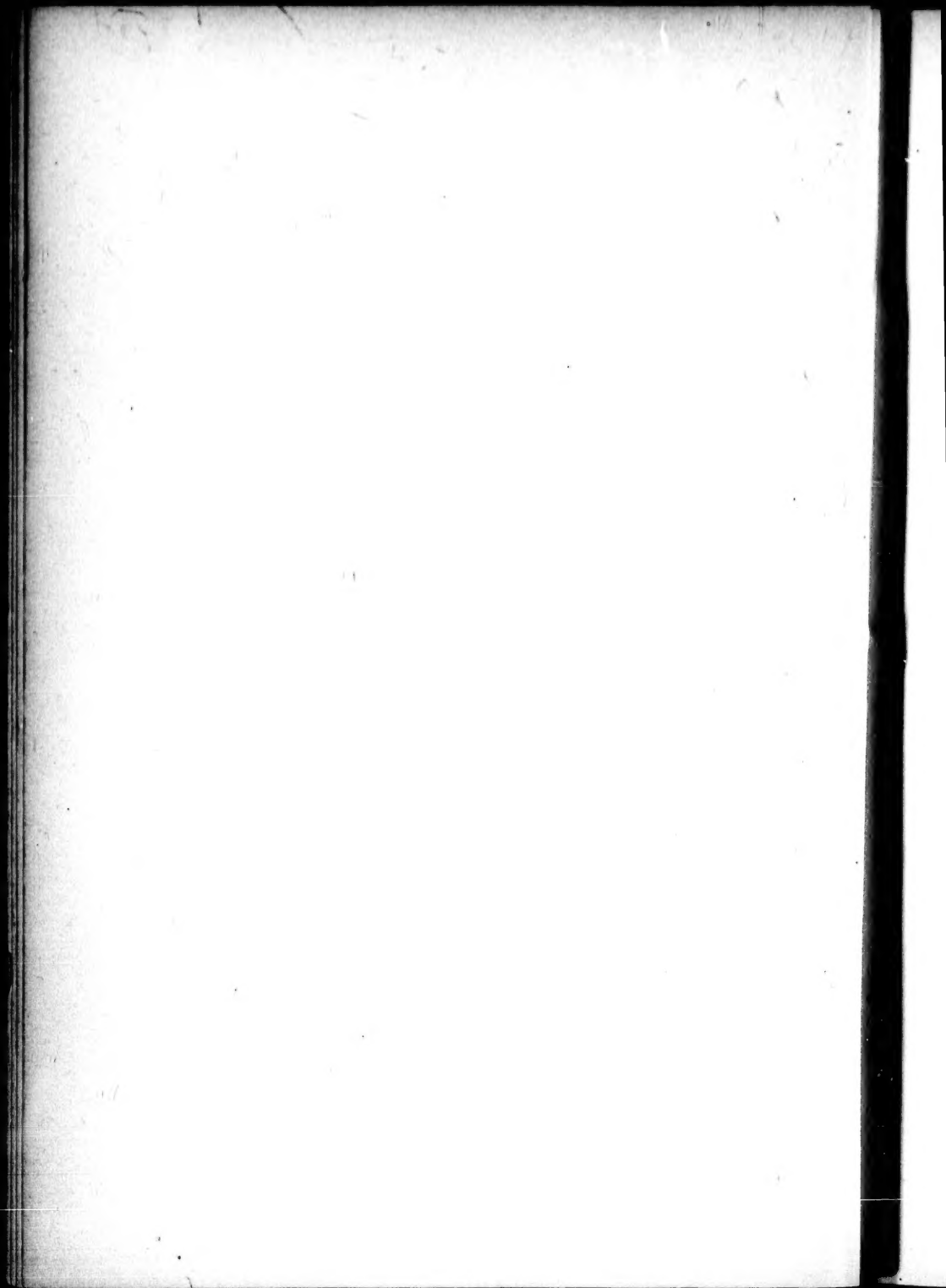


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CONSTANCE OF ACADIA.



CONSTANCE OF ACADIA.

I.

LIGHT OVER A WESTERN SEA.

"**W**HEN shall I call you Lieutenant General of Acadia?" asked the bride Constance of her husband, as they reclined upon shelving rocks near the mouth of the Penobscot, looking toward the southwest long after the sun had gone down. Beyond the salt sea there was still a silent sea of dull crimson in the sky; but the lambent flames so long playing upon the surface of the waters had been nearly quenched in the gathering night. The full moon—their honeymoon—was rising in the east; but it was not yet dark enough for them to notice their luminary,—theirs in a peculiar sense in months of early marriage.

"My father should bring the commission soon," replied Charles la Tour. "The Shoals vessel from La Rochelle, that hove to this morning, outside, brought news that having obtained the commission, he was captured on the high seas, and carried prisoner to England; but had been released upon the repre-

sentation made by your old townsman Pierre Gaudet, that my father was allied to the Bouillon family. The English take kindly to Huguenot noblemen; and none the less so if they know anything about Acadia. I look for him almost any day."

The Guardian Angel who had watched, and waited upon, Constance for twenty-five years, must have observed, even in the gloaming, the color deepen in her face when Charles pronounced the home words, "La Rochelle," and "Pierre Gaudet;" but the color had faded again when he came to the word "Acadia."

Like a person whose body was in Acadia, and whose heart, will or nill, must be where her body was, — she asked mechanically, — "And what will Charles do when he gets to be Lieutenant General?"

There was no one of finer discernment of the hidden meaning of tones, of faces, of attitudes, than Charles la Tour, whenever his absorbing business plans allowed him to think of anything else than his gains, or when a keen perception of the mental state of any one he conversed with was likely to help him in a business way.

"You speak, my Constance, of a third person: 'What will Charles do?' You are dreaming of La Rochelle, and of the old man Gaudet." And, turning so as to see his wife's face, he took her hand in his, pressing it warmly. "These home words make you speak of me impersonally, as if I were as far off as your father's house; or, as far off," — looking deeply into her dark eyes as the light upon the

water westward was reflected upon them, — “as your childhood loves.”

The poor wife, — I had almost said child-wife, since Charles was tall and the type of manly beauty, and Constance was in comparison so much shorter and smaller as to seem childlike to him, although she averaged well with her countrywomen of the Bay of Biscay, — closed her eyes, and her Guardian Angel must have wiped away a tear-drop.

Charles did not see it, but he saw visions beyond the reach of sight — far over sea.

But Charles la Tour, who had high aspirations, had not married for love, not he; he had, indeed, said that he loved. He was not without love. But Constance had taken his fancy as being the brightest and best judge of furs who had ever appeared in Acadia; and he was in the fur-business. And as to fish, she knew well the La Rochelle market, and was a judge of values, and of seasons, — in a word she knew a cod from a haddock; and he was making a vast deal of money in fish. Out of the five thousand men in the eastern fisheries some two hundred and fifty years ago, he and his father, and their Port Royal partner the son of Poutrincourt, employed one twentieth.

La Tour really loved Constance, more or less; why should he not? Toward her his heart was not divided with any other of womankind. But he was through and through a business man; and his whole soul was in his affairs. He had no such sentiment, or believed then that he had none, as would lead

him to object to his wife's having a great variety of French loves, if that should please her French fancy. But little did he know of Constance Bernon, — even if he did look deeply into her eyes.

The moon had come forth in all her strength, illuminating the bay of the Penobscot; and Charles could discern far away upon the southern waters the gleam of the paddle-stroke, as Joe Takouchin was coming up with the flood from Long Island.

"What will Charles do when he gets to be Lieutenant General of Acadia?" asked Charles, repeating his wife's interrogation. "He will get to be very rich in a monopoly of fur and fish, and in great land-grants; and then he will erect Castle La Tour at the mouth of one of the great Acadian rivers; then a feudal lord and lady will preside over Acadia; and then the house of Bouillon need not be ashamed of having poor relations. My father was once as rich as any of them. But he was a patriot, and lost his property in the civil wars, while some of his relatives saved their capons whatever became of their country."

It is a matter of history that there were few men of that age in America, with its little handfuls of population scattered along the coast, who were the match of Charles la Tour in "presence," in "persuasiveness," in "affability," in power to gain the "confidence" of those with whom he had to do. When he set out to marry, he was perfect master of the art of making his wife believe that he thought everything

of her. He was fond of her, and so perhaps supposed that he loved her. He admired her matchless discernment as a business woman; if she only had as perfect a passion as he for beaver and cod, there need be no limit to their acquisitions in the vast area of inland waters and the great fishing-banks at their doors. She was, if anything, too spiritually-minded, as she called it; too Huguenotish, as he called it.

Here was to La Tour a solid business reason for marriage; as Baron de Castin married the daughter of Madocawondo, upon business grounds. Constance being a woman he liked her more than he would a man, and more and more as long as she lived; but he never loved her, was never devoted to her.

But Constance was deserving of the profoundest love; it is no wonder that her Guardian Angel stood by her and thought himself better off than in heaven, — so that one loved her, who was worthy. One who was not worthy also loved her, — although not her husband.

II.

AN INTERVIEW BEFORE BREAKFAST.

THE day-dawn, with all the colors of heaven reflected upon the Bay, found the bride alone, looking far eastward, as if by looking far enough she could have seen the weather-vane above the pointed roof of her father's house near the Lantern, close by the solid sea-wall in that well-armed, rich, and enterprising Huguenot city La Rochelle, mistress of so many seas, and fair to look upon in the eyes of any lover of the true greatness of France.

The Lieutenant General, whose commission had not arrived in the thirty-sixth month of patient waiting, had arisen before day, in his eager attention to the gains of his trade; and he was now seeking out the intricate windings of the Biguyduce,¹ with his birch.

¹ An arm of the sea, now known as Bagaduce, east of Castine. Williamson thinks it was named for some French Major — Bigayduce. The peninsula between this river and the Penobscot Bay on the west being known to history as the Majabigaduce. The older name of the Biguyduce River appears to have been Matchebiguntus. The attempt of an eminent Indian scholar to identify this word with Williamson's French Major is creditable.

Constance cast her eyes downward, when the sun shone full-blaze athwart the eastern waters ; and she forgot her father's house in the broad daylight.

It could not but occur to her that, after all, it evinced good judgment that she had sailed in one of her father's ships to a new world, to forget that dream which had taken definite shape, after having haunted her for more than ten years, a dream of being wedded to one whom she would have loved if he had not been, as she believed, an utter stranger to her God. The Huguenot faith, her own faith, not that of another, would not allow her to love one, or rather link her destiny to one, who did not make God the supreme choice of his soul. Of all the selfish, idolatrous, papistic, jesuitical persons she ever saw, her would-be lover was the best. She would never confess to herself that she loved him ; and she left the country to be rid of him. He, apparently, was fully devoted to her, protesting his affection in strange heart-felt tones, which she had not yet heard from the business-like professional lover Charles la Tour.

She thought to herself, bending her steps toward the great hearth where her breakfast was smoking, — "Charles la Tour is a Protestant ; and I think that he is religious. He is gifted, and apparently devout, in prayer. He is fluently religious ; and I shall not soon believe that his Vaudois blood has been all sopped up by the furs of Acadia. I did wisely in this new world to take the world as I find it, and to marry in the line of my religious duty ; and I have

made my vows to God that I will be to my husband a minister of good. I have taken him for better or for worse; and, if it is for worse, I am sure it will be my fault."

Her train of pious and wifely reflection was interrupted by the sound of a ship's gun. Wheeling from her solitary seat at the table, she saw two English ships heavily armed, which had just rounded the western headland; and were now standing in for the fort. For the sake of running before the wind, and avoiding the islets of the lower Bay on the east, they had ascended the western channel by moonlight.

Constance despatched at once a messenger to her husband. There might be work in hand for the King's Lieutenant. These men-of-war had appeared suddenly, like Megunticut thunder-clouds; canvas clouds illuminated by the sun, but filled with lightnings and the peal of battle.

When the ships hove to, and lowered two boats, Constance went toward the landing alone to meet them. An English baronet was in the foremost boat, with the English flag flying over his head.

Constance waved her hand; and her gunner, upon the platform fronting Pentagoët¹ next the sea, fired a shot across the baronet's bows; and his men peaked

¹ Pemetigoet or Pentegoet was the name given by Champlain, in 1605, to the river which had been known to the Indians as Norem-bega. Wheeler (*History of Castine, Bangor*, 1875, p. 14) thinks that Pentagoët is a combination of Indian and French, meaning entrance to the river.

their oars. While the boat swung round to the wind upon the uneasy tide, Constance, putting her hand to her mouth for a speaking-trumpet, spoke in clear penetrating musical English,—

“Lay your head off shore; and land the baronet from the stern, then pull off. I will see him alone under a flag of truce. If you delay, I will blow you out of the water.”

She raised her hand, and another shot crossed the bows of the boat. When, in the next uplifting of her hand, she flaunted her white kerchief to the breeze, the baronet condescended to land from the stern; and the boat and flag pulled off, and Constance was alone with the stranger, who also held out a flag of truce.

The English baronet had an important communication to make to Chevalier la Tour.

“My husband cannot be interrupted upon trivial business, at this hour,” replied Constance. “He will see you later, if he thinks it important. Your present business I will attend to.”

The baronet rubbed his eyes, and he would have ripped out an oath or two if he had been an Englishman; being a Frenchman, he took out his snuff-box, and offered it to Madame la Tour, with a profusion of compliments, which led her to abandon her new-world direct Anglo-Saxon method of addressing one whom she had supposed to be a Saxon.

It was her father-in-law, Claude la Tour, returned with her husband's commission as Lieutenant General of Acadia.

"Will the baronet be so good, as to produce the commission, as a voucher for his personal identity as Claude la Tour?"

The baronet hesitated. Should he negotiate with a woman?

"Will the baronet be so good as to recall his boat, that he may get into it under his own flag, that I may proceed to blow him out of the water?"

The baronet looked into the deep dark eyes of Madame la Tour.

"It would be less work to exhibit the commission; which I will do with pleasure," he remarked, after looking at eyes which never quailed.

The baronet accepted his fair enemy's invitation to breakfast, when satisfied that his countrywoman was his son's wife. But first he sent to the ship for his own wife; whom he had picked up in England, a maid of honor to Queen Henrietta.

The sound of the great guns had outstripped the messengers of Constance, and Charles la Tour — now indeed Lieutenant General — returned in season to breakfast with his step-mother, and his de-nationalized father, and his own faithful friend and defender Constance of La Rochelle.

III.

WREATHS OF SMOKE.

NOTHING could exceed the self-complacency of Charles la Tour except the self-complacency of his father. They were neither of them self-conceited men — far from that. Self-conceit implies something notional, almost whimsical; but the La Tours were thoroughly well-balanced, and the better balanced they were, the better satisfied they were with themselves.

Charles la Tour had a faculty of extracting from all circumstances an immense amount of downright happiness. If the marines told a true story, when they said that La Tour killed an Englishman in order to steal a ship, he undoubtedly did it with joy in his heart, and a smile at his own deftness in doing it. If he had a long and bitter contest with a rival, he enjoyed every minute of the time. The fun of fighting was exquisite. Then his skin was stuffed full of satisfaction when he delicately nibbled at sweetmeats or sipped wine with Governor Winthrop. And his conversations with Constance, whom he never to her dying day understood, were sources of rare pleasure; as if, for the moment, his soul bathed in the pure

empyrean of a higher range of thought than he had known since his mother died at Saint Martin on R6, when he was fourteen years old, the day before his father sailed for Acadia.

This happy disposition kept in subordination his curiosity to know just how his Vaudois father had become a Britisher in crimson and gold.

As they lighted their tobacco for an after-breakfast stroll along shore, between the thick-set hackmatacks and the Bay, the father and son chaffered each other upon their respective marriages.

"How came you, my dear father, to find such a fair faced and attractive Frenchwoman among the fogs of England?"

"She discovered me, my son, by my French accent. It was a love match on her part. And I responded heartily, since the Queen was very fond of her, and it strengthened my position at court. And my wife was anxious to see our new world, which I am going to turn over to England."

"To England?" replied Charles, almost forgetful of his even poise. Then recollecting himself, he added, "That would indeed be very fine. But how do you propose to do it?"

"I have," said the father, "not only a baronetcy, but a land grant, big enough to make your heart jump, to give to you, which will be much better than the Lieutenant General's commission that Louis XIII. has sent you. Acadia will certainly be lost to France before the present hostilities terminate."

"But do you think, father, that I would be a traitor to my country for a baronetcy, a few acres of bushes in what you propose to call Nova Scotia?"

"Traitor! country! You have no country but the soil your feet cover, and what you own in our new world," replied the father. "You can dissemble to the French King. I learned in the Maritime Alps to call no man my king except as I could make kings my subjects. What kings are for is to help the La Tour family. Louis and Charles are both my servants, and yours too, if you will make them such." And he rattled his sword in its scabbard when he said this.

"Indeed, indeed," answered the Lieutenant Governor of Acadia, "was it not upon the very ground that I was to keep Acadia for France, that I based my petition to my king?"

"Are you then settled that you will not surrender?" asked the baronet, in alarm. "Do you know, sir, since you claim to be a man of honor, that I obtained this land-grant and a baronetcy for you, and for myself also, upon my pledge that you would surrender this fort to His Britannic Majesty? And do you know, sir, that these men-of-war have crossed the ocean for the express purpose of taking possession of this fort? I entreat you to surrender, and keep the engagement I have made for you with my king, and my newly adopted country. I throw myself upon your clemency. I plead as a father with his own son."

"I indeed love you, and recognize my obligation to you who have given me life itself; and I value the honor you have brought me from a foreign prince; but I must seek the approval of my own king. Do you suppose me capable of betraying the trust my king has placed in me? What is my life worth unless I can be trusted? France depends upon me to hold this fort." So replied the son with no small indignation and emphasis.

"Did you ever know a French king to be grateful?" asked the father. "My word for it, he will have you in the Bastile to please some favorite, before you are done with him."

"It will never be my fault, if he forgets me," responded the King's Lieutenant. "But it will be my fault if I do not do what I know to be right. My conscience is in it."

Approaching now the shade where Constance was sitting with her mother-in-law, Charles said to his father,

"If you have no other proposals to make, you may as well send away your ships of war, and take your charming bride and settle down with me to make money out of the Indian fur-trade, and keep along with the cod-fishing we see in with Biencourt. Perhaps, however," he added, — turning about to renew the pacing up and the pacing down, and changing his tone from that of a warrior to that of an accomplished diplomat, — "if I had married a Franco-Anglican wife, I might talk as you do. But

Constance of La Rochelle, the daughter of Bernon, knows nothing of the independent spirit you brought from the Alpine crags looking into Italy; and she is French to her heart's core."

"Ha, ha," continued Charles, "I see by the twinkle in your eyes, that you already laugh at me for having married a wife who is more of a man than I am. But I assure you, upon my honor, that I married her for soldierly and statesman-like qualities. And she has made me swear by a great oath that I will set up the throne of France upon the banks of the Penobscot, and the Saint John, and the roaring tides of Fundy."

"And did you swear, my son? I am duly proud of you, for being of a piece with your father. I see that you on your part intend to earn the approval of your king; and have me on my part hold our titles and our land grant. Is not this what you really mean, down at the bottom of your eyes?"

Charles and his father looked calmly into each other's eyes; as if they took delight in contemplating each his own image reflected in the eyes of the other.

It is noteworthy that they shook hands upon it; and turning, walked towards the fort.

"You were speaking of your wife," said the baronet. "Does she not fear the power of the Jesuits?"

"Yes; she thinks they will, for the present, control the Saint Lawrence. But in this part of Acadia, she has,—so far as I can discern what she really does intend to do,—a settled purpose to establish a

Huguenot colony upon these eastern shores of New France; and if she does, she will make these straggling outskirts of the world the match of old France for the love of country, able to maintain her rights in the great struggle that must come between France and England for America. Of that I am satisfied."

"And now, sir," added Charles la Tour, looking somewhat sternly at his father, "I believe that we understand each other. You and I are for the La Tours against all kings and all nations and all religions."

Upon this, the baronet pulled out of his travelling-pocket the land grant, representing a magnificent strip of country fifteen leagues inland, along the coast for fifty leagues from Fundy to Mirliguesche.¹

"Yes, I think we will take this land," said the Lieutenant of France. "We shall want for the La Tours all that we can get from both the kings. I think it is now settled between us, that you will be the friend and patron of Charles I., and keep this land he has given into your charge; and that I am to be the friend of Louis XIII., and take all he gives me."

"Allow me to embrace you, my son."

"This arrangement, my honored father, will of course involve a public separation of our interests, which will appear to others most painful, to say nothing of its being strange. We must fight to maintain our respective rights; but as long as we

¹ From Yarmouth to Lunenburg.

have come to this private understanding, the world may wonder."

At this point, they had come so near the place where their wives were conversing, that they again turned about. Ascending a slight elevation, Charles la Tour threw away his half-burned tobacco, and stood firmly upon both legs, looking every inch like the representative of a king, and pointed to the southwest over the Penobscot Bay:—

"The Saxons are founding cities and planting an empire; and those who are descended from Roman soldiers and ancient Gauls will begin from this day forward relatively to lose ground in the world, and do less for advancing civilization, unless they seize on this new continent and hold it vigorously with both hands. At least, this is what my wife says. Under the pretence of fur-trading, and marrying me, and the converting—as she calls it—of the Indians, she expects to take the stifled Huguenots out of France, and bring them hitherward, where they can breathe the air of freedom, and worship God in the wilderness, and plant the industries and civilization of the Latin race upon a new continent."

"That would please the spirits of the dead patriots of La Rochelle," answered the father. "The Duc de Rohan and his compatriots said, that France was fast losing its grip upon the world by driving out of her borders the best blood of the nation. He desired to keep it in the country, by erecting a Huguenot republic. Failing in that, nothing could be better

than to ship the Huguenots out of France in bulk, and build up a New France in America."

"I have been so long out of France," replied the younger La Tour, "and I have had so little news in your absence, that I am glad to learn your views. Constance represents that no small part of the wealth, the business capacity, the intellectual force of France, have turned toward Calvinism; and that the Roman Church, led by the Jesuits, proposes to destroy the very sinews of the nation itself, and leave a mere flabby France, loyal to Rome. She is all on fire to bring these Protestants to America. It would make your blood boil, father, to hear Constance talk about it. Pray, do not speak of England and English forts and English baronetcies and English land-grants. We will keep the land, to be sure. There are no English here to object. There is nobody in the whole country. We can do what we please. We will send off your ships of war, and build up a New France."

"Ah, I see," replied the baronet. "You have fully submitted yourself to your wife; although you have not been married a month."

"I am proud of my wife," said the son, taking his father by the button. "When her brother died, a year ago, I took her into partnership at once, and my business almost doubled. My self-gratulation is complete now that I have married her. She will make an admirable Queen of our New France, when we fill it with Huguenots, and set up for ourselves in America."

"Suppose, however," retorted his father, "that we compromise the situation, and bring in Scotch settlers as well as French. The chances are, that, so long as France and England are liable to have half-a-dozen wars within the next century, Acadia will be seized, whenever hostilities break out, by the King who does not happen to own it at the time. The area is large, and the population will be small for a hundred years. Then when the kings settle their quarrel, Acadia will be played like a card, this way or that, as will best suit the game. Under such conditions, it will be handy for us, the La Tours, the actual settlers of the country, the only rightful kings or feudal lords of Acadia, to have both Scotch and French; and we ourselves can be Scotch, English, French, to satisfy the circumstances, — only we will be La Tours, and Acadians, under all governments, and keep our rights by the nimbleness of our wits."

"A wise father, truly," remarked Charles. "If you represent Charles I. and Sir William Alexander, I will represent Louis the Just; and we will both look sharply to our own interests."

So was made the celebrated La Tour, French, Scotch, English, Catholic, Protestant, Acadian treaty.

Having paced up, and paced down, and trodden the June grass, and ground it under their heels, and fingered the fresh tips of hackmatack boughs, and looked out upon the sunny waters, to their heart's content, they now returned to the society of their gossips, — Constance and Henrietta.

IV.

THEIR GOSSIPS.

CLAUDE LA TOUR'S London wife was the daughter of a native of Languedoc, one of the inferior order of French nobles, whose titles came to them through the royal grant to municipal office, on account of some old-time service to the king. Her father and his bride had escaped to England upon the occasion of the Toulousian League riot in January 1589. Henrietta was little older than Constance; and, at this obscure fort in the wilderness, they struck up at once a fine friendship.

Constance found that any Gallican sympathies which Henrietta might have had by inheritance, had so suffered from the wrongs rehearsed by French refugees in London, that she was glad to carry an English heart under her French features. The two wives, however, established a basis of confidence, when they discussed the La Tours.

"Claude la Tour," said the late maid of honor, "came to London a prisoner.¹ My father and Pierre

¹ The prisoner of Sir David Kirk, who upon his failure to take Quebec, cruised for the French fleet which was bringing supplies to the St. Lawrence and Port Royal, capturing eighteen ships, and one

Gaudet knew about his family in La Tour in Piedmont. My father, when a child, was once a night's guest at his mother's house in La Tour."

"It must have been a wild place, from my husband's account of it," said Constance. "His grandmother's home was in the Val Angrogna. It was all overhung by jagged and majestic mountains."

"Indeed," replied Henrietta, "I never heard my husband allude to the sublimity. He has however often spoken of the beauty of his child home. I have dreamed of it as I would of fairy-land,—with vineyards and gardens upon the river-side, fruit-trees and groves of pine, pastures tinkling with sweet bells, musical cascades, and a world of wild flowers humming with bees."

"How strange this is," said Constance, "I never heard of all that. Probably Charles does not admire beauty, although he professes to go into ecstasies, if I give him a flower; I think he does not care for anything but the *fleur de lis* of my country." Saying this she looked closely in Henrietta's face to see

hundred and thirty-five pieces of ordnance, and an immense store of ammunition. La Tour the senior, with his son's commission as the Acadian Lieutenant of France in his pocket, appears to have made the most of his voyage to England in exercising his blandishments upon the tough old Scotchman, his captor, who subsequently introduced him to Sir William Alexander, as just the man suited to his service. La Tour's long residence in Acadia, and his manifest ability made him most useful to Sir William. His acquaintance with the Scotch knight is alluded to in Hanney's *Acadia*, p. 117.

whether there was the slightest tinge of French blood in it. "I have, however, often heard him speak of the way in which the Vaudois maintained themselves for a hundred years in those mountain heights, falling like the avalanche upon hosts of enemies beneath them."

"It must be," replied Henrietta, "that Sir Claude la Tour does not propose to frighten me by the sounds of war, notwithstanding the array of guns we carry; for he never once lisped a word relating to the fierce crags of Mount Vandalin, save that they looked out upon the rich plains, the corn lands, the meadows, and vineyards of Piedmont."

"And did he never tell you," asked Constance, "of the towering walls of Castelluzzo, where his grandmother was hidden in a cave, let down to it by a rope ladder on the face of the precipice? It makes my heart hot when I think how near we are to the blood-red Alps. Did your husband never tell you that his mother's jewelled fingers were cut off by Spanish swords one Sunday morning, when La Tour was plundered in the name of the pope?"

"No," answered Henrietta fingering her rings, "but I got it out of him that his father was a sort of, Protestant highway-robber,—if that is anything to be proud of."

"Outlaws, I think they called themselves," said Constance. "They started out, I have heard, after their fracas with that braggadocio priest Ubertain Braida; and for years they kept the Vaudois val-

leys from going to sleep under the tyranny of the times."

"But, why," asked Henrietta, "shall we bring to this new world all these ancestral woes? You can hardly tell my sense of freedom in breathing the air of America. It is much as if I had entered the borders of Paradise. And I should think so, were it not for these wicked-looking guns, and those Tarratine redskins."

"These savages and hostile guns must help decide who owns America," replied Constance, "before we can build a paradise upon our beautiful rivers."

"You would little believe it to be Paradise, if the Jesuit fathers should gain here the mastership, as they did in Savoy, when they seized your husband's playmate Neveau; took him from his father's house to their Turin convent, then shipped him to the Indies, from which never returned even his echo."

"I should weary you, indeed I should, were I to tell you how dear these guns are to me. We propose to have a country."

"I sometimes believe," she added, looking half timidly into the sparkling eyes of Henrietta, "that I am engaged in founding a nation. Aside from a handful of your countrymen in Virginia, and the small settlements in Massachusetts Bay, and the Papists who claim that noblest of all rivers the St. Lawrence, there is no America. And if I can prepare the way for a Huguenot republic, Acadia will have an honorable future."

"The Duc de Rohan," observed Henrietta, "tried that in France, did he not?"

"France was no place for it," answered Constance, her lips suddenly losing color. "It would have been wiser to have taken the Protestant population bodily out of France, and brought them here. At this distance, we could have defied the world in arms." These closing words were uttered in a voice strangely agitated; and with eyelids closing over their tears.

"Do you know," asked Henrietta, without noticing her companion's face, "that Sir Claude la Tour is now engaged in this very work of planting a Protestant people here?"

"Pardon my interruption," answered Constance with an effort. "You had begun to tell me of Sir William, when we made our conversational trip to the Alps."

"When Claude la Tour was released from prison by my father's interest at court; and when His Majesty and Sir William Alexander who had the royal patent of Acadia, knew the La Tour connection with the new world, and their respectable rank in France, they made advances to him at once to plant Scotch colonists, and to seize upon the country — with your husband's consent," — said Henrietta, speaking rapidly, with sharp eyes fixed on Constance.

"My husband will never consent," said Constance firmly, in a low musical tone.

"That depends," replied the late lady of honor to

the English queen. "Did not our English navigators discover Acadia? In years of peace, of course we could not enforce our claims and take our country from your French settlers. But when Charles I. assumed the defence of La Rochelle, the way opened to seize upon New France; and the King employed my husband for this purpose."

Henrietta hardly noticed the effect of her words. Constance, who had been ready to sink with anguish, now seemed likely to faint. She rallied a moment in the lull of conversation; and her eyes were fixed. She saw, far away over the tossing leagues of sea, no old-time lover, but her father's desolate house. Her father had been slain early in the siege. Her mother, and the entire house, save her youngest brother, a mere child, had perished of that terrible famine which heaped up the dead upon the walks and in the passage-ways until twenty-five thousand out of a population of thirty thousand had perished. She saw those massive, impregnable walls, which had made her native city the pride of the Protestant world, crumble under the edict of that very king who had now sent a commission to her husband.

But, for all this, her heart faltered not; she was loyal to France, that ideal France which is dearer than life to every true child of the nation. She believed that there might, even yet, be gathered a people, persecuted at home, who should build in the eastern portions of America a French State with more freedom if less sunshine.

Henrietta had ceased to speak. She had placed her hand softly within the palm of Constance. Her full warm English blood imparted new life. Her English eyes looked fully into the lustrous eyes which the ancestors of Constance had brought to her out of Italy.

Henrietta knew too well what visions her companion was conjuring up across the waste of waters. — “Constance, my dear one, the world is new, not old. It is ours to win the battles of the future. We cannot blanch our cheeks with tears for the world’s wrongs, — or even mourn unduly for our own dead. — Look at your husband, your possibilities of life. How manly he appears, pacing up and down with his father.”

Taking both hands of Constance within her own magnetic palms, she added, — “Did I not begin to tell you, my love, about my acquaintance with Claude la Tour; how he sought me, and pestered me out of my life to marry him? Of course, I did not want to; and I would not. But my queen set in, and my mother set in, and I yielded. I sometimes think that queens and Frenchwomen have queer notions, — as if marriage were to be at the call of convenience, not love.”

Constance drew a long sigh, the first since the bitter day in which came the crushing news of the fall of La Rochelle and her father’s house, — the very day her brother died at Port Royal, — the very day she first met Charles La Tour, when he was so

thoughtful and kind to her at the bedside of the dying and the new grave in the wilderness. It was also the last sigh. During all the years next following she kept her respiration in close control, — as if the iron in the blood of her family stock during some ages had finally asserted itself; indeed she kept it, and did not sigh upon that fatal and darkening day so soon following, when her childhood lover appeared riding upon the morning seas toward sunrise.

"I could not help loving Charles la Tour," said Constance; "and it did not seem to me a marriage of convenience."

Then, — so long was it since she had seen the face of an intelligent and sympathizing woman in her desolate wilderness life, cut off as she was forever from any old home confidants over sea, — she continued, as if she would tell all that she had in her heart, and be as frank with another as with herself:

"I should I am sure have loved differently upon the coast of France, if another Charles, — my Charles the First," she said with a grim attempt to smile under her tears, "had not been already wedded soul and body to the Jesuits who educated him after the death of his parents. He loved me devotedly, but he hated my religion. He was taught to do it. He preferred the Jesuits to me. I should have given him my whole heart at once, if he had returned my gift; but the Jesuits had his heart in safe keeping. — Perhaps he will be more manly, and break away from them sometime."

At this point Constance would have sighed, but she had made up her mind never to express herself again by that symbol. As it was, she stopped short, and fixed her eyes upon the manly beauty of Charles la Tour, as he paced up and down between the hackmatacks and the water.

"When Charles la Tour asked me to become his wife, he snatched me from the depths of despair, and gave me something to live for. My best child-friend had developed in his opening manhood into a confirmed Jesuit, threatening to take priestly orders if I should not marry him. My city, oh my native city, my home, had perished of starvation under a cruel king, who could never batter down her strong walls. My father's house had tumbled into the grave, except my baby brother; and I fear that the Jesuits may get control of him as they did of Charles de Menou, whose mother was the daughter of a Huguenot house of our oldest and best and most honored. And then my brother who came from home with me to this new country, died so suddenly, so strangely. It all came at once. The world fell in ruin over my head.

"Charles la Tour then appeared, with so much that was noble in his heart and life, in his practical handling of this world's business. He was devout. The prayers he learned, when he was a child at the school of Pra du Tour, I heard him repeat in tremulous tones, as we kneeled over my brother's grave. I could not help becoming his wife. I believe that he loves me with all the capacity he has for loving.

His heart is, however, principally in his great ambitions for self and power; his heart throbs for me, whenever it is at leisure.

"I sometimes think," she added with sunlight in her eyes, "that he is more devoted to beaver-traps and fish-flakes than to me; and then, too, he dotes on his commission which your husband, the baronet, has just brought to him."

At this point, the approach of the sauntering son and father put an end to their gossip.

It was noteworthy that Charles did not take his father into the tort at breakfast or after.

V.

A PATERNAL AND FILIAL FIGHT.

WHEN it came nightfall, the light upon the western sea was dimmed somewhat, as Charles la Tour reclined upon the shelving rocks with Constance. It would be needful for him in flying his flag at daybreak to name his choice between two kings; but he and his father had no occasion to deceive each other, — they understood perfectly what part they were to play. Charles had, moreover, to prepare the mind of Constance for some modification of her views relating to the Scotch.

“How did you like your mother-in-law, Constance?”

“Well enough for an English woman. She no longer loves the lilies of France. She is very good socially, and in a kind sisterly way; but how can I bear the sight of her, when the French blood in her hand is treacherous, and she would change our flag?”

“But do you not think well of a Scotch colony? Heretofore the Scotch and French have sought alliance with each other against England.”

“Charles la Tour, or Lieutenant General rather, the good representative of a bad king, I believe down

in my heart—I wish I did not—that the British Islands will control America; but it shall not be by my consent, as to Acadia. They will swarm and cover the continent. They are a migrating people. Let them go south to New England. If we bring in the people, we bring in the king; and I am not ready to abandon New France for New Scotland.”

“But what are we to do,” asked the husband, “if the French wish to stay at home? To-day, the only ones who wish to emigrate are those whose lives are made a terror by persecution.”

It was a strange sight which Constance called up from over the sea, as she replied, “Would that I could call back from the realms of the dead the twenty-five thousand martyrs of La Rochelle. With them we could have built up a French Protestant power, which would have used the magnificent harbors of this coast, and have turned the falls of our rivers into great manufacturing towns. My poor country is given over to madness. She is taking the intelligent, the liberty-loving, the industrious, the thrifty, the enterprising among her people, and scattering them to the four winds of heaven. I would give my life—I will give my life if need be—to the gathering here of a handful, who will make Acadia the seed-plot of a thousand generations, where the best blood of France may show what it can do in redeeming the world.”

“But our Frenchman John Calvin,” replied Charles, “has already inoculated the Scotch, through John

Knox, not only with the love of liberty, but with a type of moral character new even to Great Britain. They certainly would make good homes in Acadia."

"I am not objecting to them as good people," answered Constance, "but I object to their king. The oats and the bagpipes I could put up with, but Charles Stuart, never. I am French in every fibre. We could conquer and hold no small part of the world, in any cause having a religious basis, if our Huguenot warriors only had a place upon which to stand, sacred to Protestant liberty."

"I can never cease to be glad to hear you talk about a French-Protestant Republic in New France," responded Charles. "But the present point is this, that my father has an immense land-grant for himself and for me personally; and for you too, for your emigration scheme, where your settlers can be safe under the La Tours, whoever is king. It must have occurred to you, that since Acadia is half as large as Old France, and since there are absolutely no French settlers here, except our own family and our retainers, that it will be difficult to hold the entire area; so that Acadia is liable to change hands, back and forth a good many times, whenever a few pieces of ordnance float, as now, toward the feeble forts of this wilderness."

"On this account we will fight for what we have," replied Constance. "You do not mean to hoist the red flag of England at daybreak? How can you do

it with the King's commission in your hand? Is your father still to be recognized as your father, if he is a traitor to his king? He is a Piedmontese; let him shift kings, if that suits his fancy. But were I to hoist the meteor flag, the red fire of England, more than thirty generations of my ancestors would arise from their graves and fight for the flowers of the lily of France."

The white flag of France was flying at the break of day. It was first seen by the lookout upon the men-of-war.

"All that remains for us is to take the fort in a fair fight, if we can," the baronet remarked to the commander of the expedition. "Lieutenant General La Tour pleads a prior engagement with Louis XIII., which hinders him from ratifying the agreements, which in his absence I made with King Charles and Sir William Alexander in his behalf. If we cannot take the fort, we must make a treaty with him to protect our colonists, and to coöperate with Sir William in settling up the country with Scotch, which the Lieutenant General is disposed to do."

If the Acadian lobsters, boiled into red coats for the Britons' breakfast, were three or even four feet long, La Honton should be credited with the report.

When, after disposing of the lobsters, the commander sought to disembark a body of his soldiers, the ships were struck by a heavy fire from the fort; to which the British oak made answer by a lively cannonade, — the first shot cutting away the Pen-

tagouët flag-staff with its folds of silk.¹ This was followed by hearty English cheers, which made the bay and forest ring with echoes.

They were, however, silent when the return shot took away the rudder-post of the "St. George." This piece of ordnance had been manned by Constance, who had spent her life in a military city, under the elbows of gunners. By her father's position she was permitted to learn the artillery practice; to which he had been trained in his youth. In bearing her part in sighting guns upon the Penobscot, she recalled the spirit of her mother, who in the first great siege of La Rochelle was among the foremost with her ladle, when the women and children mounted the walls and poured boiling pitch upon their assailants.

One more shot, perilously near to cutting the main boom, led the baronet to beseech his commander to run out of range.

An attempt was made to land soldiers at midnight upon the western side of Majabiguyduce, which was met with so fierce an onslaught, that they retired in some confusion.

The Saxon soldiery had none too much faith in their French baronet, who had promised the surrender of his son's fort without bloodshed. The number of Huguenot sailors and soldiers on board prevented, however, the officers from making any hostile demonstration. But it was determined to test his fealty,

¹ The flag was one which Constance had wrought with her own fingers against the day of peril.

and avail themselves of Claude la Tour's knowledge of localities (he having resided at the fort in former years) to make regular approaches from the hill on the north, unless the inner palisades could be carried by surprise upon the second night.

The Pentagouët garrison had now been reinforced during thirty-six hours by Indian trappers and friendly warriors, to whom Constance had sent out runners in every direction, before the return of her husband, upon the morning she first saw the foreign flag. The Biguyduce River was alive with canoes stealing along in the evening shadows; and the tall Tarratines from the northern waters were pouring down upon the swift current and the outgoing tide.

The surprise-party in the night was therefore sadly surprised. The baronet hastily returned to the "Lionheart," still wearing his scalp; in which he was more favored than some of his shipmates.

This cloud of red Indians decided the attacking party to hold a war-council. It was determined to return to England.¹

It was whispered among the officers, that the baronet would die on the block if he should return to England; and there were some who would have been glad to see him dangling from a yard-arm in sight of the fort.

Claude la Tour was, however, able to persuade the commander, Sir Richard Kent, that he had acted in

¹ *A Geographical History of Nova Scotia.* London: 1749, pp. 55-61.

good faith, and that by remaining in the country he would be able to render important service to Sir William Alexander, and to the King; that his son would co-operate with England, as to the settlement of colonists, although he deemed it prudent for the present not to arouse the antagonism of France. More would be gained for England with a La Tour in the fort, than by precipitating upon Acadia the forces of Louis.

Kent had not been favorably impressed with what he had seen of the coast; and stated that he would recommend Alexander to give the La Tours the whole of it, if they were willing to take it.

The chagrin of the lonely baronet, — who knew not when there would be another, who at that time comprised the entire body of landed aristocracy of Nova Scotia, — was very great when he reflected upon the disappointment of Henrietta, who was thunder-struck at the turn which affairs had taken. Delicately alluding to his changed condition, he intimated that she might prefer to return to England.

“Do you suppose,” she answered, “that I assumed the marriage vows to forsake you? Wherever you go, I will go. I will share every turn of fortune. However wretched the condition, it will be my greatest felicity to soften the rigors of your fate, and to alleviate your sorrows.”

With two men servants and two maid servants, the baronet and Henrietta were set ashore.

VI.

THE WASTES OF THE WORLD.

IF England had claimed the country first explored by Livingstone, and had appropriated it; or if the United States, or more properly an enterprising New York newspaper, had claimed that portion of the interior of Africa upon great lakes and rivers which Stanley discovered, as a mere extension of the public domain, or as a private realm in which to sell papers, — it would have been precisely what was deemed the proper thing by the European kings, — who sat as comfortably as they could upon sword-points or cushions of silk, surrounded by women of questionable reputation or by fierce soldiers, with assassins lurking in the background, — when the world's enterprising merchants, sailors, and country gentlemen went out and explored regions unknown, and dedicated them to their most Christian kings. The kings, upon reflection, had no doubt that they owned the domains westward by perhaps a better title than many things of which they had possessed themselves eastward.

If the navigator wanted, therefore, a little money to develop and improve his new land, he was

allowed by that crowned Christian, under whose shadow he happened to have been born, to get his cash as best he could in the way business men ordinarily do, — with the additional security of certain dark and mysterious rights in land grants, vast, uncertain, perhaps limitless as the unknown continent, doled out by royal hands to those who dare risk money and person in a new world risen out of the sea.

This holding out of sceptres over the Cimmerian darkness of lands less known to Europe than the nether world, was one form of amusement for kings, some of whom were mere children. James, Charles, Henry, Louis, Philip all claimed and all gave away the same country; and the poor grantees had to fight it out on the new soil as best they could, with occasional help from their liege lords.

Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that the actual settlers, who once got a grip upon their lands, defied the world. The La Tours, therefore, claimed it as their right to hang on to what they had got; taking with both hands all that Louis and Charles would give them in the way of titles, and submitting from time to time as best they could to the chagrins of the hour and the changing whims of the courts of Europe.

When Charles la Tour had once discharged his obligation to his revered father, by giving him much high-sounding advice upon the duty of a patriotic regard to that puppet, which was made to sit here or

to stand there by the Bishop of Luçon in his new scarlet robe; and had awakened echoes of applause in Versailles, and made himself respected at Hampton Court; and had received a congratulatory letter from Louis, who would entertain a kindly remembrance of what the backwoodsman had done for him; and had in hand his commission and land grants from France, and a baronetcy not formally accepted and a land grant which he would take from England,—he was well fitted to make a treaty of peace with his own father, and set a good example to all Blue Noses forever as being a little more cute than any Yankee who had yet been raised upon the New England coast.

If Charles la Tour's wits had not been sharpened by his experiences in a new world it was not the fault of his fate.

"Of course the La Tours own this country," said Constance to Henrietta, as they embarked in their birch to pick up certain mink traps, before emigrating to Cape Sable. "The former king, James, shuffling round in his old shoes, gossiping with his old Scotch cronies, peering out of the thick atmosphere of London or the mists north of the Tweed, tried to discover another bank of fog for his countrymen, and to name it New Scotland; now King Charles attempts to make good the Scotch grant. As for Louis XIII., he would make anybody his Lieutenant-General, who would fortify and fight in his name upon any part of the globe to which he had no claim, and he would call it New France. For all that, whatever

king claims it, Acadia belongs to the La Tours. Louis was only eight years old when my husband came to Acadia; and James was upon his throne, trying to substitute oatmeal porridge for English beef, when your husband first appeared in these parts; and Sir William Alexander did not get a patent from James until the La Tours had discovered and improved large regions in their own right. What does Louis know about the Madawaska, or Charles about the Tobique? They slice off land grants much as they would cold turkey, or cold Jesuit as they say in France."¹

"I am sure," replied Henrietta, "that if I had starved in Acadia as your husband did that winter with Biencourt waiting for supplies from France, I should lay claim to the country for a recompense. Fat and oiled and curled kings never wintered on acorns and hazel-nuts, buds, roots, lichens, and boiled boots. He told me that he had breakfasted in January upon broth made from the eel skins with which he had patched his trousers in October; and dined the next day upon soup made from the tops of his elk-hide boots."

"I suppose," answered Constance, "it was a whiff of that broth which excited the envy of the lean and scrawny Scotch noblemen. They have little fun in their north country, and I have no doubt they look upon it as a huge joke to beg land from a king, who

¹ It being believed that the Jesuits introduced this bird to Europe.

does not own it; and then give away what does not belong to them to men, like your husband and mine, who had been already the actual owners of it for some twenty years. I expect now, at almost any time there will come, riding upon the morning sea, some other claimant of this country. He may be English, he may be Scotch, he may be from Virginia, from Plymouth, from Massachusetts Bay, from Pen- aquid, or he may be from France; he may be an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Separatist, a Papist, or a Jesuit. It is on this account that we propose to fortify for the La Tours. America is booty for adventurers, and we expect to be attacked by almost everybody, — although Charles to be sure did not expect to exchange shots with his own father. I presume that my old lover, the La Rochelle Jesuit, will turn up next."

"That would be no more strange," replied Henrietta, "than what has already taken place, when you stood sighting a gun, with your mother-in-law on the other side, trembling lest you should kill her outright."

"I should think, indeed, that Charles de Menou would come to America," said Constance. "The Jesuits wish to convert the Indian world; and the woods are full of savage souls."

"Any young Frenchman," replied Henrietta, "would, I should suppose, be glad to get into a country where he is free to think and act without losing his head. I do not wonder that Champlain loves

the wilderness ; I only wonder at his angelic wife, whom the Indians at Quebec wanted to worship, who has left her husband to wander in the woods at his own sweet will, and has gone back to France to enter a convent, there to fulfil her predestined saintly career with the holy women of her native country. I suppose that she would rather be the bride of the Church than of a pioneer."

"For myself," responded Constance, "my heart is in Acadia ; and I love every Indian, every stump, every bear, and every beaver in it. I only wish that I had a tithe of the Huguenots of France, — and I think I could put up with a very few grumbling Scots, — and we would soon lay the foundations of a Protestant nation. Our Acadian harbors are better than the English have, to the south of us ; we have better rivers ; and our soil is as good as theirs, if not better. You and I ought to be crusaders, and stir up the old nations to come and settle these wastes of the world."

When the mink traps and all other traps, by the marvellous executive force of Simon Imbert, — Charles la Tour's right hand man, — had been removed to Cape Sable, the new "Fort Louis" frowned among the rocks, upon a headland which gave sight of all shipping bound for Fundy, the Penobscot, or the Massachusetts Bay. And the King's Lieutenant kept a swift shallop constantly provisioned and munitioned, ready for a long chase or a sudden expedition.

Cape Sable itself is an island, a barren mass of rocks. Behind it, the coast is indented. Upon the finger of land reaching out from the main on the east, stood the fort; a stronghold massive and immovable by the artillery of that age,—as Cape Sable itself amid the thundering surges, pounding against it throughout all generations. East of Fort Louis the Atlantic had so gashed the coast as to make a little harbor; the mouth of which was guarded against strangers by a baker's dozen of rocky islets. Baccaro Point makes into the ocean upon the east of this little port, which is still called Port Latour,—a little fishing hamlet occupying the ground where stood the house of Constance, and the trading-post, the little chapel, and the Indian school-building in which Henrietta taught the Souriquois children for some months.

The heaviest seas were broken upon the reefs fronting Port Latour. Ugly ledges stood away from the cape, a full mile into the sea. The waters were full of danger, save to those who went in and out every day, with full knowledge where they could sail in safety.

It was easy to find a good sand-bank for curing fish; and to discover an abundance of game upon the low coasts, and the wooded islands. The stony soil supported a thick underbrush; and the bushes were alive with rabbits. Barrens made by old forest-fires, and bogs which had raised rank grasses for the deer and the moose of unnumbered centuries, and exten-

sive marshes, offered to the La Tours easy experiments in agriculture; and they cut no small amount of grass, here and there, in the area of modern Barrington and Argyle. A patch of some ten or fifteen acres was often turned by the plough.

A house was built for La Tour the senior, whose happy temperament satisfied him with small comfort if he could not have more.

Notwithstanding the gallant defence upon the Penobscot, Port Royal had been taken by Sir William Alexander; but Acadia and Quebec were immediately ceded to France again, so that the La Tours were first under one king then another, scarcely knowing or caring who claimed to rule over them. First one king was lost, then another; but the La Tours were always to be found,—as a Micmac told Constance in the forest: “Wigwam lost; Indian here.”

Foreseeing the impending struggle for America, in the game of kings, the La Tours made sure of their fortifications: La Tour the senior being set to work upon a fort at St. John, as soon as Cape Sable was ready for war.

VII.

THE SOURIQUOIS.

ON their way to the St. John, the baronet and the lady Henrietta visited picturesque Port Royal, its wild hills and watery expanse of surpassing beauty. Sir William Alexander's Scotch colony had suffered much in the long winter, three sevenths of the inhabitants seeking narrow houses under the sod within the few months before Henrietta and her husband bore such comfort as they could to the homes of the living.

The La Tours had great interest in the quadrangle at the settlement, and upon the river Équille. The father had been driven from this spot by the English, going thence to the Penobscot; and the son still owned it all, by the Biencourt deed, under the French grant.¹

The influence of the early French occupation was still discernible in the Indian residents of the neighboring wilds; the aboriginal population easily catch-

¹ The memorial stone, some two feet by two and a half, inscribed by the founders with the Masonic square and compasses and the date, 1606, was discovered in 1827.

ing the polite forms and salutations characteristic of their teachers.¹

A hundred or more of the Souriquois families near Cape Sable were formed into a mission by Constance, at first with Henrietta's aid. These Indians became so much attached to the French, that they were practically so many allies for the enlargement of the garrison, if occasion should require.²

In connection with the fur trade, established in all the region far and near, Constance herself visited no small area of the Indian settlements, living for weeks together among the savages, seeking in some practical way to improve their lives within and without.

When Constance reflected upon the ages of barbarism in her native country, pagan Gaul, and the ages preceding of Roman savagery, and upon the relative low state of Christian civilization among the Latin peoples in the early part of the seventeenth century, she did not look for great results immediately following any attempt she might make to Christianize her Souriquois neighbors. If, indeed, she could have made them what she would, there would have been less need of importing Huguenots.

¹ Argal in making his savage and piratical onslaught upon the French at Mount Desert, which led ultimately to the destruction of Port Royal, discovered the neighborhood of the French by the politeness of the natives; the captain discerning in this the French "tracks," as one would follow wild game by footsteps in the forest.

² This alliance appears in La Tour's communications to the French King.

It is still related in the Imbert family, that when Constance had spent some months in work among the Indians, she confessed to having gained new insight as to the meaning of the sacred books, in which it is said that the Lord is patient and long suffering, and slow to anger.

The power of Constance over the wild men of the woods was due mainly to her adaptation to the kind of life she led among them. No warrior could fail to be attracted by her well balanced figure and elastic step in the wilderness; and it was noticed that she turned not to the right hand nor the left in a day's march, but kept straight forward as the Indians did, unmindful of any particular tangle in the tangled wood.

It came to be noised abroad that to the various kinds of Indians of Acadia, — Abenakis, Canibas, Etechemins, Mahingans, Micmacs,¹ Openagos, Socco-kis, — there was now added Constansis, a name that ran, wherever the warriors ran, along the Acadian rivers. That the Micmac remnant at Shediac should still mention her name, as the Guardian Angel of their children, is indeed a delightful testimony to the place won by this Huguenot woman in the hearts, and so in the mythology, of the pagans she served.

A fishing station was established at what is now Port Rossingal. In this lone land, with Claude la Tour and a dozen whites at Saint John, ten Scotch families at Port Royal, Simon Imbert at Pentagoüet,

¹ Souriquois.

and her own husband with a few trusted soldiers at Cape Sable, this Guardian Angel ministered to the Souriquois, at Rossingal, at La Hève, and, — by following the streams, and crossing the mountains in paths made by the wild beasts meandering according to the nature of the surface like dry rivulets, — moved across the land's interior even as far as Chiquecto Bay, where she found vast numbers of Indians near the great marshes, with well settled agricultural habits, and an inexhaustible and unvarying abundance of game at hand. Wherever she ventured amid the deep-green trees, tossing like the waves of the green sea, clothing a continent like the boundless expanse of waters, it is a part of the old Indian story, — living now after more than two hundred years, — that the branches, even upon still days, waved welcome and farewell as she passed under them; and that the forests swayed listening, when she spoke to the Indians about her God; that the meadows enlarged their borders and multiplied their flowers, when she plied her paddle passing through them upon smooth streams; that moss-grown and decaying trees were touched with undying youth, wherever she kindled her camp-fire; that the clanging and screaming sea-birds gathered in a silent cloud above her head, and that the wild waves ceased their tumbling, when her birch rounded the headlands in passing from one inlet to another to gather the children of her mission.

These dream-like journeys, invented by wigwam fires during eight generations, are pleasanter by far

than those endured by the original missionary. It was prosaic enough in the tough work, so long since forgotten by those who have idealized the story.

Huddle of huts, — some like inverted and coned wash-tubs; others like large sized her-coops twenty feet long, or like rough barracks of a hundred feet with a loft for the children of eight families and sleeping stalls upon either side below — all with a stone platform for fire the whole length of the centre, with no chimney save a hole in the roof closed in stormy weather, without windows, with a door at one end — all inclosed with a heavy stockade of oak, double set, fifteen feet high; villages as often as may be standing between wood and water,¹ devoured of gnats, mosquitoes, and black flies in summer, and smothered by smoke in winter; villages often connected by old-trodden paths, deep with water or mire, bordered by briar and thorn, — paths over burnt lands, scorched under the summer's heat or wind-swept in winter; — villages crowded with men of medium size, well formed, of strong physique, full of fire, absolutely without temper upon their tongues or in their facial muscles, but with cold-blooded barbaric cruelty in their hearts, — they alone matching the Iroquois in battle; villages in which the squaws, with their great black eyes and fat unwieldy frames, were honored by the chiefs in contest unique before they ventured

¹ Besides the coast and rivers, there are between seven and eight hundred small lakes in Nova Scotia, the shores offering favorite sites for the Indian villages.

upon the war path;¹ women tough and wiry as their husbands, with bodies impervious to heat or cold; women honored, as well they might be, for their usefulness, not only in making fish nets in imitation of the spider-webs they saw hanging upon the shrubs along shore, but in stirring the damp soil of spring-time with crooked sticks, and putting in corn, squashes, pumpkins, water-melons, — and not without skill in tobacco culture: villages swarming with children, — the babes crawling without clothing into snow-drifts and thickets, upon the ice or in the water, — the feeble dying, and the strong becoming as agile as the beasts of prey, and as much inured to the changing conditions of wind and weather:² — amid such surroundings Constance led no ideal life of poetic dreaming; but she turned heartily to the problems of the place and the hour, with a practical insight into just what could and could not be done to ameliorate the physical and spiritual condition of the Acadian savagery.

Moving about among the hundreds of islands which gem the waters of Argal Bay, and nearly one hundred

¹ Geographical History of Nova Scotia, London, 1747; p. 45. Charlevoix, in *Histoire Nouvelle France*, *passim*, indicates that nominally, and in fact commonly, the dictum of the Indian women was considered final.

² Charlevoix, *Nouvelle France*; I. 113, 114. The accounts in Parkman's *Jesuits* of what Indian captives endured, show that the she-bears and wolves of Canada were not tougher than the women; proving, at least, that the American climate is not in itself unfavorable to the feminine physique.

lakelets strung along the Tuskat River, Constance — says the Indian tradition — called for a great gathering at a bear feast. It was in the late autumn, when bruin was in fine condition. The frightened bears were clubbed out of the grape vines in the tree tops by creatures more courageous than they; and were then driven upon the run by the nimble-footed savages; so that from many quarters, the swift Indians armed with mere switches might be seen driving parcels of bears toward a village full of arrows and spears and sharp appetites.¹

Into the mouths of the slain bears, and down their throats, smoke from an Indian pipe was blown by the hunters, and, with this incense offered to the spirit ursine, each bear was conjured to cherish no resentment for the insult done his body; then the bear heads, painted and adorned, were set in honored place, and the savages sang the praises of the king of Acadian beasts, while they tore in pieces and devoured every shred of the flesh.

The bears left little appetite for the French pastry which Constance had prepared; but the memory of her skill in cookery fastened itself at least in the mind of the leather-visaged old chief Packate, who inquired whether the pies of Paradise were as good as those made at Port Latour. "If I ask for nothing but bread," objected the grisly Outan, in learning

¹ Charlevoix's *Journal of a Voyage to North America*. 2 Vols. London, 1761. I. 182, et al.

the Lord's prayer, "I shall have no more moose or sweet-meats."¹

Acute were the arguments of these wild theologians against a written revelation. Proud at heart and independent, they had little apprehension of things spiritual. Work was a penance, gently insisted upon as tending toward the highest good. Simple industries adapted to the forest were introduced, — the making of tar from the pines being one. Acquisitiveness, — the saving gospel of the Book of Proverbs, — was taught by Constance.

The women were inducted into the mysteries of bread-making, — a knowledge welcome in the woods, where hominy, soaked and pounded and baked in the ashes and eaten hot, answered for bread. The Bread of Life had more meaning to those who learned the French cooking. The flavoring of venison-broth for the sick gained favor for the fair missionary.

And her heart was full for the sorrows of motherhood. Poor Nimi of fantastic foot, a merry dancing girl, she found bending over the grave of her first-born child, sprinkling the sod with the milk from her breasts. "I have buried in this grave," said the mourner, "the cradle and all my child's clothing and everything she handled, not only to testify my love, but likewise to prevent my having always before my

¹ De la Hutchette was the only street in Paris which interested the Iroquois chieftains, — a row of pastry shops. Charlevoix, *Journal*, II. 107.

eyes objects which, being constantly used by her, incessantly renew my grief."

And the heart of Constance was touched with the sorrows of childhood. It was her devotion to the little ones which led to her apotheosis. She taught to them the Hebrew idea of guardian spirits, which doubtless gave form to the shape in which she was herself remembered when she ceased to move through the Acadian forests.

She had hope for the children, and she went to school to them, learning all their wildwood-lore: about the birds, — the swallow, the thrush, the black-bird, the raven, the wood-pigeon, and the partridges — red, white, black; and about the roots, — so needful a knowledge in the forest.¹

With them she sought out the strawberry barrens; and to them she imparted her knowledge of what to do with the vast stores of *bluets*² they gathered, interesting the little ones in the culinary arts from La Rochelle. To make vinegar out of gooseberries, to cure the wild plums, to coddle the wild apples, to improve the quality of the native fruit-trees by culture, to favor the pears, to select the best grape-vines, — formed a part of the practical instruction of the Guardian Angel of the Souriquois; and the children in the next generation called her blessed.

¹ The root of Solomon's Seal played no mean part in keeping the French from starving at Quebec; groundnuts, varied by acorns and clams, were an important article of diet to the poor of Boston in more than one hard winter of the early settlement.

² Blueberries.

To the little Sagassoa was imparted special information, how to protect the Indian babes from the torment of the unperceivable sparks of fire, — the *brulots*; ¹ and to Pingoe was given the results of French reflection as to the best way to fight the *columwitchk* in June.

The manufacture of maple sugar was first introduced into Acadia by Constance, who taught the method to her Indian children.

It was much, not little, that this cultivated woman, — her soul fired with great enterprises for the faith that was in her, and for the outworking of a great problem for her nation, — should have placed her heart, throbbing beat upon beat, by the side of these Souriquois hearts, of warrior and widow, of mother and child, in the humble avocations of each day in their squalid homes.

She fastened her religious instruction upon whatever was worthy among a people who appeared, to themselves at least, to have no small allotment of this world's happiness.

By tears and entreaty, never by threats and blows, these women of Acadia ruled within their own homes. "Thou dishonorest me," uttered by a tearful mother, failed not to win the heart and the obedience of her child; and if in hasty temper the extremity of reproof was given — a few drops of water sprinkled upon a child's face — the proud aggrieved spirit sometimes sought refuge in exit from life itself. The children

¹ La Honton, I. 242.

were taught that no one, not even their own parents, had the right to force them to do anything. Upon this stalwart, self-respecting, self-reliant character, there was by patience built up something more than the highest Indian virtue, respect for age; and some there were who sought to conform their wills to Him who is called the Ancient of Days.

This missionary to the Micmacs, whose name is worthy of honor by the side of Mayhew, Eliot, and the Ursulines of Canada, was cut off long before the prime of her years. When, just before the end came, she made her last visit to the inland villages, and cruised along the inlets of the south-shore, she found a little less dirt, a little less smoke, a little more to eat, a little less contention among the women, more aversion to the vices which cursed many homes, more intelligent views of the All-Father, and more faith in the living and loving God.

VIII.

MARCHIONESS DE GUERCHEVILLE.

WHEN Constance was a child, she was with her mother the guest of the Marchioness de Guercheville, at the time Henry IV. made a hunting party an excuse to crave Madame's hospitality. The château, standing upon the right bank of the Seine, about ten leagues below Paris, was brilliantly illuminated for the royal lover; the open groves upon the upland in the rear of the house were lighted by colored fires, and the beautiful gardens upon the terraces were blazing with light; the fountains and rivulets added their delicate music to that of skilled voices and tuneful instruments, — as the King, surprised at so cordial a reception, rode up the long avenue of shade trees, under the escort of booted guardsmen, clothed in blood-red or deep blue richly embroidered with silver; he was met at the portal by plumed and ribboned, ruffled and starched, and laced and gilded gentry, and by women of rank in robes of purple and cloth of gold. The king, alighting upon a carpet of flowers was greeted by the Marchioness, clad in gray velvet shot with gold, a robe of black satin variegated with white, a gray hat and white

feather, her neck and bosom of pearl loaded with jewels. Having ushered her lord and king into his apartment, the hostess repaired at once to the court yard, where her gay equipage was waiting, and drove two leagues to the gray convent of St. Agathe, which stood with its heavy walls among the crags upon a lonely hill top in a sparsely settled district, and there craved a lodging.

She left word with her astonished monarch, — "Where the King is, he should be sole master; where I am, I desire to preserve my authority. If my rank is too low to become your wife, my heart is too high to become your mistress."

In after years, the King deemed her the one person in his kingdom, who should stand next his queen.

In the new reign, the Marchioness was in high favor with Concini, whose conscience was kept by the Society of Jesus. The most influential minds in France were at that period under the advice of those followers of Loyola who were set apart as "spiritual coadjutors" with the care of souls. Under the influence of Concini, Madame de Guercheville selected Arrighi as her confessor. The Jesuit authorities sought out the consciences of women likely to be of eminent service.

It was upon those identical days when Constance was traversing the heads of the rivers at the base of the mountain range, in search of the Souriquois children, that the Marchioness de Guercheville dedicated

her fortune to Jesuit missions in New France, and obtained a grant from Louis XIII. of all North America for her grand project of Christianizing the denizens of the wilderness. With all the power of the court behind her, she personally solicited funds among the royal favorites, and bought for Jesuit missionaries a controlling interest in great mercantile enterprises, and made the most elaborate and systematic plans for colonizing the new world, under the leadership of the Society of Jesus, which had already borne the cross of their Saviour, and the discipline of their order to every part of the known world.

It cannot be said, that Constance had a pre-judice against this holy order, so much as a post-judice. By their fruits ye shall know them. She remembered how her father had exerted himself against the restoration of the Order in France, when they had been once cast out for supposed (with little reason it is likely,) complicity in the assassination of Henry of Navarre. It was not in her blood to live at ease in Acadia with these men. Perhaps her judgment had been warped the more by the leading away from her childhood heart, and the heart of her blooming womanhood, Charles of La Rochelle.

Be that as it may, she had nought to do now, but to gird herself to the contest with Madame de Guercheville for that portion of country controlled by La Tour.

Constance of Acadia had a mission to perform. With no confessor at her side, with no rosary in

jewelled fingers, this practical, energetic woman stood to her faith, and to self-denying labors among the pagan people of her husband's province. To build up a Protestant nation, to colonize the new world with such men of France as would die rather than submit their consciences to the pope and his kings, was the work which she determined to maintain even at the cannon's mouth. She would give her own life rather than yield to that religious Order, which, at a critical time in the settlement of America, sought to control the opening continent, when there were few men in it.

Looking at it now, as it must appear to the student of history, her stand, when she made it, was little else than the attempt of a solitary woman to sweep back the on-rushing tides of Fundy. "Thou King of kings, give me Acadia, or I die," was the inscription cut by Constance upon the great paper birch, near the Souriquois school-hut at La Hève; as it was found after her death by Simon Imbert.

The inscription may have been made upon the morning of the very day when "L'Espérance en Dieu" hove to, near the rocks at Cape Sable.

This pious pinnacle, this hope in God, was of a hundred tons; with all the guns and swivels she could safely carry. If the commander hoped in God, he also kept his powder dry.

The King's governor or Lieutenant in Acadia seeing the flag of his nation at the masthead of the stranger, fired a salute, which was returned; and a

boat load of those whose hope was in the Divine Providence and in their own powder, made toward Fort Louis. The handsome young commander, clad in garb little removed from that of the Jesuit priesthood, presented his credentials as one of Mme. de Guercheville's lay missionaries, who was to establish certain priests upon the Penobscot, at such point as the King's Lieutenant might deem most feasible; concerning which, he desired an interview.

Apologizing for his wife's absence, who was at her La Hève mission, La Tour invited the ecclesiastics to his house outside the fort, and made the most of the hospitality he had learned from his polite father, and his frank open-hearted mother in Piedmont.

He was informed in oily phrases of the great reputation he had won for himself in France, by the gallant defence he had made of Pentagcuet; and that the King intended further to honor him: meantime, it would be greatly for his interest to render every aid in his power to the work of saving the pagans, and transforming them into the allies of France. The princes of royal blood had contributed largely to their mission; and with his great revenue from the monopoly of the fur-trade upon the peninsula, and upon the St. John and upon the Penobscot, it had seemed to them probable that he would devote some portion at least of the Penobscot profits to establishing their mission of St. Ignatius.

To all this, La Tour replied with so much suavity and apparent cordiality, that it would have made a

great impression upon the strangers, had they not themselves been perfect masters of the same art, with no more sincerity than that of their host. Whatever they thought of each other at heart, there was a regal feast of squirrel broth, brook trout and salmon, of black duck and wood-pigeons, of venison and moose meat, of the wild fruits of the country, of wines from over the sea, and of brandy flavored with blueberries.

The fine spirited leaders in the brisk and bright conversation at table, with great delicacy, found out what they could of each other, and imparted as little as possible. The hours flew swiftly. Always complaisant, La Tour had a face which could be read by no man, and by no woman, as to what he was really thinking about; he appeared to give much information, even if irrelevant.

He sent an open letter to Simon Imbert, bidding him give the missionaries and colonists the use of the Pentagoïet settlement; and to aid them in their explorations for the inland mission of St. Ignatius, which was to be located at the mouth of the Kenduskeag stream. He even sent La Plaque, an Indian spy, along with his guests for a pilot, — with secret instructions to Imbert.

The Jesuit fathers could but remark among themselves, as they sailed westward, what a great acquisition to the Order, La Tour would prove, if he could be persuaded, — as he had intimated that he might be, — to become one of their number. It had not, they

admitted, seemed wise to him at that time to invite one of them to become his confessor,—he had, it seemed probable, a Huguenot wife. Indeed it was certain that not a cross, not a saint's relic, not an image of the Saviour, not one holy painting had been seen in his house. To his private chapel, he had not, however, admitted them. He had said, that his wife preferred to have the observance of his holy hours in his chapel. It had been made apparent to them, that he was a devout child of the Church, as well as friendly to their mission.

Before La Plaque was sent away with the strangers, he had already visited the *L'Espérance en Dieu*, under the pretence of selling vegetables to the sailors; and had returned laden with information, of little value or much, as to the real purposes of the colonists who accompanied the missionaries. They were prepared to make a permanent settlement in western Acadia; and their commander had the royal promise of ultimately controlling the trade of the Penobscot.

La Tour, who never allowed the grass to grow under his feet when he had interests at stake, set out that night to hurry to completion his fort at the mouth of the St. John.

He left a letter for his wife, whose return was imminent,—she might arrive at any hour,—to forward more men, provisions and munitions. He added in a postscript, that her dreaded Jesuit missionaries had finally appeared in Acadia, and that he had sent

them as far off as possible, under instructions to Imbert to give them no advantage.

It was written upon the margin, that they were under the leadership of Chevalier Charles de Menou, Sieur Hilaire Charnacé.

IX.

A FLOATING JESUIT.

THE Cavalier Charles de Menou, Sieur Hilaire Charnacé, of La Rochelle,¹ was better known in his mature years as Charnacé; his father having been a younger brother of Baron Hercule Charnacé, the most eminent of the French diplomats in the age of Louis XIII., to whom the kingdom owed so much of its foreign prestige.

Charles upon leaving his early home, accompanied by his Jesuit teacher and confessor Palladio, went first to St. Pol de Leon in Bretagne; but he attracted too much attention from his teachers to remain in obscurity. Upon his removal to the Jesuit college in Paris, his conscience was placed under the care of Arrighi, by whom he was introduced to Mme. de Guercheville.

Her drawing-room offered a delightful contrast to his lonely cell in the Rue St. Jacques. Following as it did upon his mendicant life, and irksome service

¹ Charles la Tour was commonly understood to have originated in Ré, off the La Rochelle coast — most likely from the death of his mother there, and his subsequent emigration for America.

of the most wretched of men in the hour of disease, it seemed like re-entering the home of his mother. The Marchioness, by beautiful words and matronly affection, re-enforced the instruction he had already received, — to hold himself to the most rigid obedience, to abandon himself, never to think of himself, his mental, or even moral progress, but to unbosom all his thoughts, his impulses, his character in its inmost recesses to his confessor for the sole purpose of abdicating his own will and judgment, to make himself a living holocaust, grateful to the Divine Majesty, rendering to the nod of his Superior not only obedience in his will but in his intellect, his understanding, — to think the thoughts of his Superior, not on account of the Superior's wisdom but because he is in God's place, — so in perfect concord completely and quickly executing every task, — never so much as once thinking of prudence or discretion but solely of obedience as a soldier of the cross.

Charnacé was charmed with his new instructor. It was a renewal of his boyhood dreams, to converse with an intelligent and devout woman. Little by little he was led to defer his entering upon priestly vows; it being thought that his peculiar talents would be far more useful at present in secular life. He was a scholar of the three vows:¹ but when it was evident to his superiors, and evident to himself, that he was likely to succeed largely in a business way; and when it appeared that his great executive

¹ Poverty, chastity, obedience.

ability fitted him to become the responsible head of Acadian colonization, he was at his own request released from his vows,—it being credible that he would achieve most for the Church if not bound to personal poverty, that his vows might be at any time renewed, that for the present, the Order would gain more by his voluntary obedience and private gains and influence than by his doing the same business hampered by ecclesiastical form.

It was believed that the heart of Loyola was in him, trained as he had been in his youth to some soldierly service in his native city,—and that he would serve faithfully the behests of the General of the Order.

He had indeed the heart of Loyola, who was theoretically inferior to the Pope; but who in practice did what he had a mind to, when his judgment and that of the Pope differed.

Charles of Ré little knew what valuable information Charles of La Rochelle had stolen from his house. It was a copy of Thomas à Kempis' *De Imitatione Christi*, inscribed "To Constance Bernon from Sieur Hilaire Charnacé." La Tour had never opened the book, or seen the name of his rival; and he did not miss it when his rival put into his pocket the keepsake, which he had given to Constance, upon the night he last saw her, at her father's house.

In his oiled clothing, pacing his quarter-deck, as the rain fell, just before the short day closed,—it was the first of December,—Charnacé strained his

eyes toward the black firs of Cape Sable, thinking more about her who had so fingered the book as almost to wear it out, than he did about personally imitating Christ.

He had heard that she had perished in the dreadful siege of her native city. But, alas for him, he had seen with his own eyes, in that fatal house of Charles la Tour, not only this precious memento of former years, but here and there about the living room, and by the door ajar in the little sleeping room that led out of it, articles of apparel, and the *et cetera* a woman keeps about her, which were like those Constance Bernon affected when she was a mere child.

Then too he had found the margin of *À Kempis* marked in Constance's handwriting, of date within the month: — "Behold me, then, hungering and thirsting after Thy righteousness; and let me not be sent empty away."

He was now certain that Constance was alive, that she was in Acadia, that she was the wife of that Protestant hypocrite Charles la Tour. He had carefully measured the man with his smooth exterior; and he had concluded that the mastery would be with himself. He believed not only in his right arm, but in that religious power so potent with his King, and in that mysterious Order which was mightier than all kings. He concluded to abide his time.

Alas, for him, his heart belonged to Constance, and it rose up in rebellion; she had always owned it;

his fealty to his teacher had been the result of his ambition to be somebody, to rise with the rising tide of Jesuit influence in his native country. His uncle's laurels would not let him sleep. Now he was in a fair way to win not only position, but great wealth out of a monopoly so soon to be his own. Why not now give his heart formally to Constance, with whatever of religion there might be in it, much or little?

Having deliberately set out from France upon a plot to ruin the Protestant Lieutenant General of Acadia, and despoil him of his office, his fair fame, and his goods, should he not despoil him also of his wife?

It was news, indeed, that he, who had been pronounced an enemy by the General of the Jesuits, had a wife. It was news, that she was Constance Bernon risen from the gaunt famine heaps of La Rochelle. Was Constance indeed alive? Had God accepted all the masses he had offered for her safety, in that grim war which — had he been in power — he would have prevented for her sake?

It must be that her Guardian Angel, whom he had always looked on as his own rival for the affections of Constance, had snatched her away before the doom fell upon her father's house. He remembered now, that her older brother Godefroi had already entered into the Acadian fur trade, in a small way, and that he had spoken of extending his business.

This discovery of Constance in New France must be considered. It might put a new face upon his

plans ; it certainly gave him a new motive in life. Had he not already rapped his knuckles upon the gilded world, and found it hollow ? If, after all, he had been mistaken, and there was a woman in it, if Constance was still alive, he had something more to live for than gathering fur and coin, and building up an ecclesiastical organization which had, so far, failed to fulfil the dreams of his youth.

Piety, to be sure, there was piety ; but the same quality existed outside the Order, — here was Thomas à Kempis. And for Constance, she was certainly as good as her Guardian Angel, whoever he might be.

Piety, — to be sure he himself had gained too little of it in all these years. Was he at heart any better than he was when he disputed with Constance, and despised her wise words ? Who now should be his teacher, if by all his schooling he had not already learned the way of life ? He had trampled upon the human heart, and tried to efface from the earth domestic affection, to make himself the part of an Order, — to become in the words of his founder, “like a little crucifix, which is turned about at the will of him who holds it.” Now, indeed, he was dead to the Order, and alive to Constance.

Nature moves by extremes. The pendulum in the heart of Charnacé was swinging back to the point where it was before the Jesuits mastered him.

And he paced the deck first in the gentle rain, then in the soft falling snow, as the weather changed in his long night watch. Indeed, there was now no

occasion to sleep, if Constance was still alive. That she was married made no difference. He had seen too much of French society to consider that an obstacle. Four thousand men of gentle blood had perished by duels in his own country within a score of years.¹ Charles la Tour should die; or he would himself willingly die, upon the brink of this great wilderness.

Their plan, however,—that is, the plan of the General of the Jesuits,—contemplated war, if need be, to dispossess his wily and powerful rival; war, as soon as his present reconnoitring expedition could be wisely supplemented by suitable forces to be brought to Acadia; war to be begun with or without provocation,—then to be justified to the King, who was in leading strings, then authorized by him upon the ground that La Tour was in the wrong,—surely all this would be a small thing for the accomplished Jesuits in the King's confidence to compass.

Now, who could tell what the chances of war might be? Constance would live; and she would have a husband left. Who he might be, depended upon the power of France, when brought to bear against Acadia. France would no longer tolerate the Protestant La Tour, who was to be set forth as a

¹ A note in Masson's Richelieu states that two hundred and fifty years ago, it was not uncommon for the Catholic clergy, who were often sensitive and touchy upon many points, and who were rarely seen in professional garb, to fight duels. Private combat was in that age more fatal to the best blood of France than even war.

traitor; the Bastile was ready, and the headsman, — and there had been political murders on less grounds.

But what would Constance say? No matter now. Charnacé had come to that time of life when he had no sentiment, no wish, no passion, but he had purpose; he would not brook denial; he would have what he wanted; he could, and he would. What was a woman in the wilderness? If he made up his mind to marry, he purposed to do it. And who should hinder him?

But Constance would not refuse him, whenever he should renounce the Order, and give her his whole heart. What was La Tour to her? Nothing, he was certain. He knew the wife too well; and he had seen her husband. Her husband was a politic, self seeking, self satisfied, fur trader and politician; he was not a man. He might as well die on the block. The Acadian world would not miss him. Charnacé could look after the beaver pelts and the cod fish, and the government of the country; and do it all before breakfast daily, and spend his days rationally with his wife.

Would it be possible, — and at this point Charnacé paused long to consider, — that Charles of La Rochelle should ever in this life become so transformed in character as to become to Constance a tolerable substitute for her Guardian Angel?

"Breakers ahead! Breakers ahead! on the star-board quarter!" shouted the man on the lookout.

Putting about his helm, and standing away to the open sea, Charnacé turned in, and slept till the morning.

Meantime Charles la Tour, was — in the self complacent night watches — making long tacks in the Bay of Fundy, with his heart intent upon fortifying his valuable Indian trade. It had never entered his mind, that St. John was the disciple beloved of Jesus, an holy apostle. St. John was — to La Tour — merely a fur trader at a good point; and he should have a fort for his defence against predatory traders who were none the better for being followers of Loyola.

X.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

UPON the first of December, the early morning sun shone clearly upon the fine harbor, and the large timber of La Hève; as it had shone during innumerable ages upon the eastern margin of a lone continent covered with a wilderness, waiting for the dawn of human civilization. Constance was early astir, moving in the edge of the forest, and her Souriquois people were smoking themselves in their huts in the attempt to get breakfast.

An inch or two of snow like a heavy hoar frost was thinly scattered in patches over the newly burnt clearings and the margin of the sea. The sky soon however began to gather vapor, which hung in drapery folds. Some portions of the sky looked as if a field of cloud had been ploughed in furrows; and in other parts, the fleecy clouds were regularly but loosely arranged, not unlike the receding hangings over a theatrical stage. The sun poured down through the rifts, illuminating portions of the sea with intense brilliancy. The watery waste was not yet stilled after the late heavy blow. Far off upon the horizon the sunbeams were tossing upon a myriad

points of quickly changing waves. Nearer the shore the sea was dark by cloud shadows. Nearer still was another narrow strip of sunshine dancing on the sea. And the waters near shore were sullen in shadow.

From the heights upon which she stood, Constance could see a ship far to the southwest, making toward Cape Sable under the light air now upon her larboard quarter. A cloud rift over her, let down the sunshine like a benediction; so that she rode with ghost-like sails of unearthly whiteness, — as if bleached by processes unknown, and sailing in supernatural light; but the hither sea was black, and the headlands westward were gloomy with clouds, which hung so low and so dense, that it was like cloud land ready to fall upon rock, hill, and forest.

Judging that the wind would haul round to the eastward, and save her some beating, Constance delayed a little hoisting the sail of her shallop, the Sable, for the home voyage. She saw the far-off stranger disappearing behind the dark shores westward; the sable cloud lighted a little, but still hung in that quarter, — till the wind shifted, then the sable cloud was blown off. The melody of the sea deepened upon the shore; heavier billows surged around the islands and upon the shingle beaches; and Constance set sail before the freshening breeze, — scudding swiftly over a slightly pitching sea, running free before the wind to the sweet music of the water rippling against the bows of the Sable. The

changing sun and shadow of the early morning continued first to lighten then to darken the features of her Indian boatmen.

Later in the day the wings of the wind were laden with light sheets of moisture, with which the atmosphere near Fundy is often surcharged by the moving of so vast a body of water, rising and falling to such height. Under the great veil Constance gave the helm to Nibi, and then she slept; the Sable under new canvas moving like a spirit along the dimly lighted aisles of the ocean.

Toward night the air lightened; and the rain set in, — little of it, but the more welcome as sooner conveying to the voyagers the upswelling massive tone of the tide bell off the home harbor. The wind had slackened, and Constance could hear bursts of sound as the billows thundered upon the ledges, and the notes of the bell at first faintly stealing over the surface of the sea like a low dirge from viewless lands, then the weird floating music came in deep peals, as if ringing from far off cathedrals. The tide bell was left behind, tolling in the darkness; and the lights by which to enter safely were seen glimmering athwart the uneasy surface of the inner basin. Sweeter far than the bell chime, was the noise of the fierce watch dogs which Constance heard when Tapouse and Nibi brought her to the welcome landing.

All day, whether restless or reposing, the heart of Constance had been filled with foreboding. It cannot be said that her eyes were holden from what was

about to be revealed. If she had the practical energy, good sense, fine organizing power, and spirituality of the Abbess Angelique, she had also not only the devout mind of Madame Guyon but her second sight. The very instant her eyes had rested upon that strangely illuminated ship in the morning light, she had a half belief that Charnacé had followed her into the new world, as a Jesuit missionary.

By a pitch knot she read her husband's letter. Missing her Thomas à Kempis, she knew that Charles, — not La Tour who never appeared to know that it was in the house, — had taken it.

With inexpressible agony she prayed all night. First, however, by well ordered forethought, she set the men to preparing a sloop for the fortifying of St. John; that they might sail as soon as the weather should change. It was a kind of care which rested lightly upon her, this direction of men in preparing for St. John; toiling all night — not leaving her work to pray alone, she shut the doors of her heart and communed with Him who seeth in secret. The ordering of potatoes, corn, powder, ball, oak, iron, salt, salt junk, cordage, canvas, clothing, axes, muskets, traps, and cannon, disturbed her serenity of soul as little as the smooth and silent sea is vexed by the curling fog which sweeps over it near Port Latour in dogdays.

I said that it was with anguish unspeakable that she prayed all night. Unknown sorrows are always boding beneath the calm and silent sea. Wrecks, and

dead men's bones, and all manner of foul things crawling or dead, — the slime, the garbage, the off-scouring of all the world are found in the depths of ocean.

Had not Constance sometimes reproached herself, that she had clung to the Pauline text not to be unequally yoked with an unbeliever? Had not Paul also said, that the believing wife should win to the faith her unbelieving husband? What might not Charles of La Rochelle have become, if she had married him? The very foremost of the religious reformers of France, she was half ready to believe.

Still she could not rid herself of her woman's instinct, which had told her, that he had never given her more than a fragment of his heart. On the other hand, as she herself had clung to the God of her youth, making Him first in her life, she could not blame Charles of La Rochelle for clinging to what religious ideas he had, after the Jesuits had the handling of him at ten years old. Could his mother have lived, it might have been different.

The experience of her married life had made it certain, that Charles la Tour of La Tour was less spiritually minded than he would have been in a world of less traffic and of smaller political possibilities.

Then she gathered up all her loyalty of heart toward God and toward man, and prayed; prayed with eyes flowing with scalding tears, — amid all her directions given in those hours when the thickening rain was giving place to snow in the cooler temperature after

midnight. She prayed for her husband, that in his personal life she might be to him a conscience incarnate, quickening and reinforcing his own moral sense ; and that he might have such good sense in affairs as would make him the fit instrument for planting a French Protestant nation in Acadia.

And then, the more surely to strike where the blow was needed, she prayed respecting Kings and Jesuits, the Pope, and the Reformation, — for England as well as France. Well she might do this, since Acadia was kicked like a foot ball between France and England five times within the century ; and all her own wit and wisdom and that of the two Charleses in Acadia availed as little (save as their own spirits were disciplined by their attempts to do what seemed to them present duty,) as their own attempts when new and green in the Bay of Fundy, — not knowing the habit of the ocean on that coast, — to stem the outrush or the inrush of tides from thirty to sixty feet high, swinging this way or that with the whole force of the Atlantic behind it.

She did wisely, indeed, to pray for the foolish Kings Charles and Louis, neither of whom, perhaps, deserved to have a head upon his shoulders.

She prayed for the stranger ship moving westward in the night. Her men had turned in for a short sleep before dawn ; and she walked up and down the pier, in the gently driving snow, — and all her old life upon the coast of France came back to her. But she calmed herself, when she prayed for the ship

silently sailing toward the Penobscot. She stood still at the cable post, upon the verge of high tide, and prayed most earnestly for the beautiful river, that it might not become the home of the papal church in America. And, — somehow she was strangely drawn to it, — she prayed that the eyes of her child friend might be opened in the light of a new world; and that he might reopen the Bible, which he had learned to read at his mother's knee.

It did not enter her heart, that Charnacé still cared for herself personally. She thought of him — it is strange that she did so in view of all that came to pass — as cold at heart, like an iceberg.

Standing long upon the verge of the pier at high tide, with the light snow falling upon her, it is possible that she was slightly chilled. But there came vividly into her mind the forms of ice she had seen drifting through the seas, among the icebergs, when she came upon the American coast, before reaching Acadia. Constance remembered, rising twenty feet out of the sea, not far from the ship, a finely proportioned vase of pure ice, — fluted, decorated, glowing with tints emerald and sapphire, — the sea water spouting from the brim, and the waves tossing their spray upon the sides of the stem and falling back in foam upon the pedestal. Half the bowl burst off with a sharp crack; and it all fell with a heavy plunge into the sea.

As if her mind was in some prophetic mood, she could not clear her imagination of this imagery.

Before Charnacé left her side in her father's house, she remembered thinking of him, as of polished steel, possibly of plate armor,—but that was not cold enough as she thought of him now. The exquisitely polished forms of ice floating in the sea,—touched and retouched by the sun and by the waves, till they are like crystal, or pearl,—this was all she could think of.

His heart must, indeed, have been cold and glittering, like an island of ice; else he would have melted under the warmth of affection that had surrounded his youth.

She thought of him now, as sent out by his Superior to proclaim—what? Not the love of God, the warmth of divine friendship for man; but what looked to her like an ice-cutting machine, to saw out mere crystalline vases.

The spiritual terror awakened in her mind, by the appearance of Charnacé in Acadia, was based upon the belief that there might be personal collision; each friend being actuated by the sense of a divine mission,—missions opposed driving them apart.

Constance could not bring her mind to pray in respect to her old-time lover, save that he might see new truth in a new world. But in the small hours of the night, she did pray most earnestly against the success of the colonial plans of the Marchioness de Guercheville.

XI.

A FEUDAL CASTLE.

IT indicated good sense on the part of La Tour that he named his next fort for the king he intended to serve, — Fort La Tour. When Constance finally moved thither from Fort Louis, leaving it in charge of Simon Imbert whose room was more desired than his company by the Jesuits at Pentagoïev,¹ she could not help teasing her husband a little that he had become a papist, — which she discovered by no change of life or even of views, but by his being so denominated in the land grant of fifty square leagues from Louis XIII at the mouth of the St. John, or the Ouangondy as the Indians had called it.²

"It is," replied Lieutenant General La Tour to Constance, "as proper that I should become a Catholic for the public interest, as that Henry IV. should have done so."

"Lecherous and treacherous are the European kings," answered Constance. "The feudal lords of

¹ The use of the Penobscot station had been now given to the Jesuit fathers for a term of years.

² The river was discovered by Champlain, upon St. John's day, 1604.

America will be best, and do best, to stand upon their own feet. I fear lest Louis shall abandon you, after all. The king is none the less likely to betray you, for your refusal to betray him on the Penobscot."

"This land grant does not look as if he intended to desert me."

"Is it not rather," asked Constance, "a mere sop thrown to you, to keep you quiet, while Razilly and Charnacé take possession of the whole country?"

"It had not occurred to me that way," said La Tour. "Acadia is a large area. The sending out of Razilly as governor will be helpful, not injurious. The development of the country will increase values. And Charnacé is not likely to have political aspirations, if he finds preferment in the Church."

"Simon Imbert believes from the talk of the colonists, that Charnacé has already a Lieutenant Governor's commission in his pocket," remarked Constance. "And I gathered the same thing from what Governor Razilly let fall, when he came to Fort Louis to get your permission to settle on the Scotch grant at La Hève"

"The concessions I made to Razilly will not fail to benefit me," said La Tour. "And if there had been anything in the rumor of a subordinate commission to Charnacé, the Governor would have told me. He is amiable. So long as he lives there will be no trouble in Acadia."

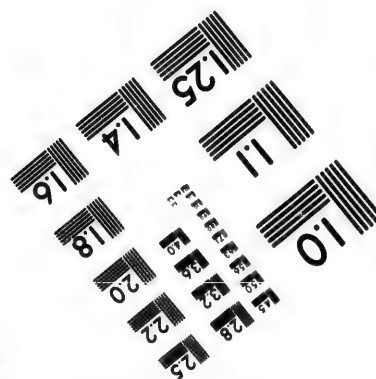
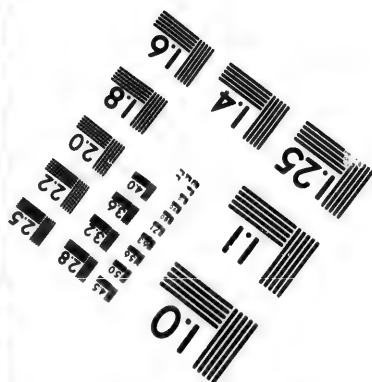
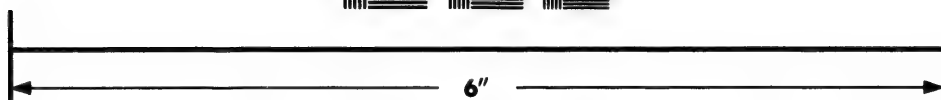
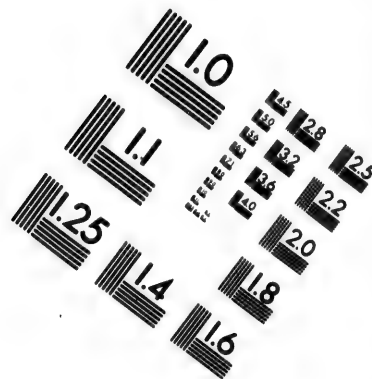
"The most that I get out of my husband's baro-

netey, aside from the pleasure of his company," said a merry ringing voice in the hall, "is what I get from my horse and hounds and hunting-horn."

Upon this, Henrietta now appeared in her hunting belt, the cheerfulness of her greeting increased by the vigor of the she had gained by her second winter in Acadia. The sporting reputation which Fort La Tour owed to the traditions of a later age was due to Henrietta's ardor in the chase, not to Constance who had no taste for the exhilaration of being upon the alert for a buck breaking the dry twigs. La Tour and his father were occupied with a saw-mill, and with quarrying for finishing the fort. Henrietta took it upon herself to keep the men in meat, which was no difficult task,—the caribou and the red deer being within easy reach.

Henrietta did honor to her queen in adapting herself to a hut in the wilderness as cheerily as to a palace, as if Castle La Tour were Whitehall. In garments of thick gray frieze, she hesitated not upon occasion to handle the woodman's axe, or to cut holes in the ice to fish for dinner, or to mount her snowshoes and follow a moose. The abounding health, vouchsafed to so many women in the long winters of the North, was so fully manifest in the first white woman in New Brunswick, that she never yielded the palm to a squaw in anything that pertained to helping herself, or to helping those around her. Blithely she bore more than her share of life's heavier burdens. She had the health to do it; and it was





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her belief, that her husband was the better balanced for it,—more delicate in his attention, more winsome and womanly in his affection,—having a wife “strong enough to tie to,” as the wiry Acadian boatmen were wont to express it.

The St. John fortress makes a large figure in the American Orient, as sheltering the brave and the beautiful. And it is one of the stories of early Acadian winters, which mothers have heard from their mothers during eight generations, that, when the yearly French packet returned, wines were so abundant as to be served three quarts to a man per diem. It was in those days, that happy Acadia was free from the noise of war. The Micmac Scozway, who won such a reputation as the best fiddler of his time along the New England shore, first practised in Fort La Tour; and his “pretty, odd, barbarous tunes” have an established place in history.

There came from over the sea domestic heirlooms of the house of Bernon, and certain pieces out of ancestral Piedmont. And there came to the castle upon the banks of the Ouangondy refugees straight out of the fires of persecution in the old world; and they were set to repose under the peaceful and musical pines of the Acadian rivers. That riches were abundant, that there was a great gathering of war material, that there was much drilling of soldiers and training of Indian scouts,—we gather from the old tradition; and we should hear much more but for the roar of great guns, which soon arose over the

swirling waters, where the swift current of the river mingles with the tides of ocean.

The mouth of the St. John was fortified by nature before La Tour touched it. Mighty gates were erected not far above the fort, which kept the Bay of Fundy from overwhelming with its roaring tides the great Bay of Kenebawskoi above the narrows of the river; and which kept the great river from degenerating into a mere estuary of the Atlantic, for at least the score of miles covered by an inland basin. The narrows are only eighty yards wide, and four hundred long. A ridge of rocks makes across this flume way, at such height as to give only seventeen feet of water at low tide; this makes a reversible waterfall, twice in every tide. The average tide is twenty feet: when the tide is out, the river is twelve feet higher than the ocean, — and the downpouring fall is twelve feet high; at high tide the ocean is five feet higher than the river, and the cataract is reversed, — flowing up the river and falling five feet. There are only about ten minutes during each outflow or inflow, in which the cascade is at a level, when shipping can pass the point.

At all this, a stranger is perplexed not a little. He goes to the hidden ledge; and he sees no waterfall. In a few minutes he goes again, and there is a distinct, sharply defined fall, tumbling up the river; in a few hours he sees it a great cataract. Then it all dies away again, and the river is smooth. Next he beholds the whole thing reversed. In great freshets,

the tides do not rise to the level of the river; and then the falls pour seaward all the time, and are as impassable as Niagara.

It ought not, thought La Tour, to be very hard to protect this dam during the few moments of daily passage. He therefore felt very secure in his fort; which stood upon a gentle rise of ground, at an angle commanding the harbor and the sharp turn made by the river in entering. It was located perhaps half a mile below the falls, at the tip of a tongue of land which juts out toward what is now Navy Island; to which a bar makes out at low water, extending beyond the point of the peninsula upon which stands the city of St. John. The town of Carleton has now nearly overgrown the ancient site of Fort La Tour, a portion of the earth-works remaining a few years since.

The fort was of stone, one hundred and eighty feet square, with four bastions at the angles; so cornering as to bring two bastions toward the lower harbor, two toward the upper, and two inland,—the tongue of land admitting of such defence. There were palisades without; and within, two dwellings, and a chapel, and the usual storage for munitions and soldiery.

So La Tour was ready to stand at odds with the world, armed with twenty pieces of heavy ordnance.

XII.

THE QUEEN OF ACADIA.

TO set every Jesuit to act as a spy on every other Jesuit was fundamental to the system of that Order, which two hundred and fifty years ago played such an important part in Europe, and which attempted to control America in place of what Blaxton of Shawmut called the tyranny of the lords-brethren. Whatever may have been the state of things in Boston under Winthrop, it is certain, that those who sought to control the Bay, and who trimmed off ears they thought too long upon the Mystic, only lacked organization to become the master tyrants of the world.

Looking at it merely as a machine, — without once inquiring what became of human hearts, of longings, of affections, of the homes of the world, and of religious and civil liberty, — it is impossible to sit down calmly and face the system of Loyola, as it was in the days of its supreme glory, without an admiration, bordering upon awe, before an Ism which took men in multitudes, and uncovered every secret thought and aspiration, and adaptation, then linked them together by oaths to each other and to God, not only

to do what they were commanded to do by a Superior, who stood to them in the place of God requiring unquestioning obedience, but to act as spies upon each other, reporting to the Superior every variation in word or act which might indicate a swerving even of a thought on the part of a single brother from the command to lay aside private judgment and live as a tool for the handling of the Superior.

If Charnacé had not been brought up to become a living part of such a system ; if he had not been ambitious of the very highest place in an organization which could control the interior as well as the exterior lives of a vast number of the most eminent persons in the civilized and even the barbaric world ; if he had not been hopeful of ultimately handling the whatever-of-conscience the kings in his day might happen to have about them at any given time ; if he had not believed himself ordained of God to gain the mastery in thought and action — ruling the nations somewhat after the order of the secret powers celestial or infernal — ruling in secret — issuing mandates as little known to the world as the thoughts of arch-angels or the powers of darkness ; if Charnacé upon the sunny waters of the Penobscot, and when wandering through the primeval forest of Maine, had not been possessed of these great ambitions, — he would never have filled his small corner of the globe with spies to entrap the unwary, and to embroil New France in civil war.

He had thoroughly informed himself about La Tour before he saw him, so far as he could by the family traits as known to the old world; he had seen him; he had drawn out from faithful Simon Imbert every point which would enable him to judge what his enemy was thinking about every day,—and now he kept spies upon him, notably a Jesuit confessor who had palmed himself off upon credulous La Tour as a Franciscan. Fortunately La Tour was little given to confession; and he was merely reported as not very pious, as being only nominally a Catholic, as being really as much a Protestant as ever he had been,—as really recognizing no divinity outside of La Tour.

Little was there need, that Charnacé should set a spy upon Constance. He knew too well all that she thought; or he believed that he did. He knew probably all that he was capable of knowing. As it is impossible for the finite to comprehend the Infinite, and impurity to understand the heart of God, so there is something in the soul of every one made in God's image, something in the soul of every one within whom God himself abides, unknowable save by kinship of spirit. Charnacé was too little like Constance to know all that she carried in her heart. She would have been an enigma to her own husband, if his mind had been perceptibly cognizant of any high spiritual truths and influences; as it was, he was not different from a bat—blind in the sunlight. The depths of the soul of Constance, all her secret

desires, all her purposes, all her self conquest, all her devotion to man and to God, — were known to no finite mind unless to her Guardian Angel.

She knew better than her husband the absolute necessity for keeping spies by day and by night at the side of Charnacé; and the happy and honorable devices to which she resorted would have fitted her to act as the Superior of the Jesuitical nuns, had not that Order been suppressed by him who styled himself the vicar of God upon the Tiber.

It was only little by little that she finally arrived at some knowledge of what Charnacé really came to America for: that such a man as he came upon no trivial errand, that such a man as he had objects ulterior to the baptism of a few barbarians, she was confident.

It was in the spring months, when she had returned to her Souriquois children upon the lakes of the Tusket, and had gathered them in great numbers for a few weeks of religious instruction, as well as instruction in the art of making maple sugar, — that she learned that Governor Razilly was dead, and that his brother had sold out all his rights to Charnacé, and that her old lover now claimed *in perpetuo* the best harbor upon the Alexander grant, La Hève, and the swift coursing waters of Digby gut and all the old Biencourt property, which her husband had given to Razilly for temporary use during his own life time in exchange for his influence in obtaining the St. John land grant for La Tour.

And it now appeared by authoritative proclamation, to all whom it might concern, that Charnacé held a Lieutenant General's commission from Louis XIII., by which he was to rule La Hève, Port Royal, and that portion of Acadia west of a north and south line across the middle of the bay of Fundy, excluding the fifty square leagues given La Tour at the mouth of St. John. And this vast territory, including Pen-tagoüet, and the fur trade of the Penobscot, was now to be held by Charnacé as a fief under the King, who was to receive ten per cent of the annual profit of the fur trade.

Here indeed, thought Constance, was a ground for war in Acadia. Louis XIII. had stolen from her husband what Henry IV. had given him by way of Pou-trincourt and Biencourt, and given it to Charnacé. And Isaac de Razilly's brother — Esau very likely — had sold to Charnacé part of the Scotch grant owned by the father-in-law and husband of Constance. And whatever was to be said of the coast of Acadia westward to the Penobscot, that river and its trade belonged unquestionably to her husband by right of settlement long years past, as well by the confirmation royal as by the defence of it all by the feudal lord La Tour who held the fief.

All this, then, was brought to America, in that pious pinnace, *L'Espérance en Dieu*, with her fierce dogs of war growling between decks. Was there anything more brought in this craft of the Jesuit missionaries? There might be.

When Constance returned hot-hearted to the Feudal Castle, — which her husband still held under his strange king and which he purposed to hold for king La Tour, come what would, — it was with a queenly determination by the help of heaven to maintain at least this spot, her home and that of the little child God had given her. She had now breathed the free Acadian air so long, that her respect for the kings of her native country was somewhat diminished, — as to their moral uprightness, and their right to rule unless for reason; and in any event she did not believe that Richelieu's puppet had any right to dispossess the La Tours, of whom her child was one, of what had been once given them by all the authority the world was bound to respect at the time when it was granted, — and what was theirs by the strength of the frontiersman's right arm, and the actual improvement of the country. All the Bernon blood in her veins, — twelve or fifteen centuries at least traceable back to the Roman soldiery who conquered Gaul, a stock improved by the native population of stalwart savagery upon the northern slopes of the Pyrenees and the hardy navigators of the Bay of Biscay, a stock flowering centuries since with noble houses, a stock fit for ruling in Acadia, — all the Bernon blood not yet cooled from the crusades against the Turks,¹ not yet cooled from ancestral generations of armed merchantmen, not yet cooled from the heat of religious devotion, a determination to serve God in

¹ A. D. 1191.

their own way despite the pope and the king, — this Bernon blood rose to the throne at least in Acadia. Upon that spot Constance would live. The St. John belonged to her house; she would hold it, — or die upon that spot.

The Queen of Acadia found her husband turning codfish in the sun, upon the flakes near the fort.

XIII.

OUANGONDY.

THERE being no disputing the fact that Razilly, — or Rasallai, or Rasilli, or Razilla, or Razillais, or Razillai, or Rosillon, or Rozilla, or whatever his name really was,¹ — Razilly the redoubtable knight commander of St. John of Jerusalem, and commodore of Bretagne, who fought so gallantly as a naval captain in the siege of La Rochelle, — was now really dead; and there being no dispute possible with one so well armed as Charnacé, as to powder and ball, and the King's commission, and the agreement of Esau Razilly in behalf of the dead Isaac, — the wisest thing for the La Tours to do was, first, to avoid present conflict; second, to fortify their river; third, to bring in such soldiers and colonists from Huguenot lands as hated Romanism, and who would fight for a principle; and, fourth, to make friends with the New Englanders.

In pursuance of the plan to fortify and hold the Ouangondy, — by the help at least of the savages,

¹ The books relating to the period spell his name in all this variety of fashions. I have adopted the orthography of Charlevoix and M. Rameau.

who cared more for their own great river, and the name that had been given to it by their fathers, and who cared more for their own warriors and medicine men, and especially for Constance, the Guardian Angel of the children of the Maléchites of New Brunswick as well as of the Souriquois in Nova Scotia, than they did for Saint John or any other of the French saints, —it was determined to build an additional fort up the river fifty miles at Jemsek, where Salmon River and the Grand Lake poured into the Ouangondy; so protecting the coal discoveries at the head of the lake and all the fur trade of the river. This fort is known to the French archives and to history by the name Jemsek, or Jumsack as the log drivers call it to-day. It should have been named Fort Constance, for the Acadian Queen; since it was her idea to build it, and in the course of events it so turned out that she superintended no small part of the work in its erection.

It was on a June day that Simon Imbert, the faithful, who had dismantled Fort Louis and mounted the guns at Fort La Tour, took formal possession at the mouth of the river, and the flotilla of the La Tours ascended the Ouangondy.

After they had run through the winding way above the Falls of St. John, from five to six hundred yards wide and two miles long, commonly called the gullet, and had entered upon the Kenebekawskoi, wide and far reaching, they saw the fir and the larch crowding down to the margin of the marshes; then, upon the fresh water intervalles above, they saw great

sweeping elms, and, here and there, a black cherry tall as an oak with a butt big as a hoghead.¹ Then, journeying onward, green walls of foliage arose sharply from the banks on either side. At every bend of the river, from the weedy margins or the shelter of the islands, wild fowl started up, — half swimming, half flying, then rising, — before the passengers of the *Sable*; and the crew of the freighting sloop *Great Heart* made merry with long shots at gray ducks and whistlers. The great northern diver was sometimes seen darting athwart the placid waters of the lake-like expansions of the beautiful river, or splashing the surface in alarm to escape the white-winged shallop, which advanced so swiftly under a favoring wind.

"This contest for the possession of Acadia," said Henrietta at the evening camp-fire, "is like one of the feuds between the great lords in former ages, when the fiefs were fought over inch by inch. We only need love and a lady to make a perfect parallel to half the wars of the middle ages."

Constance placed her hand upon her heart. Henrietta knew nothing of *Sieur Hilaire Charnacé* which would lead her to identify him with *Charles de Menou*, whose name she possibly remembered, from once mention by Constance.

"No," said Constance, "it is very certain that our Jesuit friend *Charnacé*, claiming to be the King's Lieutenant Number 2, has no love and no lady to

¹ *La Honton's Voyages*, I. 248.

contend for in Acadia. His method of warfare is, however, far removed from that of the feudal barons whose stories amused our childhood. By concealment of his ultimate plans, he has obtained practical possession of no small part of the country without contest. It will be hard for me to believe, that the amiable Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, now deceased, did not have something to do with it. In fact, he must have been a party to the plot at the outset, although he claimed to be a knight ready to give fair gage before battle."

The La Tours were not well known to Constance. There were depths in them, and heights in them, not easily reached by common standards for measuring men. Charnacé flattered himself that he knew Charles la Tour; but he was never more mistaken than in the estimate he made. The sublimity of her husband's content, Constance never understood. She had faith in God. La Tour had faith in La Tour; that, whatever turned up, La Tour was likely to turn up at the top.

"Why Constance," said Charles, removing his pipe, "is not Acadia big enough for us both? The St. John alone has more fur than I can easily handle. If I were to go up to the head waters now, and over upon the Miramichi, it would be worth as much to me as an Inca's ransom. Besides, I have lost Port Royal twice before, and Pentagoüet once before, and found them again. And I am now likely to come into possession of them again, by the time I get rich

enough to develop them properly out of what trade I have to-day. It is all in the way of business, — profit and loss, loss to-day and profit to-morrow.”

It was apparent that La Tour had a vivid memory of various adventures with Virginian scapegraces, Plymouth Pilgrims, and Scotch claimants; and that he worried little over any friction that might arise between himself and Charnacé, or any temporary loss to which he might be subjected. Moreover the La Tours were of a long lived stock. He fully expected to stand over the grave of his rival; and if he were not himself in dotage, he might easily pick up whatever Charnacé should leave behind him, — as the spurious titles to land left by Razilly had been already picked up by the King's Lieutenant Number 2.

This quietus from the lord of the Castle La Tour upon St. John agreed well with the digestion of his old father, who laughed heartily, and then emptied his pipe by rapping it gently upon one of the stone andirons of the camp fire.

“It is a capital night to spear for salmon,” he said, rising to full height, standing on tiptoe, stretching his arms upwards, and yawning. He was very tall; and when Henrietta and Constance saw the baronet's shadow upon the great rock behind him, they both re-echoed his laughter, which had become thoroughly Anglicised since he had become a Scotsman. They all launched out, paddling for the salmon.

The Great Heart had carried on her deck the Otter for Constance, and the Lynx for Henrietta,

canoes beautified by their owners with colored sinews and porcupine quills, in a variety of pretty patterns, as if the boatwomen were not without affection for birch.

When they were once alone, gliding over the dark and silent water, Constance said, —

“I am sure, Charles, that there is much truth in what you say of the resources of our noble river; and it has occurred to me that during this fine summer weather, I can build the fort, while you and your father explore the heads of the rivers, and make arrangements to increase our trade.”

This plan had already occurred to La Tour, whose confidence in his wife’s capacity needed no confirmation.

“I cannot express to you,” continued Constance, — observing that her husband was in a receptive, though perhaps silent mood, — “the anxiety I feel relating to the movements of Charnacé. He is so able, so devoted to his purpose, so consecrated to his kind of religion, that he will allow nothing to stand before him till he rules alone in Acadia.”

“I shall myself have much to say about that,” replied Charles. “Besides, I have perfect faith, that your good angel will keep you; and he will have to keep me also, since you are the guardian of the La Tours as well as of the Souriquois.”

“Charnacé I should have married before I saw you, if he had not first married his Jesuit confessor, and gone into the Order,” said Constance, with a frank heart, to her husband.

"He was an unlucky dog, if that's the case," said Charles.

At that instant the birch-bark torch of La Tour the senior flamed around the bend of the river, illuminating the dark foliage and the massive cliffs above the water; and Henrietta displayed a salmon five feet and a half long and a foot in diameter.¹

Charles la Tour never made further allusion to the revelation his wife had made to him, concerning her former friendship for Charnacé. He paid her the highest compliment a man can pay to a woman,—he trusted her; and had no anxiety to know her thoughts, save as she cared to reveal them.

Kindling their own birch flambeaux, Charles and Constance wearied themselves, not with the sport of the hour, but with peering into shallows to watch the fish sleeping so securely, or gazing upon the play of light and shadow among the towering fir trees, or upon the face of the immense ledges rising sheer out of the water, touching up the black fringes of the river with their flaring and fading fire.

¹ La Honton, I. 246.

XIV.

JEMSEK.

JEMSEK is the water-alley — of slow current and great depth — leading from the Ouangondy, the front street of Fort Jemsek, to Grand Lake the backyard of the Fort; the alley on the north, and the great river on the west.

The noble sheet of water called, from time immemorial, the Grand Lake, is separated from the St. John by a narrow alluvial bank; the water extending north some thirty miles, from two to five miles in width. It is connected by channels with French Lake, and with Maquapit. The water is singularly clear. Great banks of gravel extend along the margin of the Jemsek stream: granite boulders are seen scattered about the bottom of the lake; and they are found, here and there, far and wide, in the neighboring forests of pine and hard wood, which surround the lake even to the water's edge. These great boulders in the woods are often covered with wild vines, or so matted with fallen leaves as to support a fine growth of ferns; the rocks in some instances lifting their altar like tops high among the oaks and the walnuts. Numerous islets with bold shores, and

shaggy with tall trees, adorn the bosom of the lake ; offering a breeding place far from the foxes, — for loons, wood ducks, black coots, plover, and grouse.¹

Several small islands stand in the edge of the St. John at the mouth of the Jemsek stream.

The fertile soil and wild meadows in the neighborhood were put to use promptly by La Tour, that they might bear a part of the burden of their own defence.

A trading post was opened. Axes, kettles, flints, sabres, sword blades for the heads of darts, twine for nets, woollen socks, awls, needles, beads, tobacco, much vermilion, and little soap, — were here exchanged for the finest of furs. The currency consisted in bunching the skins, in dozens or half dozens, — of beaver, rarely the white beaver,² the otter, the martin, of squirrels, the ash-colored and the Suisse,³ of the raccoon, of weasels and ferrets, of the wild-cat, the lynx, the badger, the red fox, of bear skins the black and the cinnamon, elk hides, l'enfant du diable,⁴ — and the "michibichi, a sort of speckled tyger," believed by the most superstitious of the savages to have been the incarnation of an evil spirit.⁵

The necessity of preparing for war in time of

¹ Adams' very entertaining Field and Forest Rambles in Eastern Canada, London, 1873, gives valuable notes upon the geology of the Grand Lake region.

² La Honton, I. 233.

³ So called from the black and white streaks along the body, like a Swiss doublet ; and the black and white rings on the thighs, like a Swiss cap.

⁴ Mephitis Americana.

⁵ La Honton, I. 232.

peace, led La Tour to visit the heads of the great rivers of Acadia, to gather in furs, — the profit being enormous, both upon the goods sold to the savages, and then again upon the furs received in trade.

Well might the aborigines be proud of the Ouan-gondy, and well might an apostle be glad to have his name attached to such a river, with its long reaches of navigable water. General La Tour's boy-life in the defiles of the Alps, and the privations of his early Acadian manhood, made him indifferent to the difficulties of a new country, whether of dangerous fogs and the storms of Fundy in winter, or the inconveniences of Pokiok carry, or adventures upon the sides of the gorge below the Grand Falls. Upon the sides of this gorge, to please his Indian boatmen, he erected, at a point difficult and dangerous of access, a monument of rough stones to commemorate that unknown Indian maiden of the Maléchites, who led her captors the Mohawks over the Great Falls in the night, when they were moving to attack her people.

There is no ground for comparing Constance with her contemporary, the Marchioness de Rambouillet, whose architectural taste and ability revolutionized the arrangement of houses, and gave to the Parisian world models for the royal improvement of palaces, — but this woman of the wilderness knew how to build a fort, having schooled herself to some purpose in her life at La Rochelle.¹

¹ The Acadian forts had little to distinguish one from another, unless in the quality of the work. When completed, — the dwell-

While Constance occupied herself in overseeing the workmen, Henrietta made wide acquaintance with the Indian families, who came to the Grand Lake in vast numbers in the summer season to fish and to hunt, the game being very plenty in the neighborhood of the cooling waters.¹

Pitchibat, so swift of foot, and so strong of arm, was Henrietta's guide and guard and boatman; as the muscular Tarratine Takouchin, the trusty messenger, was attached to the service of Constance, — never far from her in all wild wanderings.

Henrietta not only diverted herself by idling along the shores of the lake in search for jaspers and carnelians, and fossil ferns near the coal beds, or pushing out in her light canoe to gather lilies, making garlands to dress out her friend the superintendent of construction at the fort, and to adorn all the Indian children whose fathers and mothers were engaged in service at the works, — but her solitary sail was often seen coursing over the lake as she sought out the mouth of Salmon River, or new hunting grounds, in bearing her part to keep the workmen in flesh, fowl, and fish. The

ing house at Jemsek was of hewn stone, 30 × 45; and the two story magazine of stone, 30 × 108; the court of the guard, 30 × 45; the chapel, 12 × 18, — with a turret, and a bell of 18 lbs.; under the magazine, was a cellar with a well in it; the twelve guns were each of nearly a ton weight; outside was a large cattle house, and a garden with fruit trees.

¹ Grand Lake is famous, even to-day, for the gathering of Indian utensils, and relics of far off generations.

shad, the gaspereaux, the savory trout came to her net or hook.

If Jean Pitchibat and the hounds drove a fat buck into the water in the neighborhood of the Lynx, Henrietta dropped her lines, and stunned the deer with her paddle; and she shrank not from using her hunting knife. To contend with the bears for berries, to secure now and then a toothsome cub, suited well her mettle; but if nothing better offered, she would condescend to conceal herself in the small birches, steal along under the aspens, or push the alders one side, to get a shot at a partridge, or to bring down a bevy of wood pigeons.

Constance never killed a wild creature for need or sport, — it was not in her heart to do it. It was her diversion to go away alone, watching, perhaps, the humming bird with changeable colors, blue and gold and red, glistening in the sun, and moving with needle beak from flower to flower with the bees, — or she gazed long upon the great eagles wheeling in their flight; she took her little child where the silence was broken only by the tap of the woodpecker or the whirr of the partridge, — or where they could look into deep clear waters watching the fish in their underworld, — or where they could see the young of the innumerable wild fowl, seeking food or at play, when surrounded by the stillness of the forest, — or they saw the brown sides of doe and fawn timidly gliding along some wood path towards the water. And when the season came for crimson and orange

in the tops of the maples, she adorned her birch in gay colors, and floated as if upon an autumnal leaf over the smooth bosom of the lake, listening to the impressive stillness of the wilderness. The Indian children said, that, so, she hoped sometime to hear the voice of her God, — or that her Ministering Angel would speak to her. She herself believed, that the Voice within her soul could best be heard when she was alone amid the wilds.

The shining waters and sunny wildernesses were, however, not a little disturbed by the news Joe Ta-kouchin brought up from Fort La Tour in the European mail, which had just arrived in the yearly packet, the *Cœur de Lion*.

It now appeared, that Richelieu, — the conqueror of La Rochelle, the master mind of France if not of Europe, he who made a toy of kings, — was at the bottom of the movements of M. Razilly and of Charnacé; they were his chess men, playing his game in New France. Constance had not merely to cope with an old time lover in his shifting masks of Jesuit missionary and of Second Lord Lieutenant, but must now contend with Richelieu, or lose Acadia.¹

It now appeared, that Razilly, who was related to Richelieu, and Charnacé, whose uncle, the Baron Hercule the great diplomat, married a blood connection of Richelieu, were of the Hundred Associates:

¹ The reference to Richelieu's Jesuitical plans in Prince's *Annals*, Part II. Sec. 2, page 84, indicates the alarm of the Protestants, although their information was not perfect.

otherwise the Company of New France, at whose head stood the Master of the French world; with large capital paid in; with a grant from the Cardinal's tool, the king, of all New France forever, and a perpetuity of the monopoly in furs, freedom from duty upon all exports, and twelve patents of nobility as premiums; with an obligation to colonize the new world with papists, at the least four thousand of them at some early date. The Company was to be supplied with three ecclesiastics to every settlement; no Protestants were to be allowed further foothold, so putting a complete stop to Huguenot emigration.

Here, indeed, was ground for war in Acadia. And the blood of Bernon took up the gage. Who could tell to whom the Lord of battles would finally give this land? Richelieu might have other matters in Europe, to keep his hands too full to admit of his grasping America. His scheme might fail. He had humbled La Rochelle; but might not the prostrate city be avenged in New France? If the Marchioness de Guercheville had not been able to bear the draft upon her purse, might not the new capitalists so sanguine at the outset, soon fall back? The courtiers might risk one pocket full of pin money, but they would not continue to put out money for other people to spend in far off ventures.

Some such thoughts as these rushed through the mind of practical Constance, as she ran over her mail. But Henrietta was boiling over, with ill sup-

pressed rage. She hated the Romanist religion not only with the fierceness of an English Protestant, but with the bitter memory of old French refugee wrongs that had come down out of a former generation. Moreover, her service in the household of King Charles, when he espoused the cause of the French Protestants at La Rochelle and was defeated by Richelieu, led her to entertain the most violent prejudices against the Cardinal, and all his kin upon both sides of the sea. At the same time, she had so much of the British admiration of pluck and hard fighting, that she could not but stand in awe before the genius of that clergyman, who, when he once undertook to fight, restored the day of miracles, converting some portion of the sea into land to support his artillery, and lifting up the land itself behind La Rochelle into great embankments, to starve the garrison of the impregnable city into submission.

Henrietta had absolutely no hope for Acadia, if Richelieu had condescended to say that he would take possession of it.

"This whole business," she said to Constance, when they had opened their dispatches, and read and re-read the domestic letters from loved ones beyond the ocean, "reminds me of what I saw this forenoon in my hunting. I sighted a deer in the meadow, and was about to fire, when I observed two wolves skulking in the edge of the forest preparing to make an attack. I watched them, as one circled around the buck at a distance, then lay down behind him.

The other wolf then made an open attack; and when the buck turned and fled, the first wolf then rose out of the grass, and seized him. M. Razilly, and Char-nacé, merely frighten us, in order that Richelieu may take us by the throat. Between them, Acadia must fall."

Constance making no reply, but still gazing intently at the burning cities falling into ashes, in the remains of their camp fire, Henrietta resumed in her dogmatic fashion: "The Man of Sin does not feel disposed to die. Such moderate men as meek Melanchthon, and song-singing, jovial Luther quarrelling over theology, and John Calvin sitting up nights to keep Geneva from dancing a jig when he was asleep, — could never damage the power of the papal church much, in its triumphant progress through the centuries. That stupid Spanish Cavalier Loyola, — who could not read at an age when Calvin had lectured on civil law to crowds of admirers and had formulated those institutes of religion which are the bulwark of Protestantism, — was to the very end, as at the beginning, a soldier; and between him and the soldier Richelieu, who threw away his sword to take a bishopric, they have given a new lease of life to the world's old friend, the Man of Sin, whom we all thought dead; and he will go on living forever."

At the termination of this harangue, Constance rolled upon the ground in an uncontrollable fit of laughter, — more violent for the excitement she had

undergone in learning the true causes of the Acadian tangle.

"Henrietta," she said when she revived, "I am astonished. The preaching of the English divines was not lost upon you. I, being born a French woman, cannot attempt to converse in a style, savoring of the Puritan conventicles. What you say is as good as a sermon. Let me ring the bell and call in the savages."

XV.

THE CARDINAL.

NEXT morning Constance did not fail to enlighten her amiable and entertaining mother-in-law young Henrietta, at breakfast, upon the mysteries of French politics, in a style which was complimented, as being an admirable model to Milton for a political tract, — being more temperate than he commonly used and more judicial, but not lacking in fire or poetic phrase and imagery. Having undertaken to perfect Constance in the use of the English tongue Henrietta took pride in her progress. Packets from the old world brought to the wilderness not only powder and ball to defend the settlers of Acadia, and rare goods out of the old world, and the means for trafficking, but the writings of John Milton, who was just at that time pounding against the gates of Prelacy.

As the morning wore on, Henrietta, who could not be easy until she had read all the theology, which had come with the bad news in the Cœur de Lion, took Chillingworth's Religion of the Protestants out for an airing after being boxed up so long at sea; and seated herself under a little cluster of autumnal

beeches lighted by the sun. Constance, going out not long after with the second part of Don Quixote, noticing the warm glow of the clump of low shrubbery and fruit bearing trees where Henrietta was seated, drew near, much as she would to a cheery camp fire kindled by a torch from the skies in the early noontide. The temptation being great to air her English in the presence of so kindly and appreciative a critic, she reverted to the topic of the morning, saying to her companion, --

"I think that your English people make a great mistake in regard to Richelieu. You speak of him as an ecclesiastic. Really he is so, not more than was William of Orange, not so much so as Philip II. of Spain. He is a statesman. His robe is an accident. Rather he uses it to cloak his designs. The Vicar of God is to him less than the King of France. It pleases him in his red garment and skull cap, with a golden cross gleaming upon his breast, to have a sickly and feeble king with just sense enough to do what he is told, whom he can take up between his thumb and finger, and set at the head of Europe."

"You forget Charles I., and particularly our poor Scotch Jeems, who was the legitimate father of our Nova Scotia," interrupted Henrietta.

"Pardon my seeming disrespect to the Scotch. I meant to have excepted Sir William Alexander. Those who think well of Nova Scotia of course rank higher in my estimation than Louis or even Richelieu."

"Richelieu certainly deserved well of the world,"

replied the Scotch baronet's wife, "when he cut the apron strings that tied Louis to his mother, and drove away from court Mary de Medici. And even if he did put a bib and tucker on Louis, and give him a few play-things, he is not much to be blamed for that, considering how much of a man he has made out his king in the eyes of Europe."

"Richelieu," said Constance, "has done for France what the wars of the roses did for England, — killed out the feudal system, and given life to the king. If I could allow myself to think calmly of my native city, — and this I cannot do," she added in a plaintive tone, with tear drops filling her eyes, — "I should say that Richelieu, who knows no more of human pity and has no more respect for human life than the axe of an executioner, was after all right in what he did."

"What do you mean?" asked Henrietta, in a quick excited tone. "You do not mean to uphold him in his persecution of the Protestants?"

"He did not persecute the Protestants, if you will pardon me," replied Constance. "He could not, upon his theory of destroying feudalism and creating an absolute monarchy, do otherwise than he did. Henry IV. made one mistake in the edict of Nantes, — he left my Huguenot people as a political party, who should be heard as a party, in governing France. It would have been better, if he had merely given absolute religious toleration, and protected it. It would have allayed prejudice, and have helped spread the

Protestant faith. The result of the course he took was to make the Protestant political leaders ambitious of controlling the nation. And after the King was murdered, my native city" — and here her voice trembled, and she almost broke down again — "proposed the establishment of a Protestant republic. The Duc de Rohan was opposed to it at first; but afterwards he favored it, and headed the movement. You know, by your father's house, what evils had been wrought by the long religious wars. There was no France; it was Gaul again, — barbaric tribes contending, some religious, some not. At this juncture Richelieu appeared; he happened to have been a soldier, a bishop, and a cardinal, — but he was really at heart one of the very few born kings, as much so as Cæsar, or Charlemagne, or your Alfred, or William the Norman. But he is a king not for himself, he is true to his priestly vows; he glorifies the Church by setting up one and pulling down another. Hildebrand is the only Pope worthy of being named upon the same day with Richelieu."

"But did he not destroy your churches?" asked Henrietta.

"I cannot, my dear, speak of what he did," replied Constance in a subdued voice. "He contended against us for political, not for religious reasons. The throne was to be established. It is not time yet for a republic in France. The department of Aunis was fit for it, perhaps Languedoc; but France would have been dismembered in this way. And France as a whole is not intelligent enough, or religious enough to be a

republic. Richelieu has now consolidated a nation out of a few feudalities ; he has ruined the aristocracy, and reduced the parliaments to insignificance. Now we shall see France at the head of Continental Europe."

"I admit," answered Henrietta, "that a kingdom absolute, is better than anarchy. And, if freedom of thinking and religious liberty were possible under an absolute government, there might be hope sometime for such religious and civil growth that the government itself might safely be controlled more or less by the people. Our English nation, I confess, is almost tired of such kings as we have. If I should breathe the free air of Acadia long enough, I should become a republican, or have a king that would rule just as I might fancy."

"In respect to France," said Constance, "we never had even the beginnings of liberty which your Saxons fished up out of the foggy seas of the north ; we have for ages been under the thumb of the Pope, or of some king, or some feudal lord true to the imperial traditions of Rome. The liberty of the strongest is all the liberty we have in France. And just now Richelieu is the strongest."

And so they talked, these Acadian women, viewing the great events of far off nations through the clear sky of the new world, — talked until the fires in the autumnal woods grew dim with coming twilight. The effect of this new move to plant papal power in America, by the Hundred Associates of Morbihan, was discussed in every light.

"Is it not a fundamental error," asked Constance, "one likely to be fatal to their whole scheme, to attempt to plant colonies in New France upon the feudal system, which Richelieu is now trying to uproot in Old France? They have not made it an object to the common people to emigrate. Nobody is to be benefited except the Hundred Associates."

"I should have thought," said Henrietta, "that they might at least have made a hundred and fifty noblemen as our King did, instead of twelve. That might have induced somebody to emigrate. I doubt if we see any able Frenchmen coming to Acadia in addition to M. Razilly, and — shall I call him Lieutenant General? — Charnacé. On the other hand, there will be a good many Scotch and English people in want of nobility patents, and land grants, who will come over."¹

"What is needed," answered Constance, "is the plan adopted by the New Englanders, — to give every settler a fair footing. The Hundred can never hire colonists; and they do not want *bona fide* settlers. The fur business would be destroyed by the general settlement of the country. Charnacé would rather have paying beavers than pauper colonists. A few farmers to raise food for the trappers, is all that the Hundred will send over. There are few in France who can even be hired to migrate. The Huguenots

¹ Claude la Tour's baronetcy was of a new order of Nova Scotia nobility; one hundred and fifty being created for the sake of settling the country with those ambitious of titles.

are really the only ones who wish to pack up and move to Acadia. The Catholics do not want to come; and they will not, except as hired help, or as priests."

"But Richelieu has put a stop to Protestant emigration," interposed Henrietta.

"He cannot do that," was the reply. "The Huguenot merchants, in their armed ships will glide in and out everywhere. They are as persistent as if they were smugglers and pirates. They make money by their wits. The Protestant population of Biscay will not ask the Hundred where they may go or not go."

At this point, Henrietta could no longer refrain from yawning, — which she did with an apology. The defenders of Acadia, then, roasted their green corn at the evening camp fire; toasted their feet; and told surprising stories of old-time hunters and warriors of former ages, and of those devout men who had been engaged in holy missions among the barbaric tribes of Europe.

XVI.

THE ACADIAN WILD.

JEMSEK was a more comfortable place to winter in than Fort La Tour, more sunny, and less exposed to the eccentricities of the Atlantic. In completing the works, General La Tour was there most of the cold season, passing often up and down the ice clad river, according to the exigencies of his building and his traffic. Constance, when at liberty to do so, busied herself throughout the winter in ministering to the Maléchites, in which the wife of the Senior La Tour gave occasional aid.

Besides families not a few, who had regular huts and formed little villages upon the lake shore, or near the junction of considerable streams, there were great numbers, who wintered near the lake with its stores of fish; it being a region somewhat famous for the number of moose yards within reach by one or two days journey upon snow shoes.

Those camping or unsettled Indians, — who spent a winter here then there, who moved with moving game, who had different resorts for seasons dry or wet, whose movements were directed by feuds or by war, — lived in temporary lodges rather than in huts

and stockaded villages. A lodge could be set up in a new place within half an hour; a few poles were placed upright, and tied together at the top, then covered with mats or more commonly with bark; a parapet of snow was then gathered upon the outside for a windbreak; and pine branches or tips of fir served as a mattress, over which skins were then thrown for bedding, — and this completed the house or home. The smoke which gathered in the top of the lodge, little by little found its way out of the interstices of the bark covering, after having first imparted all the heat possible to the smothering inmates.

In severe weather the falling snow was so thick as to darken the day; or the clear north wind so full of force as to split the forest trees, and so full of frost as to peel the skin off a white face. Upon such days, it was, within the lodge, only possible for the inmates to freeze one side and roast the other; impossible to see through the smoke more than half a yard; possible only in such smoke to weep their eyes away, else perish with cold by opening the roof. Sometimes they could breathe only by placing their nostrils near the ground. Such rough weather, however, offered her best days to Constance, since she was sure of finding the entire family or families in a lodge at home, with nothing to do but to keep the smoke alive, and to hear anything she might have to suggest. To conduct devotional exercises under the circumstances might have been difficult; still it was possible, —

Constance remembering that the dwellers in the lodge had always been used to such atmosphere, that they at least were at home, the only home they had ever known.

The Indians bathed daily in summer, but never in winter; they rubbed their bodies occasionally in bear's oil, but never changed their clothing. Heating, and steaming in the smoking lodge, they were still at home. There was nothing in the atmosphere to which they had not been accustomed all their lives.

These Indians kept vast numbers of fierce hunting dogs, which were fed little save in the chase; starving in winter, they crawled into the lodges, snatching food from any hand they could catch unguarded; having shivered outside, they approached as near as they could to the inside smoke. A coverlet of two or three dogs lying upon one's person, was likely to be found by any one sleeping in these kennels.¹

It was with such surroundings, that Constance of Acadia, — whose father and grandfather by their money helped Henry of the White Plume to the throne of France, whose family records had given prelates to the church during more than seven hundred years, whose ancestors during all that time had been in high positions of trust military and municipal conveying a title of nobility, who was a descendant of the counts of Burgundy,² — patiently devoted herself to

¹ Charlevoix Journals, pp. 129-131.

² A. D. 895.

the religious instruction of warriors and squaws and their children, day after day during those very winter months in which Richelieu travelled like a king, with a long retinue of horsemen, of coaches, of wagons, with vocal and instrumental music, or gave elaborate and costly entertainments to richly dressed courtiers, — Richelieu, who, when of the same age with Constance, wrote to Madame de Bourges, that, as the poor bishop of Luçon, he had no garden or avenue where he could walk, that he had the muddiest bishopric in France, and that he could find no lodging without a smoky chimney.

As a practical lesson to her wild neighbors, Constance lived among them, in a lodge; so arranging it by what wit she had, as to show them how to be more comfortable as well as more cleanly. Without other conveniences than every Indian household could easily obtain, she had prepared in the deep snow a pit, sinking to the leafy covering of the ground, and here prepared her bed of fir-tip feathers laid thatch-wise; and in that region which, of all places in Acadia, offered stone in abundance and limerock, she had a rough chimney; and she could be seen any day frizzling her meat upon sharpened forks of oak, surrounded by the children of the nearest lodges. Henrietta now and then kept her company; and Takouchin and his family wintered in a lodge close at hand.

In this Sunday lodge, as it was called, she had little companies all day long once a week; when she learned by some system what had been accomplished

by the habits of industry she had inculcated, and in aid of which she had suggested practicable methods,—the work upon the fortifications employing any who could really make themselves useful, and the making of pipe staves for shipment employing any who cared to undertake it. The Indians were found to be good imitators, and they easily learned to make many articles of domestic convenience. Providence for the future was a matter of inquiry. Information was given as to sickness ; which tended to break up the superstitious courses often followed upon such occasion. The laws of kindness, of gratitude, of courtesy, of cleanliness, of purity, of uprightness, were made clear by simple illustrations, and enforced by appealing to conscience, and the authority of God. Practical precepts were committed to their faithful memories. They were taught to be alone with God, seeking help from heaven. And before the winter was over, Constance saw many, who could endure torture without a tear, weep when worsted in an attempt at self conquest.

That her words, in respect to being alone with God were not meaningless, came to be understood by her people ; and they learned not to look for her, or disturb her hours upon a Saturday, when often she was quiet in her lodge ; or sometimes went away into wild nooks of the forest in sunny weather, her faithful Joe busying himself with his basket-making wherever his mistress might indicate. Clad in the squirrel-skin clothing given her by the Souriquois maidens, she felt the cold

as little out of doors in ordinary winter weather as a fox or an elk. A friendly log, which her woodsman could easily provide, with a few branches of hemlock, together with such skins as Joe took with him, made it easy to bivouac wherever the fancy of the day might determine. So was she shut within the wilderness, like some woman who had taken vows upon her, and entered into her cell in some storied cloister. Under the solemn pines in the silent north-land, no solitude could be more perfect.

Constance had no such rhapsodies as marked the spiritual experiences of Marie de l'Incarnation; but there were sober words written of old time, which indicated God's friendliness and the promise of his abiding, — and these had great weight with her. The bitterness of her early years, — for she saw it now to have been more bitter than she once confessed even to herself, — in what was really a disappointment, — in the choice made by Charnacé, which left her no other choice than to cleave fast to the God of her youth, — had upon her the effect to throw her back upon Him, and to form with Him that "mystical union" which the theologians of former ages dwelt upon so much, — whatever this might mean when subject to analysis. To Constance it meant, the possibility of communion with God as her Friend, — and that was enough.

She saw no visions, but she had the implicit faith of Joan of Arc; and in the great solitudes of a new world she carried to God all her sorrows, all her hopes, all her purposes.

It can hardly be a wonder, that there were days when her heart was empty in the unpitying wilderness. If so, she must have had deep spiritual sympathy with the most devoted men of the Order of Jesus, who during so many years moved in their holy mission across the monotonous and desolate land in winter; who sometimes said, that this vast continent, in those grim ages when Acadia was first visited by Constance, — so inhospitable, so rude, so rank in its wildernesses, so peopled with devils, — was but an outskirts of the world of woe.

She could not easily get so far from the scene of her daily service, as to forget to lift up her heart to Him, to whom all flesh came, praying for the savages, so easily mistaken for devils, — and for all who were ignorant and out of the way.

One still night, when she was alone, gliding over the smooth surface of the lake before the depth of snow hindered such recreation, as she had been praying for her own home, for her little child, — her mother-eyes saw afar off, with that forecasting vision which reads or seeks to read the record of predestined years. Just then a brilliant meteor rushed in splendor just above the lake, as it seemed to her, — falling in the forest upon the south. It made such an impression upon the mind of Constance, that she spoke of it to Madame Gibones upon her second visit to Boston, just before she was cut off in the early bloom of her unfolding life.

If Constance kept up a brave heart before her hus-

band and Henrietta, in relation to Richelieu and his Acadian plans, she did not hesitate to make known to God all her fears. She prayed, that He would withhold from the wise and crafty the wisdom needed to people America with colonists opposed to freedom of thought and worship; and that there might come to the coast such men — even if Englishmen — as Cromwell and Hampden, who had been mentioned in the recent mail as having recently actually embarked for the new world but temporarily detained. She could not hold her heart back from praying for some of the ancient houses of her own native city, that those able men might come to America, — and she prayed that God would so guide the feet of her little brother, who alone remained of her father's house.

February was spent by Constance near the mouth of the Salmon river. It was the last Saturday in the month. She was perhaps not a little worn with her steadfast devotion to her mission, and not a little disturbed by reports brought from the Penobscot by Jean Pitchibat. The crust upon the snow favoring a longer excursion than common, she went some distance from the lake, beyond the first range of hills westerly. The tingling sensation of out door life in bracing winter weather, when contrasted with the long hours she had made with the Maléchite children for many days preceding, led her further than she had first planned. It was not until she had found a sheltered spot upon the top of a low hill without prospect, among thickets of young hemlocks, and Joe had kindled a fire for her

under the naked limbs of a great oak, crooked, gaunt, chilled by the winter winds, — that she became sensible how cold it was.

Fog and frost had covered the entire forest with silver, or spangles of crystal; and the glory of the sun, reflected from every reed and shrub, from the fir-trees commonly so dark against the winter sky, and from the fine outlines of the maple and the ash as if they had blossomed with diamonds, — had led Constance far, in a clear cold day when the sun had lost his fire.

Soon after noon, when this woman in the wilderness had craved God's blessing upon her little parched corn, the sun was obscured, the skies became heavy, the clouds thickened, and the horizon was dark. A storm was gathering; and the wind began to moan.

It is not certain that Constance was peculiarly sensitive to the conditions of the outer world, as some are whose natures are strongly sympathetic. Be that as it may, the thought was forced upon her, as she quickened her returning steps, that as the morning with its glitter of hundreds of square leagues of jewels had gone by forever, she had now in her own life nothing to which to look forward but a gathering storm and sunset.

All the morning her mind had been running over the happy days of her childhood, and dawning womanhood. Until she was twenty-three years old she had loved, perhaps foolishly but fondly, one whom she refused to marry partly out of respect

to Paul, and partly out of fear of Loyola. And ever since then, she had idealized the man, thinking him without fault save in the excess of his devotion to what she believed to be a spiritually misleading religious system. But now it was apparent that her child friend was dead,—that Charnacé was not the same man with Charles of La Rochelle. Since she saw him, he had developed what was in him. He had become an intriguer, scheming always for the mastery; following blindly—as she believed—the inspiration of his Superior,—and just now the inspiration of Richelieu.

Was this the cloud obscuring the sun? It was not. She did not, she would not believe eyes or ears; she would believe her own heart. Her heart told her that Charles of La Rochelle had not changed. It had forced itself upon her, as she walked through the glittering avenue of the palace of jewels; and now again as she went home—if her lodge was her home—when the jewels were falling under the sad fingering of the wind, which snapped the twigs and made havoc with the beautiful world,—it was forced upon her that Charnacé the man had not changed. He was too noble. She believed that he was heartily sick of the Jesuits, and a disbeliever in the system, swinging back to the faith of his mother.

“What if?” And she moaned aloud, loudly like the moaning wind, when she said that. She looked around to see whether Joe was too near, and had overheard her thinking aloud. No, he was not in

sight; but his dog was,—just in advance of his master.

“What if?” And she stayed her steps; she was getting too near the Indian village. Constance told Joe to go forward, and prepare her dinner; and she waited in the gathering gloom of the starless night. She knew Charnacé too well. No man she had ever met was so domestic as he in his tastes and habits, or in his heart. He desired most of all a home. He loved to have fine things about him. He would snatch at his present opportunity to pluck up wealth by the hands of Briareus, the Hundred Associates,—and then he would have a home. Jean’s words had disturbed her. “What if?” And she almost shrieked with terror, as the thought flashed upon her mind, and stood in illumination, as if written upon the dark sky in words of fire. “What if his heart is not still? what if he was not satisfied when he decided to cling to the papacy and the Jesuits instead of marrying me? He acted from a mistaken sense of religious duty. What if he has now found out his mistake? He wanted to marry me, he protested, because he loved me. If he has discovered his mistake in uniting himself to the Jesuits, his love for me will certainly rise supreme, and control every act of his life.

“His iron will has been schooled for years by a different standard of right and wrong than that of God’s Word. He believes that the end sanctifies the means. He gets it from his church, which he be-

believes to be infallible, and inspired of God, so standing to him as the very word of the living God. He is made ready by his very piety to do wrong for the greater glory of God. He will shield himself behind the order of his Superior, and go forward. How far will he go?"

She paused a moment, as if, by so doing and looking with fixed eyes, she could discern how far Charnacé would go,—in grasping for his Associates, in tearing up Protestantism for his Superior, and in giving definite form to the sentiments of his own heart toward her. Then she spoke in a low tone, as if her Angel might listen to her, asking,—

"Is there anything in this world so much like hell as a confusion of one's sense of right? Are not men led by it into the worst of ways, dreaming that they are in the divine paths? They will act like demons; and when they become conscious of what they have done, they will wail, as if in the world of woe. Charnacé will go straight forward, and from his wrong sense of what is right he will act like the worst of men. And he will not pause till the evil is done. Then he will reflect. He will curse the Society of Jesus. He will curse the Pope and all his angels. And he will yearn with unspeakable longing for the simple faith of his mother. And he will long for me,—when I am dead. May God shield my husband, and my child."

The gulf was before her. She had looked into it. Constance then calmed herself. Kneeling upon the

snow, overlooking not the frozen lake but a great shoreless sea of darkness, darkness that could be felt, she prayed:—"May we never meet. But before I die, permit me to direct his soul to Thee, Thou Friend of the friendless, Thou Bride of every longing heart."

XVII.

RODERIGO PALLADIO.

THE Jesuit by whom Charnacé was taught when he was a lad and youth, Roderigo Palladio, brought to his work not only the beautiful spirit of his accomplished and devout Hispano-Italico mother, but her singular beauty. Of the corps of carefully selected young teachers sent to La Rochelle by the Jesuits upon their restoration to France early in the seventeenth century, after their brief dispersion, he was the only one who kept his footing in the great Protestant strong hold.

Charnacé must indeed have been an idiot not to have loved him, when he had once thoroughly made his acquaintance. Palladio's mother had been startled by the increasing power of the reformed religion, which threatened strongly to take from France the proud title — "the eldest son of the Church." She had no hope, save in giving the world over to the Society of Jesus; which seemed to her, — in her extended studies in the history and theology of the Church and of the controversial treatises of the Reformation, to which, under the guidance of her confessor Fra Camaxo, she had access at her house in Lyons by giving shelter to the library of the Jesuit college

during the dispersion of the Order, — to furnish the organization best fitted to stay the defection in the Catholic Church, which plainly needed reformation, but not destruction.

She was confident of a long and honored career for the Church of God already hoar with ages, if, at this crisis in her history, the most devoted of her sons could be marshalled as one man, and placed under intelligent direction. Loyola would not have lived in vain, if his work had won for him no other admirer than this intelligent and godly woman Madame Jaqueline Palladio,¹ who was attracted to it first of all as a work of consummate art, as she had been by the Moses of Angelo, the Last Judgment, or the dome of St. Peter's.

What could be more sublime than the conception of bringing the entire body of the Church into a perfect state of purity, of unselfish handling of all earthly goods, and of obedience even in thought to the representative of the Highest, that the earth might so resemble heaven? If the holy Catholic Church offered the only way of salvation, the Order of Jesuits offered the only way of saving the Church when assaulted by the powers of darkness; and this Society of the devoted followers of Jesus was deserving not only of her own confidence, but with sincere devotion she gave to the Order her only son.

The beautiful boy, with his heart full of his

¹ The young widow of Palladio of Vicenza, whose genius did so much to adorn the Italian cities.

mother's tenderness, was dedicated to this service, as her holiest offering to God. The little child was taught to look upon the Church as his mother, as the child Jesus looked to Mary. And he was taught by his own mother's lips, in all his growing years, that his espousals were due to the Church the bride of Christ, that—in such sphere as he might fill—he should be like the Vicar of God upon the earth, by choosing the Church as his companion in life, seeking a celestial union rather than an earthly marriage.

How strange the outcome,—this woman Jaqueline, of Lyons, in this way, stole away the son of Marthe de Menou of La Rochelle, and hindered his marriage with Constance, and embroiled New France in civil war.

It was impossible to discern what the end would be. The Society of Jesus, seeking to save the Church, was like the ark which took into it things clean and unclean. If every Jesuit in the Order had been like Roderigo Palladio, the name of Charnacé would have stood high upon the roll of missionaries, perhaps consecrating the soil of some far off land with his martyr blood.

But it was found to be practically impossible, in the working of the Society, to achieve success without the leadership of men of pronounced individuality; men not always pliant, not easily moved about by kings or popes, or even by such kindly criticism by inferiors as no theory could avail to suppress. And the manifest success of the Order, advancing to the

highest places of the world, led able men very imperfectly sanctified to take vows, and by their surpassing ability to reach the highest positions of trust.

The system as such had so little power to clear itself of the worst of men, that civilized nations found it practically impossible to protect themselves, save by clearing themselves of the Order itself.

If all members had been filled with that unselfish love which characterized the best, the Society and the world would have reaped the best fruits possible to be reached under this system; whose fundamental theory required the members "to vanquish and subdue the loftiest and most difficult part of themselves, their will and judgment," and "to perform the order, let it be what it may, of the Superior, with a certain blind impulse of an eager will, which will bear them forward without giving space for inquiry."¹ Is it not related, that "the Abbot John inquired not whether what he was ordered to do was useful or not; but continued daily, throughout a year, to water the dead stump of a tree"?²

Certainly no conception can be more sublime than that which the founder of the Order saw, when he would utterly destroy the individuality of every man, and create, from them all, one vast personality fitted to be the bride of Christ upon the earth, — actuated solely by the infallible Vicar of God: "the lowest ranks being controlled by means of those next above them, and these by the higher; one move-

¹ Loyola's Letter on Obedience (Taylor's trans.).

² *Idem*.

ment originating at the centre being communicated to the extremities." ¹

It is no wonder that this system fitted men for a certain kind of power. The world had need not only of men efficient by nature, but trained for special service. They were so laborious, so persevering that they found a place. This system, moreover, had the unequalled advantage of being able at any moment to command the implicit obedience, for any service, of a great body of men throughout the world; as if the globe had been a great monastery, in which the eye of the General controlled the action of every man.

It is easy to see that the ablest members of the Order always construed the rules, so as to allow — to themselves at least — all needed freedom of action; and men of warm hearts and glowing love were willing to give their lives to a system, which tended to reduce the whole religious world to mere mechanism.

When, therefore, Roderigo Palladio devoted his entire time, not to instruction alone, but to obtaining the control of the affections and the conscience of Charles de Menou, Sieur Hilaire Charnacé, of ten years old, it was with the love of a mother — representing the motherhood of the Church — to a motherless boy. And the teacher was so imbued with the spirit of religion, and of the Order of which he was a vital part, that he filled the child's mind with the most surpassing ambition to be of use to God and man, in the Catholic Church and in the Society of Jesus.

¹ Letter on Obedience.

It was indeed many years before the child of Protestant parents who was beloved of Constance, could be brought by insensible steps to cut off all tender ties, and devote himself to God as a Jesuit. With scarcely perceptible motion he was led far, before he perceived, as a growing lad, that he had gradually, irrevocably, made great advance in a new religious pathway.

When he finally left the home of his youth, it seemed to him reasonable that he should not begin all over again to decide the great religious problems of the world; that Constance must be in serious error, if she should undertake to settle all things for herself, aided only by her reason and the interpretation which she personally put upon what she called God's Word, — and in still worse error if she should not think for herself, but take the interpretation of John Calvin, the Protestant pope.

It seemed to him far wiser, as a young man, to submit his intellect, his judgment, to the authority of the Church, which alone — by all the wisdom of ages and as the infallible holder of the keys of earth and heaven — could rightly interpret the ancient Scriptures. Uncertain for himself, as to what was right, he threw himself back upon the Chair of St. Peter; and allowed Urban VIII. to reign in his own heart as the authorized Vicar of God, — that is, so far as he might be allowed to do so by any special restrictions and counter orders issued from time to time by the General of the Society of Jesus.

XVIII.

RICHELIEU'S ECHO.

WHEN Charles of La Rochelle entered the St. Pol de Leon, he came in contact with teachers less self-denying, less devout, less modest, less amiable, less attractive, less keen, than the peerless Palladio; they were men of greater personal ambition, more selfish aims,—and some of them were corrupt and unscrupulous, illustrating in their own lives that doctrine of devils, that the end sanctifies the means.

It is not to be wondered at, if in the age of Richelieu there were bad men in the Papal Church. Who can tell when the night of the dark ages passed away from every hamlet in France? The spirit of private lawless tyranny, ruling by the right arm, had not yet died out of many men of surprising vigor; the Papal Church still had preferment for able men of this stamp.

It was hard to decide what was right. The standards were doubtful. For ages the Church had forbidden men to think; had invoked the secular power to burn for the variation of a shade of thought, upon abstruse doctrines not affecting morality between man and man. The religious wars of France had divided

kinsfolk and cloven in twain many a domestic hearth. The reformed churches were contending among themselves, and some were fighting against civil authority. Many conservative men of well ordered lives thought it the only safe course to adhere to the Vicar of God and his dictum; and, if it were of evil, to trust that God would accept their right intent. So, multitudes of obscure devout persons were fed with meat out of heaven, borne to them by unclean ravens.

Charnacé, as he began now to style himself, with all his manly ambitions to be of service, met spiritual guides most crafty and ungodly among those who obtained great influence over him in the Jesuit College in Paris. Before he was conscious of what he was doing, his vows of obedience had made him a party to transactions, which were commonly thought to be right by the circle in which he moved; but which could never be squared by the side of the written Word of God,—the Word of God being of no effect by the traditions of men. Under these circumstances his conscience was warped; the light that was in him became darkness, and great was that darkness.

His local knowledge of La Rochelle was of use to Richelieu; the knowledge of the fur business and of Acadia, which he had picked up in his native city, greatly interested Richelieu, that man of universal genius. The magnetism of him, who had now achieved what the kings of France had tried for, during five hundred years, in unifying the nation, told wonder-

fully upon Charnacé; as it could not fail to do upon all who were not mere hare-brained courtiers.

"The universal spider," Louis XI., whose prodigious nose indicated the soundest practical judgment in affairs, had never been able to spin the web he dreamed of, upon which he was to stand in the centre and be connected by direct lines with all France: Richelieu in his Cardinal robe had accomplished it for Louis XIII., — perhaps in part by very virtue of his ecclesiastical office, which won for him the co-operation of the religious forces of the nation. A peer of the parliament of Paris, a duke, rich as a king, making most costly presents to a king who did not think himself belittled to take them, — here in reality was an ecclesiastic who fulfilled the promises which Palladio had held out to Charnacé, that the kingdoms of the world belonged to God, and that the Church ought to rule.

It was a tempting offer made to young Charnacé, whose clearheadedness in business matters had attracted attention, and whose ability was matched only by his docility and readiness to serve, — when it was proposed to give him a share in the Company of New France, to the organization of which he had so largely contributed by his masterly presentation of the ways and means of reaching great results in commercial gains, which would amply justify the risk, and which would be certain to open new fields rich for spiritual harvest among pagan peoples, and a new area for the extension of the Church by

emigration to a land otherwise likely to be seized by Huguenots.

Henceforth the lad, the youth, the young man, was no longer such,—he was a man, trusted, honored, capable of fulfilling the trust and sustaining the honor. Charnacé henceforth was an integer in the State. A nation had grown up under the magician Richelieu, and the boy from La Rochelle had now an opportunity to show his patriotism. He had a country to serve. He stood for Acadia in the nation. This great province of New France was his government; or soon would be so, wholly. La Tour could not stand in the way of the kingdom of God. The great machine would crush La Tour.

So it came to pass that Richelieu had an echo in the Maine woods; the new continent rising out of the sea, a mere resounding surface for the voice of that feeble bodied priest whose intellect ruled no small part of the world.

The only real difficulty in the way of carrying to completion the plans formed was, that the Jesuits forgot to take out Charnacé's heart,—when they set him afloat upon a western sea. They did not dream that Constance was in Acadia, a rival of the Papal Church and even of Richelieu.

The Hundred Associates, nominally represented by M. Razilly as first on account of the money he was able to secure for the enterprise, looked to Charnacé as the responsible head, as he really became by Governor Razilly's death; and, although the Hundred

had no occasion to seek a present quarrel with La Tour, whom they had found first in the field and entrenched in the good graces of the King, it was understood that having gained the King's assent to a division of the territory of which La Tour had held the monopoly of trade and government, they would press the matter of removing him altogether, as soon as occasion might be found.

The General of the Jesuits was peremptory in his order to seek early occasion to quarrel with La Tour, who had been trained as a Protestant, who was a Protestant, and who could not be counted upon for any service to the Church, even if he should profess Catholicism, as he did in applying for a land grant at the mouth of the St. John. The contest once opened, the Jesuits had access to the conscience of the King; and Richelieu would be governed by his interest, which would be promoted by the fall of La Tour, and by a monopoly for the Hundred.

As Charnacé had inherited from his mother scholarly habits, his father's character was perpetuated in fine mercantile traits. The merchant, the trader, was strong in him, when he came to man's estate. And side by side with his spirit of obedience, there was the love of power. Money would give influence; influence would give political preferment; political preferment would glorify God in His Church.

The contemporary New England historians say that his revenue was from four to five thousand pounds sterling per annum from the Penobscot, of which he

practically took possession soon after his mission was seated at Pentagoët. General La Tour might very well have quarrelled with his rival on this account, but he believed in making money by peace rather than by war; and chose to develop the trade of the St. John basin to its utmost capacity, and abide his time for the repossession of Pentagoët, which unquestionably belonged to him whether the trade of the Penobscot did or not. The ground for quarrel as to Port Royal and La Hève has been alluded to.

The building of the fort at Jemsek so exasperated Charnacé as to hasten the crisis. It was unquestionably the intention of the King in giving La Tour the mouth of the Ouangondy to give him control of the fur trade of the river. And the subdivision between Charnacé and La Tour made by the King, certainly gave La Tour the bulk of the St. John trade. Still there is a strong probability, although it is not alluded to by any of the historians who have treated of the period, that Jemsek was built upon land nominally within the precinct of Charnacé. However that may have been, Jemsek controlled the situation. The clever La Tour had long known the resources of this rich basin; and he would part with all other rights in Acadia rather than lose it. And he cunningly moved in season to hold it, as soon as it was evident to him that there was to be a conflict.

The St. John trade handled more than three thousand skins annually, at a profit of from one hundred to

one hundred and fifty thousand livres.¹ In a question of lives or livres, the public sentiment of the Hundred, of the courtiers, of Richelieu, and of the ecclesiastics interested, would not bear out Charnacé in sparing the lives and losing the livres. It was an age in which highway robbery was common.

It was brought home to Charnacé that since he had himself made the representations of profit, which had led to the formation of the company, he could not safely stand by, and see La Tour, by controlling Jemsek, defy them all, and sweep in an annual profit equal to from thirty-three to fifty per cent upon the entire cash capital of the Associates.

Charnacé had been put to great disadvantage by the fates. During all those years in which he himself had been studying an antiquated theology, and splitting hairs with the Calvinists, and meditating upon the dolours of heretics in their final state, La Tour had been training himself by actual trapping among the Acadian aborigines, and learning all the ins and outs of the fur business, and had made friends among all tribes, and knew all rivers; and he had already acquired a good working capital by which he could build forts and maintain garrisons, and constantly enlarge his trade; and he had created channels which would as certainly pour an enormous wealth into his feudal castle, as the great river itself would gather its waters and pour them into the Bay of

¹ Colonie Féodale, L'Acadie; M. Rameau: Paris, 1877. pp. 73, 95.

Fundy. This practical education of his rival, and the actual control he had obtained in the country were, under the circumstances, of inestimable worth.

If Charnacé should now seize his rival, and take the results of his hard years, it would accord with the customs of feudal lords; and also with those precious maxims he had learned at Paris, about doing all sorts of doubtful or clearly wrong things for the greater glory of God, which he had been at such pains to learn, which — if not followed — would be of little profit to him.

A thousand motives filled him with madness, that he should put forth every effort within his power to supplant his rival.¹ Like a bolt out of heaven there had come a new motive into his life. He had not thought to see Constance in Acadia. Had not God brought him hither in order to rectify the great mistake of his life? Was not this strange ordering from his Superior to crush La Tour, a part of a celestial ordering for accomplishing that which was plainly ordained on high? Charnacé did not dare to reason with himself about it. His heart beat wildly whenever he thought of actually seeing Jemsek and Fort La Tour. Should he see them?

¹ Rameau, p. 95.

XIX.

CHARNACÉ AND HIS SNOW SHOES.

THERE was so much frost in the long gun barrel as to require great care in handling without buckskins, when Charnacé set out upon his snow shoes in the clear cold sunshine for a day in the forest country between Biguyduce and the Penobscot. The sweet face, the finely cut features, the strong personality, the spirit so serene toward all things earthly, so impassioned toward all things heavenly, the marvellous combination of attractive qualities in Constance as he had known her in former years, had been in his first waking thoughts; as in truth they had, perhaps, too often occupied his waking hours by night in place of those forms divine which he had sometimes imagined that he saw when he first consecrated himself to his sacred studies.

Hardly did he find himself five miles away, moving slowly, watching, listening, searching the new fallen snow to see what creature might have tracked it since the dawn, when he was compelled to rub snow upon frost bites; he had been too closely kept within quarters since winter began. What else could occupy his winter hours in Pentagoët so

well as the investigation of Indian words and signs, and the interpretation to the barbarians who served him of the mysteries of the faith? If his early morning hours usually sufficed him for the secular cares of his position, what better use for the remainder of short days and long evenings could he have found than systematic study of the essentials of religion, and the attempt so to simplify them that the wild men of the woods might know God as well as receive baptism, and might perceive the path of life as readily as they could discern their way through the intricate forest? He had by this method not unlikely exposed himself too little to the greetings of the wholesome north wind.

The enthusiasm of his own spies, when making their reports relating to Constance, had, however, now so disturbed his usual avocations, that he needed the recreation of a day's hunting. If he took little interest in following and killing, it was at the least a delight to see how many of God's creatures were running wild and free, in happy ignorance of the weights and woes which bore so heavily upon the huntsman.

La Tour, indeed, his spies had taught him to hate more and more. Yes, it was a word well chosen: it was employed by the sweet psalmist of the Hebrews, and there had been no true hero of the Holy Faith who did not hate as well as love. Charnacé kept his hate for his enemies. La Tour was too cunning, too crafty, too competent, too successful to be allowed to

carry on his career ; every day was making it more difficult to dislodge him.

But Constance had won almost the worship of those who had followed her in the unselfish service to which she devoted her life. Could it be that in the days of his unhappy youth he had been led to choose otherwise than to place himself in the high and holy companionship of this fair saint, whose practical piety must be held to more than offset the errors of her opinions ?

He tried to recall the sweet face of Roderigo. Was there no lineament in his features suggestive of the demoniacal origin of the work which he did ? Had not Charnacé dreamed only the last night, that he saw Falladio pacing up and down the gun-platform next the sea, in a halo of sulphureous light ? He knew that his old teacher was dead. How pale Roderigo looked to him in his dream, and how ghastly was the light, and how vivid the lambent flames.

Kindling to flame a log of pitchwood, which he partially excavated from its bed of snow, Charnacé cut a few hemlock boughs and spread them upon the drift, and lay down upon them, between the fire and the arbor vitæ shrubs which hedged off the wind. He had removed his snow shoes and his moccasins ; and after his feet were thoroughly warmed, he ate his lunch of cold venison. He then occupied himself in tracing the tracks of the little wild creatures, which in their wide paths — upon the sunny and sheltered

side of the thick hedge of evergreen — had scampered in delight in this lonely retreat, or wandered in hunger after the long storm. Perhaps his unseasonable coming had disturbed their sports or their forays for food.

Lying as still as the dead, with his feet to the fire, he saw in a little while a few birds come out, as if by magic, from the mysterious forest; and he saw them flitting over the snow, in which many of their companions had perished. He thought of the sweet singers which had starved and frozen in the tough storm, and the remorseless winding sheet which covered them. Perhaps he was even then lying over their stark forms, encased in the deep drift under the evergreen lee. Had all these fallen without the knowledge of the pitiful Creator? Was not the kindly Saviour of men mindful of the sparrows? Even St. Francis had thought of the sparrows.

Then he thought of the blinding passions, which slew men in multitudes; and of his own instructions from his holy Superior, and the expectations of the Hundred and of Richelieu, that Charnacé, — who would not wantonly destroy a wildwood bird, and who could hardly be said to carry the heart of a hunter with his long gun into the wilderness, — would beleaguer the defenders of Fort La Tour, and kill if needful all but Constance.

Was Constance in reality with his foe La Tour? He would give all the furs in Acadia could he know for certain that she had never risen from the heaps

of starved wretches who were piled in the narrow streets of La Rochelle, where he had seen her in his dreams so often in those nights of that terrible siege. How could he dispel the vision that had haunted him so long, of her unearthly eyes glowing like coals from off the altar, standing out so prominently over her hollow cheeks before she died? It must be that his long fasting in his lonely cell, and his anxiety, and his prayers for her safety had made him ill; for he had never been so impressed with anything as he had been with this vision of the dying and dead Constance. Could it be that in those terrible days, she was safe in Acadia? No, not safe. La Tour was in Acadia.

All this must be a dreadful dream. He was deceived by his spies. Constance was dead. The whole world, conspiring to delude him, could not make him believe that she was still alive; that she was now at that moment in the same all circling forest with him, only far away; that mere journeying for days and days of the winter months upon his snow shoes would bring him where he could see her with his own eyes, as his spies reported that they had seen her.

Would it do any good to test the matter, to write to her, and perhaps get an answer in her own hand? Would it not possibly open some way out of this tangle, as to stealing upon La Tour as upon a wild beast to ensnare him or kill him, for his furs, and the saving of souls under the rule of Urban rather than by the rule of Calvin?

He had often thought of writing to Constance. But what to write, he did not know. She might have changed toward him. She could not love La Tour, whose moral sensibilities were, in his judgment, not more than an intelligent beaver might have.

He took out from his bosom Constance's Thomas à Kempis. He would underscore such words as would make a letter, and send it to her. He would so write: "I warn you, that I must be obedient to my Superior. Whatever may follow, you will know that I still love you." He read it aloud. "No, that is not the best message. I will send this book to Constance, and merely tell her that I have not ceased to carry it next my heart. There will be nothing indelicate about that, and it may mean much or little to her, according to her own heart."

Then he concluded, that this would not answer. It was not positive enough. He cut a note sheet of birch bark, and wrote upon it; then held it off at arm's-length, and read it: "Constance, I have not forgotten you."

"It will not be needful for me to sign it; my handwriting is sufficient signature."

Then he folded it up, and placed it carefully in the fire, which was still fitfully blazing and smouldering. He saw his letter end in smoke.

It did not seem kind, or thoughtful, or delicate in him, to write to her—if she was married. "If,—would God that she was dead.

"No I will not offend her sense of propriety by writing to her."

He had spoken in an excited, passionate tone,—so talking to himself, and the wild inhabitants of the wood. Jean Pitchibat was one of the inhabitants, in that noon tide. It was when he told Constance all this that he had seen and heard, that she had been so strangely disturbed upon her walk amid the glittering halls of the ice palace on that still Saturday west of Grand Lake, — strangely disturbed that her name should still be upon the lips of her old lover at Castine.

Charnacé heard a step in the crisp under-snow, where the fresh snow was light.

At that instant, a buck and doe, and a fawn of last season, appeared, and passed through the forest to the windward. Charnacé fired; and quickly strapped on his snow shoes, and followed the blood stains of the wounded.

"Was it the doe that I have wounded?" asked Charnacé, too sensitive to make a good hunter.

"If it is not right for me to communicate with Constance, is it right for me to make war upon her husband? I have no heart to kill him for his pelt-ries. By what authority of heaven did my Superior insist upon this, for the greater glory of God? No sophisms can make it right, that I should disturb this home. The world is big enough for La Tour and for the Hundred; and the souls of the savages will not be lost by any heresy they will learn from

Constance. I will countermand the orders to prepare for embroiling Acadia in civil war."

Slacking his pursuit of his wounded game, he cut a great strip of birch bark. He had seen, in the library of St. Pol de Leon, the gospel of Matthew written in Greek upon birch bark. He would write down his thoughts. It would amuse him to do it. He wanted to look his thoughts in the face, and see what clothing they might wear:—

"Did I not come to America to lose myself? Here I have found myself,—rapacious, cruel. Am I personally losing character, that Richelieu may grow rich in pelts? I will no longer eat out my heart upon the Bigyduce mussel beds and mud-flats. I will not turn my back upon the dreams of my youth, and degenerate into a mere collector of elk-hides and fox skins, and kill a rival trader—to please Richelieu. And as to the Jesuit Superior and the souls of the savages, I will fly from Constance. I will put oceans of forest between us. I will go to the head of the St. Lawrence, and descend the great river that flows westward to the Pacific.¹ I will found the empire of God upon another ocean. And this penance of unselfish service will be accepted of God, and my soul's deepest longings will be satis-

¹ The enterprising Jesuit missionaries and fur traders in traversing the opening continent, believed that the head of the St. Lawrence was a little west of Superior in a lake whose western outflow led to the Pacific. Charlevoix's map is of great interest. And the wild goose chase so long followed by Champlain, as described by Parkman, is a fascinating story.

fied, and I shall be at rest. And the General of the Society of Jesus will proclaim to the Order, not that Charnacé was disobedient, but that he was so consumed with zeal for the conversion of the pagan world, that he had crossed the ocean of the American wilderness, and raised the cross upon the hither side of the unknown rivers and mountains of the New World, opened new realms for France, and added vast territories to the kingdom of God and His Church."

The sun no sooner turned from his low zenith to hasten his going down in the short winter's day, before the intense cold of the morning was renewed, and began by aid of the light air stirring to snap now and then some branch in the forest. The fall of a great limb of white pine, which had held no small weight of snow upon it since the storm, showered Charnacé with its mingled twigs and snow, and the main stem lay athwart his path. Folding his birch manuscript, he quickened his steps toward the frozen river, following the blood stains in the snow.

"Be still, my heart," he cried aloud, "Is not God thy Father? Is not the Church thy mother? Is not Jesus the bridegroom of thy soul? Yes, in the future world, — not now."

Then he paused in the path made by the deer through the deep snow, — planting his snow shoes over the bright blood stains.

Raising his eyes toward heaven, he said, in a reverent voice, — "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

"Not even my sweet spirited and honored teacher Palladio," he added in a low tone, looking toward the west, and the strange colors in the sky gleaming through the forest. "No, he had no right to separate our hearts by his instruments of sharp casuistry.

"And La Tour had not the right he would have had, if he had been more manly. No, La Tour has no right," — he said in bitterness.

The tops of the pines were beginning to sway this way and that, in the rising wind. Like a pendulum, swinging first this way then that, moved the heart of Charnacé, under the strong passions which agitated him.

"No, I will not traverse more wilderness to the westward. My star is in the east. I am released from my vows, but my word is outstanding, — or at least a moral obligation, a tacit pledge, that I will obey my Superior. He looks upon me as a part of his system in Acadia. He does not look to find me upon the Pacific. He ought to be able to depend upon his machinery to work his will with precision. If his will is at fault, let him look to it. But I believe that he will not clash with God. The divine Providence permits the sparrows to fall, and La Tour may fall."

There was a grim satisfaction in his face, when he said that. It was not a cast-iron face which Charnacé wore when he was envious, angry, or in his worst moods. It was, rather, a wrought-iron face,

heated and hammered, then cooled and hardened. Or perhaps, then, his face was not lacking in suggestions of ice; as if chiselled out of it, smooth, polished, hard, cold. Whether ice or iron were in his face, it was plain that his thoughts toward La Tour were something deeper and more malignant than one who was merely a fur trader could have toward another trader, with so wide a world of skins on foot everywhere upon the vast continent.

Then his heart broke again, like the heavily laden boughs of pine and snow snapping now so frequently by the icy frost fingers and the cold breathing out of the North. Then his face of ice or iron melted, and hot tears flowed; and he sighed, as if moved by some great sorrow which now weighed more heavily upon him in his ripened years than it could have done in his earlier life.

Charnacé was of that full age when Alexander mastered the world, and when the French Calvin wrought his miracle of reformation. Was he not in the maturity of his judgment, and of his powers? the very sensitiveness of his nature, that ability enter delicately into the feelings of others, so essential to mastering their wills, that heart of his, throbbing now so wildly, was the very ground of his weakness — if weakness it was — as well as his strength. Was it not said by rumor, that even Richelieu was not without love? Some of the most eminent in the Church were not without human friends. The pure friendships of godly ecclesiastics open the brightest

pages in the gloomy book of the dark ages. Why then should Charnacé seclude himself upon this desolate shore, keeping company with wolves and wild men? So he reasoned with himself, as he hastened along the deer path. He longed for a presence. Had anything been left out of his education? Was there no spiritual rest? His mind was not lacking in appreciation of natural beauty, but he longed to people the world with spiritual forms.

It cannot be said that Charnacé had a tinge of melancholy in his temperament. Upon the other hand he was not only cheerful, but of wholesome hearty faith in God, and man, and in himself. But his early discipline had led him to entertain sober views of life rather than gay, and he was thoughtful rather than heedless. And a great impression had been made upon his mind by the fact, that the heights of the Church, as seen by him, were less heavenly than he had been led to look for. His apparent success was of less value, from having been conferred by unworthy men upon a person having less merit than he had hoped to store up in his heart when he should enter upon life's duties. The world he stepped upon had an empty heartless sound.

He decided to take the middle course, to obey his Superior, to fulfil the expectations of the Associates, and to satisfy the passion in his heart, by going forward with the preparations to attack Fort La Tour. Then, after that, he would act as circumstances might arise. If La Tour should be held, and accused of

treason for fortifying with the intent to betray his King, -- if treason could be proved against him as it easily might be, -- then Charnacé might abandon the Jesuits after having discharged himself of the commands already given him, and refuse to be directed further. In this even, with the passage of years, even if he should never marry, there might be hours of holy converse with Constance in the Acadian wild country; and with her he could lead the pagans into higher paths of life. If this was not the light he sought, it was the only light he saw, -- in the gathering twilight.

Charnacé was cold, and chilled through, by his slow-moving, doubting, hesitating steps. He therefore abandoned the trail, and advanced as rapidly as possible by a short cut to the easier walking on the river. "This heavy carpet of snow and thick ice," he said to himself, "leave the fishes in the dark for months together. How glad they will be to see the sun."

He now remembered that his devotions had been long disturbed by conflicting thoughts. Had not this Jemsek business affected his religious peace? As he had come at this moment where he could see the Cross against the evening sky, rising high above the fort, he crossed himself and bowed his head: --

"I cry unto thee, thou pitying Mary, to intercede for me, that I may be guided in the right way. May the anguish of my heart be met by the sense of thy love, and the love of thy dear Son. And help me to

do the duty of to-day, by the power given thee by thy Son to pity the needy, and to guide those who are out of the right way.

“Lord Jesu, pity me, if I venture to pray to Thee. Judge of the world, be not angry with me, that I know so little the path I ought to follow. I wish to be obedient. And since Thou hast given the keys of earth and heaven to the head of Thy church upon the earth, deign Thou to help me, as I obey the Superior whom Thou has set over me, who is to me in Thy stead. I do it with willing heart. Let my sacrifice of my own will and judgment be acceptable unto Thee.”

XX.

THE BLOCKADE.

WHEN Charnacé began to lay aside the strictly ecclesiastical character in which he first appeared at Cape Sable, and assume his true office of a Lieutenant General in Acadia, he began to lay aside the habit of a Jesuit scholar, and attire himself according to the fashion of the age, — sobered somewhat by the deep shadows of the Acadian wilderness and the sober sea. When now, at the end of the lagging spring, he headed the expedition to reduce Fort La Tour, he did not fail to accoutre himself as a cavalier in full dress for war. It would give more heart to his soldiers; and it might be more pleasing to Constance, if they should meet, as they undoubtedly would before midsummer, and most likely within the month.

Unconscious of any logical process, he found himself comparing his sky blue and purple and cardinal colors with the clothing of Raphael's angels, as he had seen them before he came to Acadia where angels were scarce. He wondered what colors were made radiant by being worn by the Guardian Angel of Constance; and whether she was as cognizant of

his presence, as she claimed to be when she was a very little child. He remembered that she said little in her more mature years about him who had been appointed to minister unto her; but that she still believed in the presence of her Celestial Guide was certain, since she had alluded to it upon the last evening they spent together at her father's house.

When he, — as a confirmed Romanist devoted to the Society of Jesus, — had threatened to take orders unless she would marry him, did she not reply, gazing fixedly at the walls of ruby and the battlements of Paradise glowing in the fire on the hearth, that she would then have no earthly companion save her Guardian Angel, and that he would be more to her thenceforth, and that he would direct her feet to the heavenly Bridegroom?

And Charnacé, in all his battle attire, could hardly see his own form in his mirror, from the mists which gathered in his eyes. It must be, he thought, that Constance stood little in need of earthly loves. And, while he had no fear of La Tour and his fate in the outcome of the present expedition, he could not but ask himself whether there might not be legions of angels fighting for Constance.

Then it occurred to him, to set his own spiritual attire in such order, that no good angels could find it in their hearts to contend against him. And he gave his hours to devotion, until Roland Capon, his secretary, called him to embark.

Adverse winds were welcome to Charnacé, his

hesitating purpose leading him to tack this way and that in reaching the St. John. He went all over again the familiar story of the rise of Richelieu, as Bishop, as Cardinal, and as the official head of three principal monastic orders. It was not becoming in Charnacé to presume to judge, to be too nice. It was well known, that it often happened, that Richelieu's private plans were well concealed under schemes for the public good; and why might it not be so in this case — Charnacé advancing against his rival. He would not be too scrupulous.

It was surely an accusation of the enemies of the Holy Church, emanating from the great adversary, that he himself, in obeying his Superior, was willing to do evil that good might come. Is not all evil in the motive? The motive good, — the greater glory of God. Does not this holy end make holy the means needful to reach that end? The life, or at least the liberty, or at least the carnal prosperity of La Tour must be sacrificed — for the good of the Church, the State, the holy Hundred Associates who were to plant Catholic colonies, and, also, for the spiritual good of La Tour himself.

Charnacé was glad at last when the wind changed. Perhaps the Guardian Angel of Constance was more favorable. Never as upon that beautiful morning, the first of June, when he sighted Partridge Island, did the beautiful system of Loyola seem so fair to Charnacé, so artistic, so finely fitted to the needs of the world. What, indeed, could be more wonderful than that the

solitary Spanish soldier, demanding obedience wherever man might be and in whatever he might be engaged, should find those who would surrender conscience itself to a Superior, and confess it as a sin if they merely questioned the rectitude of his mandate. How happy was the condition of Charnacé, if in this case the mandate might coincide with his own wishes. And how evident would be the blessing of God upon his own obedience if, as the outcome of this war, the Guardian Angel of Constance should smile upon him.

As the ships were assuming their positions, and coming to anchor, Charnacé confessed to his priest Fra Cupávo, and received the sacrament. The holy father well knew the mental agitation of his illustrious penitent; and after the administration of the holy wafer, he placed in the hands of Charnacé a copy of Loyola's Letter on Obedience, — opened to the passage: — "Fix it in your mind that whatever the Superior commands, is the order and will of God himself."

The prosaic, practical, prayerless, imperturbable La Tour was not engaged in questions of casuistry upon the first morning in June. He had just shipped his furs to France; and he was pitching out cod fish with a fork from the smack Dora, when the alarm was given that Charnacé had appeared in the offing. Charnacé, if he should happen to take the fort, would find little in it for spoils, except scrod and salt fish. His spies had kept General La Tour well informed what

to expect; but he had seen no reason why there would not be the usual run of fish in May, and they might run on in June.

The stolid fisherman La Tour was not lacking in system; in fishing time he fished, in pelt time he was after everything that wore a hairy hide, and when diplomacy was in order he plied his arts; and he prepared for war by attending to his business as usual until the conflict came.

A great variety of edible fish came to the stake-nets upon the flats below the fort, sometimes breaking the nets by their weight. Alewives and herring, the sea-shad in its season, pike, turbot, and salmon; congers, lampreys, the valued gold fish, the mullet, the merle, and the wawwunneke-seag; bass; white porpoises as big as oxen;¹ the sturgeon or armor fish; and, by deep sea hauling, the halibut, — were among the fish brought to the Castle La Tour.

It was commonly reputed among the Romanists in Acadia, that the Massachusetts Bay people worshipped a cod fish, which had been suspended over the pulpit in their meeting-house at Boston, which was used for the Great and General Court; the fish skin stuffed having been presented to the colony by Governor Winthrop, after its contents had been served up in chowder upon the occasion of his first inauguration as Governor. La Tour therefore looked to the Bostonians for sympathy and practical aid against Charnacé; M. Rochet, sending to them to establish

¹ La Honton, I. 244.

free trade and a military alliance. The Bay people took the trade, it being free; but declined to aid, — that being thought too risky.¹

M. Rochet was, however, more successful in France, in procuring soldiers and colonists with capital. "He caused it to be published in La Rochelle, that he offered to all those who would choose the climate of Acadia as their home, lands and fields of great fertility, which had been conceded to La Tour, abounding in all sorts of birds and hunter's game."²

He enlisted, as colonists for the Acadian plantations, for the accumulation of furs, for the fisheries, and for the garrison, the trained soldiery of La Rochelle and Aunis; and not a few of the fierce fighting water-dogs from Ars, La Flotte, and St. Martin upon the low sandy lagoons and marshes of Ré. And he secured a little handful of hired soldiers out of Savoy, — from the Val Pragela, and from Pra du Tour, some of them schoolmates of Charles la Tour. And he brought to the St. John a few enterprising colonists who had been driven away from the St. Lawrence by the Jesuits.

So were all things made ready for dispelling the dream of a golden age in Acadia; and the rivals met to fight for the possession of the country and the Queen of Acadia; setting aside sentimentality, much as the two Shoalers did in 1625, who agreed to

¹ Consult Hubbard's History, pp. 478, 479; and Winthrop, II. 91.

² Rameau, p. 72.

"heave the law one side" till they should get through fighting.

Charnacé had indeed laid his plans with care. He came at the time of year when the larder was lowest, and the garrison smallest, and helpers most widely scattered; and he came in superior force. His two ships and a galliot blocked the ship channel between Partridge Island upon the southwest and Bruyeres Point; and a pinnace lay upon the northeast of the island. A portion of his five hundred men were set to such service as seemed likely to forward his enterprise upon the land. Spies, as soldiers for the service of La Tour, had been already sent into the fort itself some months since, who should by timely desertion keep Charnacé informed of the state of the garrison, and betray the fort if opportunity might offer.

With his ships out of range of the fort's artillery, and with force enough to command the surrounding country, Charnacé took the cue from his king at the siege of La Rochelle, and proposed to cut off all supplies by sea or land. And so effective were the measures he took at the outset, that capitulation was only a question of time.

La Tour was not slow to see this. Jean Pitchibat and Joe Takouchin silently slipped out of the fort, and stole down to the headlands southwest, to intercept the armed ship *Clement*, which was overdue from La Rochelle with a cargo of supplies, and a long list of soldiers and colonists. The *Clement* was signalled within a day or two, after the siege had begun in earnest by the close guarding of all points of ingress

and egress. Joe and Jean found their way on board; and M. Rochet kept his ship away from Charnacé's guns.

The besieger was not strong enough to cope with a new foe; and he had no more resources this side of old France. He could not break his line to attack the *Clement*, without giving *La Tour* the chance to join forces; and the *Rochelle* guns floating outside were ready to open upon him if he were to change position.

Charles *la Tour* was not the man to sit down deliberately and starve to death rather than capitulate; or live long upon dry codfish. Upon the first dark night after the *Clement* arrived, Constance stepped into the bow of a birch canoe, and her husband sat in the stern to steer; and, without a paddle stroke, they shot upon the swift ebbing tide between the pines of the *Carleton* shore and the cliffs of *Partridge Island*, under the very guns of the beleaguering ships.

Constance at the look out, when they floated past *Charnacé*, heard his singularly musical and penetrating voice in the darkness, for the first time since she had heard it in love accents in her old home:—"The spy, who came down last night, says, that his comrades will send down *La Tour* in shackles at midnight."

When they were beyond hearing, and could ply their paddles, General *La Tour* laughed merrily,—and the louder since the conspirators had been already ironed and placed in the dungeon.

They soon reached the relief-ship; and, before dawn, were out of sight upon the high seas.

XXI.

GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S GARDEN.

THE founder of Boston cultivated, upon the margins of his island, sow-bugs for medical prescriptions. To the regret of a much quoted traveller, and the chagrin of the medical profession, the Governor could not acclimate any of "that sort that are blew and turn round as a pea when they are touched."

It is to be said to the credit of Governor Winthrop, that he ripped up the bushes and grubbed his garden-ground with his own hands. Many of good birth, according to the "Wonder Working Providence," who had been gently bred in Old England, and who had scarce ever set hand to labor before, did the same; and until corn and cattle and beans were plenty, the Bostonians did not despise pumpkins.¹

Upon the afternoon of the twelfth of June, the very day of the year in which the *Arbella* entered Salem harbor, Governor Winthrop was weeding his turnips down the harbor, upon the seventy acre plat now occupied by Fort Winthrop. He would prob-

¹ "Let no man make a jest of pumpkins; for with this fruit the Lord was pleased to feed his people to their good content." — *Johnson's Wonder Working Providence*, p. 56.

ably be compelled to visit several agricultural fairs in the autumn, and he was giving strict attention to business; his carrots and cabbages might take the premium.

Hearing the measured splash of oars, he looked up, and saw his neighbor Mistress Gibones and her children approaching the boat landing as fast as strong oars and swift boatmen could bring her. She was being chased by General La Tour and his wife.

The Clement,¹ with her decks crowded with soldiers grinning to see the sport, was within easy range of the Governor, so that he repressed his first impulse to run to the landing and scotch the French invader with his hoe.

With nimble wit he decided upon the instant that the enemy had taken possession of the Castle, below; knowing that the solitary keeper of that fortification had left all his guns and munitions, — as he had noticed him an hour since spading for quahaugs just east of the garden. He was therefore prudent by instinct, — the more willingly so, since he saw that the grass widow — whose husband had gone to the Sagamore of the Massachusetts upon business for the colony — was gaining upon the foe in her escape.

It is at this point a relief to read, in the most satisfactory of the books about Boston, that "La Tour met Governor Winthrop very cordially" upon his own island.² The complacency of the Lieutenant

¹ Hubbard's *New England*, p. 479.

² It was not until some years after, when he was the guest of

Governor of Acadia, so far from suffering by his enforced canoe voyage, had become more emphatic as he approached the first families of Boston, being all first — fresh from the old home — in those days. The self contained Acadian undoubtedly "welcomed" Winthrop, who stood in a meek attitude, hardly knowing whether or not General La Tour intended to capture him and his family and the fair Mrs. Gibones, and sail away; having first provisioned and manned the castle, against his return to bombard Boston.

When, however, M. Rochet, who landed with La Tour, proved to be an old-time guest of Mrs. Edward Gibones, explanations soon followed, — and they all went into the Governor's summer house, — which had just been completed,¹ where he escaped the heated "city," — and partook of Mrs. Winthrop's pumpkin pie and potatoes.

Madam Winthrop had just returned from a trip to England, and was unwrapping the parcels she had brought. Coming upon the tobacco her husband had written for, their accommodating free-and-easy guest was urged by the hospitable Governor, — who diminished his estate not a little in giving to the needy, — to try a hand.

Maverick at Noddle's island, being temporarily at a lower ebb than common in his fortunes, that the Bay people remarked the fact that La Tour uniformly took off his hat when he spoke of himself.

¹ It stood upon the high ground on the west of the island, near the block house.

The Governor apologized for the lack of wine, stating that his rent to the colony for the use of the island had been paid in the juice of the grape, one hogshead, from his first vintage; the season coming he could pay in pippins, two bushels, — and then his wine pipe would be on tap for his friends from Acadia.

Toward evening, they saw three shallops of armed men sweeping down from Boston to prevent La Tour from kidnapping their Governor.

Doctor Cotton, from his study window, upon what was afterwards called Cotton Hill, now Pemberton Square,¹ had seen the armed stranger salute the Castle, without awakening the appropriate echo. Knowing that a part of the work had tumbled down, and that the guns might be stolen; that the two merchant ships in the harbor could offer no opposition; that the town itself might be taken, it being a time of pirates, and of frequent outbreaking wars, — he hurried down the foot path to give the alarm. Happening to meet Deputy Governor Dudley, who was posing in a statuesque attitude, at about the spot where the statue of Governor Winthrop now stands in Scollay Square, the Deputy at once took fire. It had been his hobby to build Boston at Newtown,² a place with room enough to fortify, and less exposed to strange ships; and he had fiercely

¹ His house was at the south end of the Square, at an altitude eighty feet above the present pavement.

² Cambridge.

quarrelled with Winthrop, who saw the superior advantages of the Shawmut peninsula for a seaport.

The Deputy, who — if he had stood still in his tracks where the Doctor met him, — would have looked better than the Winthrop monument, did not pause to think of an admiring posterity; he was alarmed for the safety of the chief magistrate, for whom he had a peculiar affection. He knew the Governor was out of town, caring for cucumbers instead of the common weal; it was on this account that he had ridden in from his country seat in Dorchester; and he had spent the entire morning in attitudinizing first on this corner then on that, picking out a place for his statue, and nudging the neighbors to make good the affairs of State so sadly neglected by their agricultural Governor.

When Dr. Cotton pointed out to him the French ship, which was apparently of a hundred and forty or fifty tons, lying to, opposite the Governor's garden, Dudley answered, — "I will at once assume the entire charge of the State; the Governor is undoubtedly in irons by this time; and he will be whisked out to sea before we know it. He would make an excellent plantation hand at the Barbadoes. — Did you say that the Castle did not return the pirate's salute? His excellency will, hereafter, I trust, look to the fortifications, — if he escapes now. What ho! What ho!"

Seeing Constable Jeremy Houtchin, leaning against the whipping post¹ waiting for business, he walked

¹ At the corner of State and Devonshire.

in a dignified manner to meet him; shouting in measured and impressive tones, "What ho!" much like a town crier.

The alarm was given. The Constable moved, as rapidly as his dignity would allow, down the street to Merchants' Row, which was then the water-front, and turning to the left, entered Cole's tavern, the Three Mariners, where he easily secured volunteers, of whom he assumed the command; and they marched to the principal landing, where the Quincy Market now stands. The Deputy Governor gave the Constable particular directions and lengthy, what to do and what not to do, whatever had happened or had not happened, and whatever might occur thereafter, — he was in short to use his discretion; the State had perfect confidence in the Constable.

The pilot boat, Number 19, which spent most of her time in cod fishing outside, had now come in. The Clement coming up in a fair wind had taken a pilot out of 19, and had left a French lubber in his stead to help dress the fish; this Frenchman was taken in hand by the Constable, to serve as an interpreter in conversing with the pirate. The Constable was visibly affected when he bade the Deputy, or Governor as he had called him, "Good by." He bade the Deputy cheer up, assuring him, that he dared do all that might become a man.

When, however, the three shallops of armed men learned the true situation, they "welcomed" the Lieutenant Governor of Acadia, very "cordially;"

and told him that they were glad to see him; that they had come down for the express purpose of escorting him up to their hamlet, — called the “hub” from its solid trimountain rising to such height with a rim of water on every side, — where he would be hospitably entertained.

General La Tour's boat's crew having been long on board their ship, had made the most of their wanderings over the island, gathering sorrel to flavor their soups; and having made friends of His Excellency's Pequots, they had obtained a few onions. Saint-Leger, with a French sailor's hankering for frogs, had the misfortune to lift the cover off a pot of garden toads which Kikatch ought to have been baking to a powder, but was not; so that the victims of the pharmacopœia peculiar to the island escaped. Kikatch undertook to prevent Saint-Leger from dumping his sorrel and onions into the boat. But the Governor kindly interfered, having accepted the offer of his guest to take him up to the city in his own boat. The dignity of the State was maintained — in spite of the vegetables — by the somewhat exciting efforts of the shallops to keep within hail of the Governor without running him down or leaving him behind altogether. It had been not without misgivings, that Jeremy Houtchin had seen his Governor enter the same boat with the fierce Acadian.

Mistress Gibones, who had been upon her way to the Major's farm, had now turned back; and she prepared her house to receive the charming Madame

La Tour and the General. Her home was situated upon what is now the east side of Washington Street, on the corner opposite the foot of Cornhill. The head of the town cove came up to the point now occupied by the Samuel Adams statue; the cove lines extending upon the one side along North street, and upon the other toward Faneuil Hall and around Merchants' Row to Kilby street, and thence to Fort Hill. Madame La Tour's canopy bed looked upon the morning light reflected from the quiet waters of the harbor, so beautiful with its islands and green marshes.

When the Bostonians learned that the many titled stranger, the feudal lord of St. John, was not hostile (as he had clearly shown by his voluntarily placing himself in the power of the English), and that he was securely housed fronting upon Dock square, which even then had innumerable paths leading into it from every quarter, — they felt easier.

Dr. Cotton came down and interviewed the General and hobnobbed with Madame, and pronounced them reasonably sound in theology, particularly Madame. So Boston made its best bow, and the French governor and his wife had captured the city.

Major Edward Gibones, in the edge of the evening, riding in from that arrow shaped hill in Quincy which gave its name to Massachusetts, had been reflecting upon what good times he used to have when he first landed at the Mount with jolly Tom Morton. He stayed at Captain John Hawkins' gate at Rock Hill (now Savin Hill) a moment to drink a glass of

fresh milk from the sweet pastures of Dorchester. With that rollicking old sea dog, he'd had many a roaring time, particularly in those days when they were courting their wives at Mount Wollaston.

Then, as the Major rode along the lonely path over Roxbury neck in the twilight, — hastening a little so as to pass the barricade gate before it was closed for the night, — he reflected that it was probably better for him, now that he was no longer a young man, to settle down and enjoy the confidence of society and hold important colonial offices, under the administration of him whom they had been wont to call King Winthrop, than to sigh for the freedom of the days of his youth.

Nevertheless, when he entered his own house, and found his stoutish handsome wife Margaret with broader face than usual, and an amazing heartiness in her smack of greeting, which sounded like the snap of loose canvas in a sudden gust — calling up as it did his days of sea-faring, — he was in better condition to meet General La Tour, who welcomed him to his own mansion with a complacency which was certainly a favor. The Major appreciated it, having slept the last night under a blanket in the bush.

As happy as they could be without a May-pole, was this little party at the Major's that evening. The Governor was busy with cares of State, and he thought it best for the Puritans to stay in the house after nine o'clock, so that the party at the foot of Cornhill was undisturbed by callers.

Madame La Tour was by no means a solemn individual; and the Major was captivated. Of unquenchable vitality, her face was fairly radiant with good humor. It was not alone the endless outgushing of merriment in her own heart, which made it possible to maintain a happy home with her husband; but she must have been attracted to him, as he was to her, by the genial possibilities of every unfolding hour. They had at least this one thing in common. To this happy temperament Constance owed no small part of her power over the pagan Souriquois and Maléchites. To this, likewise, La Tour owed no small part of his power in persuading men. The jollity of Margaret Gibones, and the jovial humor of the Major, the life and vivacity of Constance, so filled the house with glee, that General La Tour found it very easy to be one of the most affable and entertaining guests who ever tasted Boston brown bread in the land of its nativity.

To Constance the embryo city seemed almost oppressively still, so accustomed had she become to the loud calling — high and holy — of the wants of her Indian people, or the urgent voices of distressed religionists of her nation and faith, or the mutterings of war about her home. It was with a sense of restfulness and gratitude to God, that she sought repose under the roof of a town so hospitable. And in her night visions, she found herself praying over the bed of her absent child.

XXII.

CAPTAIN HAWKINS.

NEXT morning when Major Gibones started his cows along up Washington Street, he sauntered after them as far as the Governor's house; which faced south, at a point opposite School Street, the Old South meeting-house being afterwards erected in what was at that time his front yard.

The Major found the Governor behind the house at the great spring, which was much visited by the children coming down the unfenced road from the school house upon the present site of King's Chapel; and the children from the waterside, in going to school, made from Water Street to the spring a cut-off, since known as Spring Lane.

It was a warm morning, and Major Gibones leaned against one of the great button-woods,¹ while the cows grazed along the wayside; and as he quaffed of the sweet spring water, which the Governor extended to him in a silver cup, he replied somewhat bluntly to the question of the Chief Magistrate, how it would do to fit out an expedition against Charnacé, — "The Lord rebuke Satan."

¹ Cut down, 1775-6.



1.45 2.48 2.5
1.42 1.92 2.2
1.36 2.0
1.8

10
01

This was the Puritan way of swearing. It had the same effect upon the Governor, as if a modern politician had said, — "Blank Charnacé." The Major had learned it at Salem ; where he was so useful to Governor Endicott, in getting the colony upon its land-legs after the sea voyage. It was here that he had sobered down somewhat, as he needed to do after associating so long with the roysterers of Merry Mount ; and here he took to himself new views of life, and joined the church, — all of which he attributed to the happy influences of the good people of Salem. He was still allowed this one oath by the emphatic Endicott, who used it himself, and applied it to Rev. Mr. Ward and Simon Bradstreet and others, who wrote what he thought to be an impertinent letter to Governor Winthrop for the course he took in this same La Tour business.¹

Governor Winthrop had spent the principal part of the night in studying Hebrew and Greek texts with his pastor, finding precedents and precepts pertinent, that he might know how to answer La Tour's application for aid. He now wished to examine Major Gibones, who served as a sort of moral thermometer for Boston in those days, being the younger son of

¹ "I finde the spirits of men in this countrie are too quick and forward," wrote Endicott. The trivial use of the name of the Deity, and the abode of lost spirits, as exhibited in the correspondence of the principal men of the colony, would be deemed profane by the clergy and elders of to-day, if appearing in modern political letters. Consult Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts Bay, Boston, 1769.

a house much honored in the old home, a son in himself deserving of the honors heaped upon him in after time, when he served the colony as Major General, and also four years as Lieutenant Governor. The Major's pious euphemism decided the Governor.

When the moral thermometer sauntered along after his cows, having turned them into the herd of some seventy head feeding with Elder Oliver's horse upon the common pasturage south of Beacon hill, he made his way slowly toward Roxbury neck, thinking to fall in with Captain Tom Hawkins, whom he soon met.

"Good morning, shipmate," said Gibones in memory of their early voyages, privateering together along the Spanish main.

"How are you, my hearty?" replied the Captain, extending his big red muscular right hand. "I thought I'd come down early, and see what that Frenchman wants in our Bay."

"He wants to hire your ships and mine, well manned, and a string-bean company of volunteers to go with Lieutenant Israel Fife, to fight Charnacé. And he has got strong boxes in hand to pay cash down. I was just cruising, thinking I should meet you on this tack, near the barricade-bar."

"I am yours, my hearty," answered Hawkins, "to rebuke Satan, as they say in Salem. By the way, how handy it is for us that Endicott has some gumption."

"Yes, I think he will stand by us. But the country folks generally will be in high dudgeon with the

Governor if he lets the ships go. But he is used to it, and don't mind what they say more than a drake does a thunder shower. He will stand by us, if we stand by him. What he wants is to be remembered as the founder of Boston. He don't care anything about Ipswich, and the disgruntled people of Salem, or Mason's Grant. What he dotes upon is to build up a great seaport here on these marshes. I heard him talk with our pastor a week ago about how Providence set this tri-mount here on purpose to be dug down and shovelled into the shallows to make room for the great city that is going to be built here."

"True," said Hawkins; "he will some day have a monument down front of your house, or in that open patch between Cornhill and our pastor's house. And he will deserve it too. Only think of his enterprise in building the first bar³ the Bay."

"That is so; he will go down to posterity, further than you and I will, and he deserves it. He is long sighted like, you may call it. And he has got one idea, that you have got to have if you ever make a small city into a great one."

"What is that?"

"He asked me at the spring, as I came along, if General La Tour had brought along any money with him. He believes in cash in hand, if you are ever going to do business and build up a city. He calls

³ "The Blessing of the Bay," of thirty tons, launched on the Mystic, July 4, 1631.

it solid. He says we want a solid Boston, built up on hard money at bottom."

"That sounds reasonable; it has a good ring to it. What did you tell him?"

"Monsieur Rochet, who is a friend of the Governor of Acadia, took pains to tell me this morning while I was milking, that General La Tour had £5000 in strong boxes in his ship, straight from the merchants of Rochelle, in return for furs and fish he had exported. 'And,' says the Frenchman, politely smiling at me, with a sort of humorous expression about his eyes, 'I should think, Major, that you could make more money fighting Charnacé than you can in stripping these cows.' You see Margaret had shipped my hands down the harbor to the farm."

Captain Hawkins, here, haw-hawed so loud, that Constable Houtchin peeped out from behind the corner of the meeting-house, which they had by this time reached, —

"I say, you Capting, don't laugh so like thunder, or you'll shake the steeple off the meeting-house, as the airthquake kind of onsettled it."

It was one of the happy humors of the colonists to speak as if they had a steeple; but it was still so near the time when they had worshipped under a shade tree, that they made their joke, went to meeting by the drum-beat, and patiently waited for their bell tower.

XXIII.

A PURITAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

THIS duel for Acadia created an intense excitement in Massachusetts Bay; a State in which exciting events were then so rare, that the Governor of Massachusetts sat down with all the calmness he could command, and wrote to the Governor of Connecticut that two calves had been killed by lightning.

There were two days of debate, and many letters were received from the country. The arguments for and against aiding La Tour are reported with more or less fulness by Winthrop, Hubbard, and Hutchinson. Richard Saltonstall, Simon Bradstreet afterward Governor, Nathaniel Ward, and Ezekiel Rogers, led the opposition, presenting their points in writing.¹ The presentation for La Tour was made by prominent citizens of Boston, under the leadership of Dr. Cotton and the Governor. The discussion was held in the meeting-house, upon the site where the Rogers

¹ Governor Endicott, who thought these gentlemen impertinent, objected to the French as idolatrous; and suspected La Tour as a spy, who ought not to see the defences of the coast.

Building now stands, on Washington Street, south of Court.

It was a day when the English world distrusted the precedents of kings like Charles and James, and fell back, not on Josiah and Hezekiah, but upon what the Lord out of heaven told the Hebrew kings to do and not to do. They had learned to distrust Rome as a religious authority; and, for lack of anybody known to be more competent, they had taken to interpreting the ancient Scriptures for themselves, — which seemed to them reasonable, since every man must give an account for himself unto God.

The influence of the clergy was observable in the form of the arguments, which appear to have been as dry as the bones in the old Indian burying-ground in Pemberton Square near Dr. Cotton's house. Not unlikely, the preachers intended to improve the opportunity for the good of La Tour; as one of them the year before had given to M. Rochet a French Testament, which he gratefully received, promising to read it.

The questions were two: — 1. Is it lawful for Christians to aid idolaters, — that is, the Papists? And, if so, how far? 2. Is it safe for the State to allow La Tour to have aid against Charnacé?

The opposition based their opinions mainly upon two passages of Scripture: —

I. It is not lawful for us as a Christian people to aid La Tour. 2 Chron. xix. 2: "Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord?"

This text was the main point; it being assumed that La Tour had little religion, that he was in the same nest with Ahab, and with Ahaz whom Jehoshaphat was reprehended for joining even commercially. Josias and Amaziah showed that righteous men ought not to be associated in any way with the ungodly. It was wrong in Josias to aid the King of Babylon against Pharaoh Necho.

Great stress was laid upon carnality, in which no confidence could be placed. La Tour might be carnally-minded, — as he undoubtedly was.

The most difficult matter, however, for La Tour to surmount was the fact that he had two Franciscan Friars on board the *Clement*, mere figure-heads to be sure, to give countenance to his profession of Catholicism in his office-holding under the French King. But divers of the elders, says Winthrop, went down to confer with them, and one — Fra Millais — learned, acute, fluent in Latin, and a ready disputant, was brought up to see Mr. Cotton. It was against the law to have live Popish priests in Boston. Catholicism was, if there were choice, worse than carnality. La Tour would keep no faith with heretics. Aid to a Papist aids the Pope.

Absolutely no help should be rendered to the ungodly by the city of saints.

II. It is not prudent for the Colony to aid La Tour. Prov. xxvi. 17: "He that meddleth with a strife belonging not to him taketh a dog by the ears." Charnacé may be a bad dog to handle. He is a

valiant, prudent, and experienced soldier. He is spending £800 a month to carry his point. He will scourge the New England coast, if we meddle with this quarrel. Kittery is already trembling; and Ipswich remonstrates with us. Besides, if we act against Charnacé, it may bring on war with France,—a nation not so feeble in its intellectuals as to deem that our permission is not our action. And what will the authorities do, if Charnacé, or France shall demand the men of our expedition as murderers? If the men go confiding in the Governor, and their blood is shed, and their souls are lost, is not the Governor responsible? There is a German proverb, that "he who loseth his life in an unnecessary quarrel dies the Devil's martyr."

Even if it were wise for us to intermeddle, it would not be right to do it without first giving a hearing to Charnacé. Shall we declare war, before we know whether it be just or unjust?

The ends of war should be religious; this is filibustering. We ought not to take up with a mere adventurer.

If it were right to enter upon a war, it is not prudent for the colony to do it now. Emigration has been checked by the rising hopes of our brethren at home. The Romanists have risen in Ireland; and are they not more barbarous than the Iroquois? The Cavaliers are gaining ground.¹ We know not what

¹ John Hampden, at that moment, lay dying in defence of his own village against a raid from Rupert.

we shall hear next from Westminster. We ought to take no hasty action, and risk wrecking the great hopes centring in our Commonwealth,—so feeble, and agitated by perils enough of our own without the taking up of quarrels in Acadia. We can assume no risk except upon most careful deliberation, and the weightiest reasons to justify us to God and to the coming ages.

Upon the other side it was said, that the Biblical instances of non-communication alluded to were intended for the particular cases then in hand, not for a uniform rule; and that although Ahab was in no such distress as La Tour, as a matter of fact Jehoshaphat did make a league of amity with him; that Josiah broke no known rule; that Major Gibones, than whom the Bible saints offered no better man, had entertained a Jesuit, and given him a chamber key and leave to say mass in his house to his heart's content; that if La Tour be not helped he will lose his fort, and if he loses his fort and stays here he may be dangerous, and if he goes over to Charnacé it may be worse yet since now he knows our condition; that we do not rely upon his faith but upon his interest, which is to hold with us; that aid to Papists may win them to the truth; and that we may properly help Papists destroy each other.

The principal point advanced was that La Tour should be relieved since he was in urgent distress. The Golden Rule, the Good Samaritan, were in point. Gal. vi. 10: "Do good to all." Imitate the Heavenly

Father in making the sunshine and the rain fall upon the just and the unjust. Joshua aided the Gibeonites against the other Canaanites.¹ Jehoshaphat aided Jehoram against Moab. Ezek. xxvii. 17 shows that we may have commerce with idolaters. Nehemiah did not forbid trading with the heathen. In Neh. v. 17,—the Jews had heathen at their tables. Solomon was courteous to the Queen of Sheba. First Corinthians shows that Christians may go to heathen tables, if asked.

There is ample Scriptural ground for us to go upon, in relieving the distress of La Tour.

For the second point, the quarrel is ours, since it is our duty to aid La Tour in his distress, and to weaken Charnacé; it helps us to help La Tour in his attack on his enemy. Our business interests demand it. The Trial, the first ship built in Boston, is in the Acadian trade. The profits are immense. It is a point of conscience with us to make money, and build up our seaport, which Winthrop selected with such sagacity. The early French navigators, in exploring the coast, did not have the wit to discover Boston.

As to the fear of Charnacé, we should not omit what is lawful and necessary lest evil come of it. We ought to aid La Tour in distress, and not fear,—1 Peter, iii. 6. Also,—“The fear of man bringeth a snare.” Some fears were raised against our first expedition against the Pequots; the Governor of

¹ Hubbard mentions this as Governor Winthrop's principal argument.

Plymouth and the Connecticut brethren were afraid ; but the war was a blessing to the English. "The Lord hath brought us hither, through the swelling sea, through perils of pyrates, tempests, leakes, fires, rocks, sands, diseases, starvings ; and hath here preserved us these many years from the displeasure of Princes, the envy and rage of Prelates, the malignant plots of Jesuits, the mutinous contentions of discontented persons, the open and secret attempts of barbarous Indians, the seditious and undermining practices of hereticall false brethren ; and is our confidence and courage all swallowed up in the fear of one Charnacé ?" ¹

Charnacé has already acted against us ; and it cannot well be worse. If we aid La Tour, we get his help to weaken a dangerous enemy.

There can be no danger from France, since La Tour is on good terms with his King. He is the rightful ruler, and we ought to aid him. He shows you here his commission as Lieutenant General of New France, under the hand of Louis XIII. Nor can it be said that the French are changeable, since here is a letter from La Tour's official correspondents in France, dated only three months since, informing him of the injury Charnacé is working against him in France,—advising him to look to his interests,—and addressed to him as Lieutenant General. And here is the parchment commission of Captain Martin of the *Clement*, to carry supplies to La Tour, signed only

¹ Compare Hutchinson, p. 131.

two months since by the Vice Admiral of France, in which La Tour is styled His Majesty's Lieutenant General of Acadia.

Nor can it rightfully be said that we are to hear Charnacé's story first. We are to help first, as Abraham did Lot in his distress, then judge of the justice afterwards. Moreover, we have heard Charnacé against La Tour by our traders; and Charnacé is in the wrong. Besides, we will offer him parley before we fight.

This has, also, all the merits of a religious war. There can be no work more noble than that of Madame La Tour in the conversion of the Indians; there can be no greater safeguard against the Jesuits in America than to aid her. She has Protestantism enough for the two, even if La Tour himself were positively a Romanist, which he is not; at worst, he is only a nominal Catholic from the necessity of his office. Charnacé has been educated by the Jesuits; he is a Jesuit; he obeys the orders of the Jesuits; Captain Hawkins, here, knows what the Jesuits are, he has seen them in Spain; and Dr. Cotton says that the Friars on the Clement are not Jesuits, that they are Franciscans, and that St. Francis was a harmless and rather pious lunatic.

There can be no danger to the colony, or lack of prudence, in allowing La Tour to help himself, — hire men and ships, and pay his own bills cash down, — at this time. There is no real danger. We run no risk. And, even if there were danger, enterprising

business men are accustomed to assuming risks, and our merchants run risks every voyage they make to Spain or England, and why not to Acadia?

It was, after hearing all these arguments extended throughout two long summer days, determined by the authorities — not to give permission to any to go and make war, oh, no, — but *to such as La Tour hired* the Governor was to give leave to go: there being a law that no one should go out of the patent by land or sea, without first obtaining permission of the Governor, or his deputy.

This decision the Governor was very careful to explain in a long written communication to the malcontents from the country.¹ The main part of the arguments would have been in favor of aiding Char-nacé in an attack on La Tour, if he had applied first with the money in his pocket, — he being in as much “distress” to take the beleaguered Castle as La Tour was to hold it.

You may see, said Winthrop, that there is a wide difference between giving men a commission to fight, and giving them leave to be hired to fight. Is it not the calling of ship owners to go out for hire? They may without impropriety hire out to La Tour. Foreign nations allow their citizens to go as soldiers to other nations. Our Bostonians have the same right, if they get their money. Although we have a law, dating back to June 14, 1631, that no Boston money

¹ Eleven octavo pages — of Latin, and Scripture, and sophisms — in Hutchinson.

shall be paid out, even to buy food of any strange ship, so that it is liable to be carried off never to return, without the Governor's permission;— I am unable to find any law to prevent us from giving La Tour liberty to spend what money he has in Boston.

The fact is, that General La Tour had come into Boston at the right door. The La Tours became the fashion. Madame was heavenly, and the General was earthly; and between them both they made a perfect match. The town was all agog with the La Tours for a few days. Jonathan Negoos, David Offley, Robert Keayne, Thomas Munt, Bartholomew Pasmer, and other great merchants were to furnish provisions and munitions for the expedition, which was a dead certainty as soon as there appeared to be money in it. La Tour had done nothing but lay pipes for the debate; and he did it by making it for the interest of leading men to league with him. Those who could make a profit of a hundred per cent upon their merchandise, and twenty-five more by exchange, in those early days, were all with La Tour to a man.

Had Charles la Tour been brought up among the courtiers of France or the politicians of England, he could not have had at more perfect command the power to adapt himself to every man he met. At the Three Mariners, he expressed himself in regard to Charnacé in phraseology less conservative, by far, than that employed by Gibones, who, as the boys said, stood a fair chance to become an elder in the

church. To Captain Hawkins he spoke in particular of the learning, the skill, the zeal, the artfulness, the cunning, the intrigue of Charnacé, — who, as a Jesuit of the Jesuits, would within ten years make torches of Protestant Boston seamen upon the Acadian coast. To all, he made a great deal out of that Scotch baronetcy which his over-confident father had procured for him from King Charles¹ for surrendering a fort which he never surrendered. That his father was an Englishman went for something. His relationships, his titles, his land grants, his holdings, were of a variety to meet any reasonable demands made upon him. La Tour was in a land where titles could be made to tell, and he used them.

He could carry on a conversation alone, with as many *dramatis personæ* as any playwright. "Who are you now, Charles la Tour?" "Whom do you want? I am made up to suit circumstances."

La Tour in visiting Boston came as an old settler, having roughed it for a score of years before that town was founded. He did whatever was needful to maintain his footing. Leaving others to debate the equities, he allowed nothing to hinder his strict attention to his own interests, — whatever might betide the remainder of mankind.

It was not known at that time how much or how little he was controlled by a profound moral sense, or whether he had that commodity. No Jesuit ever crossed the Atlantic more artful than Charles la Tour

¹ Hanney's Acadia, pp. 112, 118.

in winning his way, or less consulting his conscience. The great interest of the La Tours was always in his mind, as a "Superior" to whom he must render prompt, unquestioning, and irresponsible obedience.

To him the hub of the universe was Monsieur Charles la Tour, Knight of the Order of the King, Lieutenant General of New France, and Baronet of Nova Scotia, Sir Charles de St. Etienne, Seigneur de St. Deniscourt.

It was, even at that remote day, plain sailing for such a man in Boston.

XXIV.

SETTING SAIL.

HEAVERY FISTED, solid, substantial, hard-money Hawkins, and Major Gibones, executed the contract with General La Tour, for four ships, thirty-eight guns, and one hundred and forty-two men. The ship owners were to have \$2600, for two months service. They were to be made ready for the tenth of July. The Greyhound, the Philip and Mary, and the Increase, were put in order for the voyage; the Seabridge also, which had just returned, June 23, from England, having on board twenty children of the colonists, who had been sent at the expense of the Puritan churches at home. The children were set ashore, and the soldiers filed in.

The town was small, but there were many servants in proportion to the population. These made up a larger body of soldiery than would ordinarily be found among so few houses; which were it is likely more than the two score named by Josselyn, who was disgruntled for the little hospitality shown him. The village lay upon the cove with no house save Dr. Cotton's west of Tremont street, and hardly half a

dozen houses far southward towards the present Essex and Boylston.

In the desire to emigrate, and receive the high wages of a new country, the poorer class of laborers, men and women, sold their services for a term of years; and their labor was made profitable in developing varied industries of sea and land. Any property holder of two to three thousand pounds employed ten or twelve lusty servants;¹ and there was not a house in Boston however small its means without one or two; and five or six was a common number,² — many being negroes worth from £8 to £16. When therefore Governor Winthrop, a month before La Tour's arrival, had the general May training, two regiments of the Bay colony were mustered at Boston, comprising a thousand men, of whom the most were serving men. Their skilful management in divers sorts of skirmishes under Colonel Dudley excited great admiration.

General La Tour having expressed the desire to land his one hundred forty people from the *Clement*, for exercise, he was permitted to do so, if in small companies so as not to alarm the women and children.³ The Governor did not feel afraid, since, during La Tour's entire stay, he never took his constitutional even, between his house and the windmill at the foot of Summer street by the Milk street lane, without

¹ New England's Prospect, 1634.

² Report French Protestant Refugee, 1687.

³ Drake's Boston, p. 270.

a body guard of halberdiers and musketeers; he intended to run no risk after his scare on the twelfth of June.

When General La Tour exercised his French soldiers, the Governor, not perhaps as a precaution but out of civility to his guests,—much as the armed shallops went down to the garden with Houtchin to escort La Tour to town,—ordered out the entire village military. They got together a hundred and fifty, it being a busy time of year for the servants. It was upon this grand occasion, that men were enlisted for the Acadian service, and first formed into a line. Elder Oliver's old Pequot war-horse, lest he should become excited by the martial music, was safely secured in the pound, which stood upon the site now occupied by the *Atlantic Monthly* on Park street; and the town's cows were kept well down upon the Back Bay near Fox hill, so that—being accustomed to seeing the well disciplined soldiers of Dudley—they need not be frightened at the new recruits.

The British flag,—with the St. George cross cut out by fiery Endicott one day when he wanted to rebuke Satan in the Popish symbol,—was flying over the Wishing Stone, near what is now the junction of Beacon and Joy, where so many joyous young Puritans had plighted their loves;¹ and under its

¹ All that a maiden had to do, was to walk around the stone nine times, then stand upon the stone, and silently wish; and the young man would pop immediately.

bright color, never so beautiful to her as now, Constance sat with Mistress Gibones to see the parade. It is one of the Gibones family traditions, that Margaret and Constance walked around the stone, and stood upon it, like school girls, wishing well to the expedition.

The first man to take La Tour's money, from Israel Fife the recruiting officer, was Edward Palmer, who had been only just now released from the stocks; he remarked to Fife in a low tone that he wanted to air himself in some other jurisdiction. He had spent two days, and found all the material, in making new stocks, upon order, for the colony; but when he brought in his bill £1 13s. 7d., the authorities said it was too much; fined him £5; and set him in the stocks.

The second was Bobby Bartlett, whose tongue had been in a cleft stick, the day before, — as he stood an hour in the Market place at the head of King street, — for swearing in the ordinary style of those who did not belong to the church. He, too, wanted to get out of the jurisdiction.

Danyell Mawd, George Curtys, servant to John Cotton, Barnaby Dorryfall, one of Gibones' men who had hurried up from the farm at Pullen Point, William Coursar a cobbler, John Gallop a fisherman, Holbech Rukas, John Button the mylner, Richard Bulgar a bricklayer, and Myles Tarne leather dresser, all members of Dr. Cotton's church, next came forward in a body, — Curtys having a bonus to recruit in the church, to give character to the company.

Captain John Chaddock, a son of the Governor of Bermuda, came forward with a number of substantial citizens, men of property, some of whom wished to see Acadia and its resources for themselves. Among them Mrs. Gibones recognized John Newdigate, William Hailestone, Robert Blott, Richard Straine, John Lugg, and Walter Sinet.

Ninety-two soldiers were soon made up, Gibones and Hawkins furnishing fifty-two seamen. There were so many eager to go, that there was at the last a struggle made; the last two who — in the crowd — could get the attention of Fife, were William Beer and John Milk.

The French soldiers from the *Clement* delighted the English by the perfection of their discipline. They came near creating a serious panic, when, in their exercises, they suddenly threw down their guns, drew their swords, and appeared to make a charge.¹ The children ran; and the women screamed, — Theodosia Hay swooning on the grass. Lieutenant Fife, who upon Hawkins's request had received a Captain's commission, drew his sword and turned to his awkward squad, shouting, — "Stand firm." Cotton Flacke and Gamaliell Wayte turned pale; and acted so foolishly that Fife persuaded them to stay at home, in which he was warmly seconded by their good wives Penelope and Elynor. Penelope Flacke told Cotton, if Charnacé was going to act like that, she did not want him to go within ten foot of him.

¹ Winthrop, II. 108.

General La Tour informed the Governor, that it was a great surprise to him to see so many soldiers as the Boston militia gathered in one town and so well armed; and that he never saw such training before, and that he would not have believed it possible if he had not seen it.¹

It all ended with an invitation from the Boston officers to the French officers to go home with them to dinner; and the soldiers invited the French soldiers. A dinner was given to such of the La Tour recruits as cared to partake of it, under the shade trees near the sink hole where the cows were watered in the middle of the pasture.

The Constable Houtchin had been round town and got up a corner in beans, as soon as he learned the decision of the Governor to let La Tour have the men. He earned in this way enough to replace with gold the brass tip of five or six inches at the top of his black official staff of five feet and a half. It is painful to complete the record, — he was set in the stocks, fined and deprived of his office for indulging in the luxury; if all this had happened in season, he too would have gone out of the jurisdiction.

Happily it was not known upon that day what the final effect would be of the rise in beans; but great indignation was expressed by some of the poorer families, particularly by Charity Brown and Thomas Grubbe whose sons had enlisted.

The enterprising Ann Ruby and Elizabeth Trout,

¹ Compare Drake's Boston, p. 270.

who then occupied Blaxton's log cabin,¹ sent their boys round with fresh fish balls, well browned, two for a penny, — and Joe Takouchin was instructed by La Tour to buy them out for his new soldiers. The Gibones family and the La Tours picnicked with the recruits. If the baked beans did not quite go round for a second serving, the Indian pudding, the brown bread, and the bushels of doughnuts, allowed no one to lack. "One sees many people of good appetite in this land," remarked an eminent Frenchman, of the Bostonians;² and La Tour, a good eater, and hearty, as if brought up on English roast beef, remarked to the Major, that, if the truth must be told, it was the report which M. Rochet had brought of Madame Gibones' cooking, which had led him to run away from the fort, where Charnacé must suppose him to be still starving.

The French soldiers discharged their fire-arms as a salute at the landing; and the recruits embarked for Long Island. This was the night in which, by the old records, voices were heard issuing from the hill upon the west of Winthrop Island, and sparkles of fire were seen upon the height. It was believed that the demons were let loose.³ One minister wrote Winthrop, asking him where his conscience was that he could be so careless of the good of the State; and another said in his sermon, that the streets of Boston would yet run blood on this account.

¹ Between Louisburg Square and Charles Street.

² Fr. Prot. Ref. Report, p. 33.

³ King's Hand Book.

The Governor and Dr. Cotton and their wives were at the breakfast given by Major and Mrs. Gibones upon the fourteenth of July ; after which the La Tours sailed with their fleet.

M. Rochet, when alone with the General in sailing down the harbor, joked him about his attending the Protestant services so regularly with Governor Winthrop, during his entire stay in Boston ; and repeated Dr. Cotton's remark, anticipating his conversion to Protestantism by the influence of Madame La Tour.

"I am a Puritan," was the answer, "in one thing. They censured Governor Endicott, when he cut the cross out of the English flag ; then they doubled, fox like, and used the mutilated flag ; and will have nothing else in Boston. But down here on the Castle, you see the cross still flying, to hinder hostile criticism by British officers who may put in here. I am Protestant or Catholic, as may best serve my turn ; just as Winthrop keeps two flags flying to please everybody."

Constance disembarked at the Isles of Shoals, where she chartered the barque Sea Spray of the Cutts Brothers, and selected a cargo of fish for La Rochelle, whence she expected to procure more soldiers and colonists and munitions of war.

In her youth, with the world before her, she could not entertain gloomy thoughts ; but when she was alone, now the first time for so long, save in the quiet chamber overlooking the Town Cove in Boston, she felt that strange sense of moral widowhood, which

comes to so many noble women, when they cease to hope against hope, and confess to themselves that there is a deep gulf morally between husband and wife, a gulf which possibly will never be bridged in time or eternity.

With her Huguenot training, the spiritual interests of her home were of surpassing moment; everything else sinking out of sight in the comparison.

She sat long upon the shelving rocks, looking westward; the coloring upon the water not fading out until nearly ten o'clock. It brought vividly to mind her honeymoon evenings at Pentagouët. How strange it seemed to her, that Charnace had now lived there for many months, and had there plotted to destroy her home, and there, — most dreadful thought of all, — had murmured her name in accents of love, murmured it to the winter birds in the solitary woods, like a love-sick boy.

The terrible domestic tragedies of the Reformation and the generations next following, came crowding in upon her memory. Of some she had personally known. Many in the circle of her acquaintance were the children of a parentage, who were once broken of all their hopes by religious divisions, — the wife one side and husband the other, or the mother one side and her child the other, or lovers separated and finally contending against each other. It had been so, over no small part of the civilized world. It was the separation of Calvin, Luther, Zwingle, Huss, Wyclif, Knox, from the Romanist; a

separation of kinsfolk upon moral grounds,—a separation that each of the divided friends would risk death to maintain, so long as the religious difference might exist. What anxieties, what sorrows, what heart-breakings, what groaning prayers, what deaths were undergone for domestic friends in those grim ages.

This gloomy historic background did not, however, make it less a sorrow to Constance. She moaned aloud by the low murmuring summer sea; and mingled her tears with the salt spray, which rose now and then when a heavy wave fell upon the rocks at her feet. Had she rejected Charnacé to marry a man taunted by the Puritans as an idolater? She was glad that she had stayed in her chamber to pray, instead of going into the meeting house to hear those plain-spoken men, whose words her husband had rehearsed to her with laughter, as though it were all a joke, as in truth he took it. He said that they meant nothing by it, except to hinder the expedition; that they cared nothing about it.

But upon the heart of Constance the words fell like clods upon a coffin lid, the coffin of her husband. He was as much separated from her as if dead. His laughter seemed grim, and almost demoniacal. Perhaps she was tired, had undergone too much nervous strain. She had felt anxious for her child. She had felt so anxious, heaven alone knew how anxious, for a quickened moral sensibility in her husband. She had prayed so much for this. Now she was borne down by the chagrins of the hour.

With all her womanly nature she had deliberately crushed the instincts of her heart reaching out toward Charnacé, and had said, No ; she would not marry a papist. She had married Charles la Tour as much as for any reason because he was a Protestant ; not certainly because he was the deliberate choice of her heart, — as Charnacé was, whom she loved during so many years, vainly hoping to bring him back to his mother's God without a pope to stand between him and his Maker. And when it slowly dawned upon her after her marriage, that, — in the wreck of all earthly hopes by the destruction of her father's house and by the death of her brother, — she had pledged her word to La Tour without sufficient knowledge of him, she had wearied the heavens in praying for him ; and had exhausted every persuasive power upon him. And with what result ?

The dreadful words of that man whom they called the Cobbler of Agawam, Nathaniel Ward, had rung in her ears : he had merely told the truth, when he spoke of her husband as a carnal man. Would not Paul have added, that Charles la Tour was at enmity with God ? Conscious as she was of her own moral defects, Constance had never been willing to think such thoughts of her husband ; perhaps she had been too lenient in her judgment. But these blunt Puritans had merely used the sonorous and fearful Bible phrases ; which might be the premonitory rumbling of a day of wrath. Her husband had always said, "Yes," "Yes," to all her tender loving words, and

pleadings, in relation to a high moral plane of life, living wholly unto God. But she had never known him to be so utterly devoid of all moral sensibility as now.

Is not an idolater, she asked herself, better than a carnal man; a miseducated perverted moral sense better than none? Charnacé had a superabundance of spiritual life, he was charged with it; he would act according to conscience in the end. If he had not persisted in giving his conscience to some one else; if he had remained master of it; if he had worked out his own salvation with the God working in him to will and to do; in short, if he had not bound himself or rather remained quiet while some one else had bound him, hand and foot, and thrown him like a bundle to be ticketed and used at will by the Order of Jesus,—she would have married him. But she had refused to be so unequally yoked; she had refused him,—only to yoke herself, when her eyes were blinded with tears, to an unbeliever; and now all the evil consequences predicted by Paul had come to pass. One end of the yoke was high, the other low; and it was hard to draw life's load.

Like a meteor streaming across the sky, casting a strange light upon land and sea, then sinking out of sight forever, the thought flashed upon the mind of Constance, that if, after all, she had followed her heart and married Charnacé, he would have been finally led by his love rather than by his theology;

that the ties by which his loving teacher had tied him to the Scarlet Woman, the Mother Church, would have been first slackened, then loosened forever, if she had married him and bestowed upon him one half the wealth of affection, the sedulous devotion, the days and nights of prayer, that she had bestowed upon the carnal La Tour.

This unwifely thought alarmed her; and she rose from the dark sea, with its planetary lights dancing upon the ground swell, and retired to her lodging. It would be well, she thought, if now during two months she could be alone upon the great sea, and for many months comparatively alone. She would still besiege the heavens; and gain the best of spiritual gifts for her husband. And she would place the ocean between herself and Charnacé. She would be loyal to her husband's earthly interests, and so hope to gain his interest in something higher. She would live for her child, from whom their terrible domestic peril — fighting for their home — now separated her; it was indeed a happy providence, that Henrietta, so domestic, so affectionate, so wise, could care for him.

With such thoughts she entered upon her weeks of voyaging; entered into the midst of the sea with her Guardian Angel, and with that Presence which was to her more than all earthly loves, the Heavenly Bridegroom.

XXV.

PASSAGEE WAKE-UP.

CHARNACÉ carried to the mouth of the St. John a pile of old Troubadour verses; the Cid; Petrarch; and even Orlando Furioso, Boccaccio, and Rabelais; Montaigne; Dante; and, for the construction of a travesty and comedy, Calvin's Institutes. The Comedy of the Reformation was enacted upon the evening of the fourteenth of July; Fra Marie playing the part of Luther, Roland Capon the part of Calvin, and Charnacé figuring as the Pope. It had a great run in Paris, the winter following, where it was brought out under the author's supervision. Between his summer-time light reading and play writing, his fishing, and hunting—for which he was now in better mood than in midwinter—the weeks of beleaguering the La Tour Castle wore away very pleasantly.

When Captain Hawkins and Israel Fife appeared, Charnacé was in the midst of a knot of ecclesiastic and military comrades, under an awning upon his quarter deck, reading to them aloud that Canto of Dante's *Inferno*, in which the poet peered into the depths, and saw the Great Dragon grinning over the

satisfactory horrors in the ever ascending circles of the amphitheatre of Woe around him.

"Here comes the Dragon, wing and wing," cried Capon, upon seeing the Puritan fleet.

It required no time to decide what to do. They hove anchor, dropped down on the tide; and the blockade was ended.

For six weeks the Castle had been as silent as a tomb sealed for ages; and as little showing signs of life, save that the Lilies of France were always flying. Now suddenly, as the sound of the resurrection trumpet, every bastion burst into fire, saluting La Tour's return to the river. To Henrietta was accorded the honor of first touching a gun.

Although La Tour had added to his fleet the armed pinnace Henrietta, picked up at the Shoals, outward bound for Spain, yet with the Clement and the four Puritans, they could not all, even with a fair wind, spread over any considerable area. The tide being in favor of Charnacé, he had no difficulty in making his escape by an early start, before his new enemy could close upon him. Neither did General La Tour, having raised the blockade, wish to risk the damages of an open sea fight.

The French, by their local knowledge of the tide and of prevailing winds, and of channels between islands, kept clear of their foes, who chased them into the Penobscot.¹ Charnacé sought to make Biguyduce,

¹ There is a curious discrepancy between Winthrop and Hutchinson on this point, as to where Charnacé led his pursuers.

to bring his ships under shelter of Pentagouët, but La Tour under cover of night secured such position for the Seabridge and Increase as to compel his enemy to make the trysting place of ghosts at Belfast, then known as Passageewakeag; where Charnacé grounded two of his ships to prevent their capture, — the others escaping down the west channel.

Charnacé hastily threw up intrenchments upon the present town-site. Captain Hawkins sent up a letter from Governor Winthrop; but Charnacé refused to open it, — since it was not addressed to him by his official title as Lieutenant General for the King.

General La Tour now landed his troops from the Clement; and, with thirty volunteers from the Boston force, fell with such fury upon Charnacé that the enemy broke for the spruce and disappeared, leaving three men dead in the trenches. Charnacé, well armed, retired slowly with his face to the foe.

It being no part of his contract, Hawkins would not aid in a land assault. And, — since Israel Fife had at a small premium taken a moderate war-risk upon such of his company as were best able to pay, — sixty-two of the Boston set gave La Tour only their moral support; standing soberly and well armed upon their decks, picking salt fish out of their teeth, it being just after breakfast on a Saturday morning. Enough, however, is as good as more. The thirty, plucky enough to volunteer, were enough; and not one of them received a scratch. Three young men of the La Rochelle troop were wounded.

Captain Fife, however, who had been so prudent of the lives of his men as to form them into a reserve corps in the morning, undertook a night expedition requiring ready wit without risk. The solitary prisoner secured from Charnacé's trenches, was taken in hand by Fife and by the officers of his ship, the slow sailing Greyhound, who had been jeered at for having been a little late ever since they left Long Island. They sharply questioned the Breton, who rejoiced in the cognomen Lancelot Vitet, as to the depth of water where a French pinnace lay, in the mouth of the Biguyduce under the guns of the fort. By a little brandy and no great amount of silver, he was persuaded to act as guide to Captain Fife,—the night promising to be dark.

Landing with two boat-loads of soldiers upon the west side of the Magabiguyduce peninsula, Fife found his way, cautiously guarding against treachery, to the mud-flats of the Biguyduce, it being then low tide; and they marched stealthily to the channel side of the pinnace, the *Castor*, which had been left by the tide. Vitet in a low voice called to the watch for a ladder. The watch was covered by muskets, and pronounced to be dead if he should resist; and he was informed that fire would be set to the vessel at once if the ladder was not forthcoming. As soon as the tide served, the *Castor* and the Puritans sailed away from the fort guns before daybreak. The cargo of the *Castor* had been made up for France, comprising four hundred beaver skins, and four hundred

moose hides; which, according to Winthrop,¹ were sold by outcry in Boston, and the prize money divided among the soldiers and sailors of the expedition.

The Philip and Mary, — Captain Hawkins's ship, — returned at La Tour's invitation to the St. John, to load with the coal of Grand Lake; which also was sold by the outcry and divided. The more substantial business men of the expedition went upon this trip to Jemsek and Grand Lake; and on their return were handsomely entertained in the Castle La Tour; Henrietta in the absence of Madame La Tour, offering the hospitality of the house, as best she could after so long a siege.

General La Tour and his little child and nurse, with Claude la Tour and his wife, embarked in Constance's shallop, the Sable, to accompany Captain Hawkins down the Bay; thinking to cruise near Cape Sable until Constance should appear in the Sea Spray. They had not long to wait. She had already spoken the Philip and Mary, and learned the success of the expedition.

The men of Massachusetts returned in high feather. The country members bore their chagrin in silence. Governor Winthrop was more popular than ever. The codfish smiled so perceptibly, that the skin was drawn into that perennial pucker which it now wears in the Hall of Representatives.

Matthew Nanney, who would not risk his own ship but urged his rival Hawkins to go, now ad-

¹ II. 383.

mitted to Ensign Iyons that he ought to have risked it; but he changed his tune, and said that the State was foolish, and that the Governor never should have allowed it, when he heard of the anger of Charnacé.

The besieger had been surprised at the ability of La Tour to persuade the prudent Puritans into a course, which was made safe only by the fact that France had just then too much to do to give suitable attention to American affairs.

Fra Marie was disguised as a civilian, and sent to Boston with a saucy and savage letter to the Governor, and a claim upon the Colony for £8000 damages.

"Do not haggle with them," said Charnacé curling his lip. "Take whatever they are mean enough to give. Make no fuss about a little money. But look well at their fortifications. France may have use for the information some day; or I shall."

The people of the Bay having learned something of French compliments, were very hospitable to Charnacé's envoy. The Governor entertained him with wine and sweetmeats; and allowed him the use of the gubernatorial yard for exercise, it being Sunday when M. Marie arrived at the Puritan mansion. The authorities made a commercial treaty with him, so that Boston shipping would have new avenues for trade; and they promised to make him a present.

One Captain Cromwell of Boston, having in privateering captured a Spanish pirate, found in her hold

a sedan elaborately carved and gilded, worth £50, intended for the sister of the Viceroy of Mexico; not knowing what to do with it, when he returned home, he gave it to Governor Winthrop. Winthrop, not knowing what to do with it, made a present of it to Charnacé.

The Governor sent with it a long letter about Christian duty; and stated, that it was one of the independent principles by which those who controlled the Colony were governed, to sell for cash.

A small amount of powder was burned, as a salutation, when the envoy took his chair, and left for Acadia.

XXVI.

VERSAILLES.

UPON the day that Charnacé sent Fra Marie to Boston, he embarked for France, — seeking to enter the St. John castle *via* Versailles. The one great thought which filled his mind,—as he began, continued, and ended his voyage, — was that he had been in small business.

Did he not carry that in his own heart, which made him despise entering into a petty quarrel with the sectaries of the Bay, or a St. John's fur trader? There was Constance in America, and she was worth living for, contending for; aside from that, he would throw up all the cat-skins, and filthy Indians, and the bickering colonists of a new world,—settle down in some quiet district of France, to study. If Constance were only in France, he would do this and let the world take its course. What a pity that she should be immured in the feudal hold of that unspiritual, coarse-grained La Tour. It would be truly a revival of the spirit of chivalry, if he should arouse a crusade to rescue her.

Of happy temperament were his old mates, who greeted his return. He yielded to the influences of

the hour, and spent charmed weeks in the recreation of intellectual companionship and the literary treasures of the capital. The eminent divines of the Order greeted him almost as an equal; they were the most genial of men, of sunny hearts and unclouded brows, — to them the world was apparently “congruous,” “obedient,” so that they little needed to have a care. How grand it seemed to the Acadian Governor to get somewhere, — out of the woods, into the town. Even the forty houses of Boston were contemptible in comparison with Paris. What then might be said of solitary Pentagouët, and the shaggy forests which covered the back of a whole hemisphere? He could now for the moment forget the wild creatures and wild men of America. How delightful would be the day, when the bridle in his mouth should be so guided by his Superior that he could quit the New World forever. To-day, however, and to-morrow, he would do his duty. The reward could not be far off.

Conscious of his own great powers, he could not but look forward to the twenty-five years next coming. How short seemed the period since Richelieu was a soldier seizing the crosier of the Bishop of Luçon, — now risen to such undreamed-of heights of power. If, in the Acadian woods, he had dared think the claims of the papacy inimical to the free development of individual manhood, he was glad now at least that he belonged to a body whose presence was felt throughout the world. He did not remember that he had ever seen a meaner set of people on

the footstool, than the small-minded, bitter-spirited Protestants of the New World. The ancient Church, after all, offered the only sphere for really able men.

Charnacé stood well in France; being connected with the most noble families of Bas-Berry,¹ as well as with Richelieu.² The Cardinal was the more cordial to Charnacé on account of the surpassing ability of his uncle the great ambassador, who if not the first of his age was easily first in France, giving his country an honorable place among the nations.

The points against La Tour, presented to Richelieu by Charnacé and his genial Jesuit friends, were, — that he had fortified with treasonable intent; that one of his fortresses was upon property belonging to Charnacé; that he had made an offensive and defensive league with the traditional enemies of France — the English; that he had entered into a league with Protestants against the interests of the Church; that he and his allies had made an attack upon Charnacé, killing certain of his men, destroying his property, and depriving him of his rights. These charges were, — so far as might be needful to make up a case for the King's approval, — supported by forged documents of particular proof.

La Tour's commission as Lieutenant General was revoked. He was formally charged with treason.

¹ Rameau, p. 68.

² Murdoch's *Nova Scotia* I. 92. Hanney's *Acadia*, p. 144, mentions it as a disadvantage to La Tour that he was not personally known in France; his rival having influence with the Cardinal.

And to Charnacé was given authority to seize his rival and hold him for trial.

"Shall we include his wife?" asked Richelieu. "I hear that she is a very able woman."

"Yes," answered Charnacé, after dreaming a moment. "She is no traitor. No one is more loyal to France than she; but she is now at one with La Tour. Yes, you may as well insert her name until we catch them both. She will be loyal enough, if we can be rid of La Tour; and, if she is so, her name can be dropped before trial. No records are kept, I believe."

"No records have been kept; I keep records," answered Richelieu, "but of this we will keep no record after the King signs the order."¹

In respect to the means for carrying on the war for arresting the fortified La Tour, it appeared that the Hundred Associates were practically bankrupt, — the prescience of Constance proving true sooner than might have been anticipated. The loss had been in the Canadian not the Acadian part of New France; at Quebec it had been so great that not one of them would put in more money. In fact they had been obliged to turn over Quebec to Emery de Caen, the Huguenot, who had lost so heavily in the embryo city when the Jesuits came in and changed

¹ There is a difference between the two leading authorities. Murdoch, I. 99, indicates, that there were no specific charges; that the action against La Tour was obtained by influence; Hanney, p. 146, that the slanders against La Tour, upon which the charge of treason was brought, were discovered after the death of his rival.

the rule. De Caen was to reclaim the trading post from the English, who had given it up by treaty; and was to have the fur monopoly during one year then return it to the Associates. Under these circumstances, the eminent divines with whom Charnacé associated, — and to whom he looked for counsel, and who appeared to prize his counsels so highly, — were not at a loss what to do.

The beautiful system, of which Charnacé was a part, was loose and fast at the same time. He had been freed from his vows of poverty in order that he might hold property in his own name; and then by a voluntary obedience he would — if obedient — use it in the interests of the Church. To this end Charnacé, being a relative of M. Razilly, had at his death bought, the Governor's holdings in Acadia from his brother, and although he had taken immediate possession the papers had not been passed. The sum was nominal; fourteen thousand livres, with seventeen years in which to pay it. Charnacé was young with the world before him; he would have great wealth, a kingdom of his own, — but his heart held it for the uses of the Church.

He was now directed, — if the word "advised" is not strong enough, — to make a loan, upon this property, from some Protestant merchant for the purpose of carrying on the war against Protestantism in Acadia.

As Charnacé conversed with his uncle at the dining table, the Baron was pleased to remark, that, "In

the courts of Europe, lying is considered the least of evils. It is deprived of power to harm, by its universality. No one acts upon the supposition that what he hears is true. Intelligent persons are governed solely by community of interest. Only parties having a common interest can be depended upon to tell the truth to each other, and that solely in relation to the interest common to both."

"It has now come to that pass," responded the General of the Society of Jesus, who had been invited to the house to meet young Charnacé, "that the written lies almost outnumber those spoken. We have just compiled the statistics of the secrets of the confessional, and find that one hundred thousand persons have confessed forgery in France within the past year; and no one dares estimate the number not confessed."

Inasmuch as the younger Charnacé had been closeted for some days with eminent divines and their secretaries in preparing the ruin of his rival; and since he would start in a day or two for La Rochelle to initiate a transaction which would not unlikely ruin some Huguenot merchant,—he was glad to know that his course had the merit of not being singular.

The conversation drifted to the schemes for American colonization.

"We are, I believe, at fault in our management," was the proposition of the Governor of Acadia, "in the affairs of the Hundred Associates. The com-

pany handles Acadia solely for fur; for the introduction of religious priests; and sends there from France only a hireling population. This method can never compete with the English, who make it an object for small capitalists to go and invest in the country; and make it easy for poor men to acquire property. More than twenty thousand colonists have gone to Massachusetts Bay within ten years; and they are a thrifty people. It is only a question of time when they will overrun Acadia, unless we can people that region with Catholic colonists."

"Acadia would be crowded with Huguenots," replied the General of the Order, "if we would let them go. But it would rob the nation of a great amount of wealth, and serve only to build up a Protestant France over the sea, as the Duc de Rohan wished to have one in Aunis and Languedoc."

"I have thought of that," said the Baron; "but I think, that, when we are stronger at home, Richelieu will not object to sending them; on the score that it may sometime help France to hold America against the English. We shall certainly lose our grip, and have no New France, unless we can colonize."

"Our Catholic population are just as well off here," answered the General; "and the plan we have is the only one that will work,—to convert the Indians, and make them our allies to fight the English."

"There is nothing nobler," replied Charnace the younger, "than the self devotement of our missionaries, facing perils unknown in new areas of the con-

continent; carrying in their hearts, and bearing before God, all the woes of the pagan people. And they certainly benefit the Indians; raising them in the scale a little. But I often fear that our Christianity itself will be lost in the forests, by the compromise our missionaries make with pagan notions, beliefs and customs. There is glory in it for the Church, and for our Order, and for the missionaries; and I hope that some of the savages will find the glory of the heavenly state, — but of true religion they get little."

"Still our entire mission system throughout the world would come to a stand-still, if we did not accommodate the Christian doctrine and practice to the pagan mind and habit," replied the General.

"I presume," interposed the Baron, "that in New France, it will be needful to secure the practical alliance of the aborigines with our French rulers, as soon as possible, in the absence of French emigration. And this can be soonest done by the priests; and the priests can succeed best by accommodating themselves to the natives, meeting them halfway, or more than half if need be."

"Exactly," answered the General, "we must send out influential Frenchmen who will practically become Indians, in order to become their leaders religiously and in war. Then we can hold the country against the English Protestants."

"There is one tribe of Indians, who will, I believe, have much to say about this fine scheme," said the

young Governor of Acadia, in a modest tone. "I fear that the Iroquois, — who murdered Father Brebeuf, — will annihilate those tribes which we most depend upon for our influence in Canada; and if the English get a permanent footing in Canada, then our Catholic Acadia will be ground between the upper millstone of the English on the St. Lawrence and the lower millstone of the settlers in New England, — so that the Iroquois will ultimately dispossess the French King and the Society of Jesus together, and give America to the Protestants."

"God avert it," was the devout answer of the General of the Order, assuming the attitude and the tone of prayer.

The hour now struck, and the Acadian Governor, bade good night to his host and to his Superior; and completed his preparations to leave next day for La Rochelle.

XXVII.

LA ROCHELLE.

THE war news, and as the gift of the peace the sight of her own child, and of the manly form of her hilarious husband, who had grown perceptibly taller since he had escaped from the weight of moral delinquency heaped upon him by the cobbling theologians of the Bay, and which had come so near crushing not him but his wife,—this toned up the heart of Constance as she lost sight of her Sable shallop and its precious burden, and found herself alone again upon the great deep. She thought of her husband's great capacity for business, his frank-hearted, sunny ways; and she thought of the ages of history in her native France, in which it had pleased the All Father to light by his sun so great multitude of men and women of noble qualities, who certainly had little spiritual discernment,—if she herself and John Calvin were to judge. The mysteries of the final Judgment were yet far off, and she would not burden her heart with carrying the woes of to-morrow. Committing her home to the care of God, she ceased to carry it as a care.

Day by day, week by week, upon the summer sea, Constance was as much at home as the happy Sea Spray, which was endowed with life like a bird living upon the salt waves, responding to every motion of the waters and the winds. The great heart of the ocean touched her own heart with new life, and infinite hope for the world. "The sea is His, and He made it." Has He then forgotten the restless, heaving, desolate, expanse of human life, covering the continents, as the waters cover the sea beds? The width of the ocean, the presence of the stars, the innumerable hosts of heaven gleaming over the vast expanses of the world of water,—suggested to the solitary voyager the extent of the kingdom of Love, the shining array of the saints of all ages, and gave her buoyancy of spirit when she left all cares with the Infinite Friend.

For the most part, Constance did not wear out her days and nights in seeking to govern the universe; but led a happy, joyous life,—none the less happy for the carnal lore her husband had seized as a war prize from Charnacé. When his rival took to the timber, La Tour could with difficulty hinder his men from privately plundering the grounded ships. Joe had insisted upon taking as many of Charnacé's books as he could conveniently bring away upon one arm, for his mistress. So that Constance, in the middle of the sea, had the fun of laughing alone over the same pages, which had amused both her and her friend when Charnacé first came into possession of

the books ten years since. Happily the editions of Dante and Calvin in folio had been too heavy for Joe's light fingers, and he had left them for Charnacé to console himself with. Her thoughtful husband had therefore brought to Constance only what the world in that day considered its light literature.

Between the ocean tonic and the delightful conceits of her books, Constance was in high spirits, when the lone coast birds far at sea told news of the land. Welcome was the hour, when the Sea Spray began to feel the heavy swell of the Bay of Biscay.

Making 1° W. of Greenwich, $46^{\circ} 20'$ latitude, Constance began, afar off, to sight the low marshy monotonous coast; and rising above it La Lanterne still standing, — so long a light to the Huguenot mariners, and so long a prison into which were cast the most eminent of the Protestant merchants in times of religious persecution. Tacking this way and that in the outer harbor, she strained her eyes for the first glimpse of the roof that sheltered her childhood.

Entering the narrow passage to the inner port, between those honorable protectors of the Geneva of the West, the forts La Chaîne and St. Nicholas, which Louis had left standing after pulling down the long walls next the sea, she was soon walking the narrow winding streets, appearing even then to her a little quaint after her threading so long the forest avenues of the New World, — streets dark with arcades and porches which covered the walks.

She paused now and then before some small door

without ornament, and looked up to the rich carving of the upper stories, and remembered the elaborate architectural display within the house, where perhaps one of her father's old neighbors had lived. Here was the house of the merchant Pierre Jay; there the home of Roch Chastaignier whose family dated back to the eleventh century; here lived Henri Baudouin the Counsellor, of a family the most important in the history of the city, and among the first to embrace the reformed faith; there was the dwelling place of Benjamin Faneuil, who had married a relative of Constance, Marie the daughter of André Bernon.

Amid these crowding memories, the tears so blinded her eyes that it was long before she could read the Bible text, which was inscribed over the doorway of her old home: "Ye are the light of the world."

Her youngest brother, then a mere child, met her at the door,—Sieur Samuel Bernon, who became a great merchant, having enormous warehouses in Quebec;¹ whose son Gabriel Bernon emigrated to America upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes,—uttering those memorable words, "I might have remained in France, and kept my property, my quality, and my titles, if I had been willing to submit to slavery."

It was in this house, that there was held the first meeting for the reformed faith in La Rochelle; here was gathered the nucleus of that great movement

¹ La Honton.

which changed the face of the city, and marked an era in the history of the nation.¹

When the father of Constance had been threatened by the Governor, he replied :—

"Sir, you would have me lose my soul. Since it is impossible for me to believe what the religion you bid me embrace, teaches."

"Much do I care, whether you lose your soul or not," was the reply, "provided you obey."

Falling early in the siege, his body was buried in his own garden ; there reposing until the peace,—a peace that must have seemed worse than the siege to the Huguenot population surviving.

Not yet were the very foundations of the walls so removed that the plow, alluded to in the edict of the King, could prepare the land for tillage. The Grand Temple of which Henry, Prince of Condé, laid the corner stone, which had been so long crowded with a vast congregation of Calvinistic worshippers, was now a Catholic cathedral.

The city was still a great religious power ; the Protestant faith losing little of its grip upon the commercial and moral world until a generation later, when the dormant cruelties of the decree of Louis XIII. were revived, and nearly two thousand Huguenots

¹ The priests and monks were among the first converts,—1542-8 ; and the nuns forsook the cloisters. In 1561, the priests of St. Sauveur began matins before daybreak, so as to accommodate Protestant worship in the same church. For nearly fifty years following 1573, there was no other worship in the city than that of the Reformers.

were ejected from the city at two weeks' notice, — thrown out into floods of rain, — the aged, the babes, the bed-ridden.

Constance found herself dealing with traders of great wealth, even after the city had lost its military leadership. Many were enlisted in the fur trade and the fisheries, and general shipping-business of New France. La Rochelle was still the great shipping port for the Atlantic trade, — even the Jesuit missionaries sailing thence. Hardy sailors, and fierce soldiers, as well as enterprising tradesmen, had their homes in the Huguenot city. Self-poised, well-balanced, accustomed to think for themselves, to act promptly in matters religious or secular, they made the best of colonists.

Almost a stranger in the land of her youth, — so great the change in the desolated city within so brief a period of time, that it seemed to her that ages had elapsed, — Constance became the guest of the Duchess de Rohan, Catherine de Purthenai. She it was who composed the tragedy of *Holofernes*, which was represented in the midst of the first siege of the city. Having lost the principal part of her fortune in the recent disasters, she still held herself in position to rally those who were true to their convictions in the changing times.

The house of Rohan was blessed with a sound physique. The Duchess in advancing years, and her daughter Elizabeth, little older than Constance, were in sound health; and the shocks, so terrible, of the

change in their own home and in their beloved city, had told on them little more than the Atlantic waves had told upon the French coast; sighs and storms and salt tears and woundings still left substantial physical and mental power for life's service. They, too, had been preserved by their unfailing life within the life, spirits easily rising above their surroundings to commune with superior beings, seeking evermore the Supreme Friend, and looking at this world's affairs in a large way as related to ages and eternities and the universe of God. With them there was a present King higher than Louis XIII., a Presence needing no pope, a Revealing Spirit not limited by the logic of Calvin.

Constance found here all the freedom of thought which she had found in her transatlantic woods; and the house resounded with song from morning till night, as if her myriads of Acadian birds had been there.

As the weeks went by, and her business had prospered, she sent away her cargo and colonists and soldiers in the Sea Spray, and would now go to London to complete her purchases, and return to Acadia.

It was in this house of Rohan, that Constance was conscious of being tempted to thoughts of disloyalty toward Castle La Tour. Not five years had gone by since she left her child-hearth; and she had almost grown old in that time. Aside from the desolation of her old home the great sorrow in her new home — weighting her heart — was the irreligious spirit of

Charles la Tour. The hollowness of the Papacy had never seemed to her so ghostly as now, — the uneasy spirit of a dead faith filling the cathedral, where she had worshipped after the Huguenot method when a child. It might have been the contrast, which exaggerated the faults of Rome. And now that her judgment was ripened, she felt an indefinable dread that when Charles la Tour should grow old, he would be as worldly minded, as ungrateful to God, as grasping and selfish as some of the older citizens, who had been neither Protestants nor Papists, who had served the God of this world.

The old phrases of the Huguenot faith, she constantly heard in the house of Rohan. And the clear sighted, kindly, motherly Duchess had uttered one word, which struck deeply into the heart of Constance.

“Why did you not marry that beautiful boy Charles de Menou, whom they now call Charnacé, the Man of Sin? If you had married him, he would have become a Protestant. Your mental and moral constitution is stronger than his. You have more body of character. And God would have used you, my dear, to win Charles to himself.”

The accents were of the utmost tenderness, — such as her own mother had used, when she urged Constance to marry according to her heart, not according to her judgment and what was perhaps a mistaken view of religious duty, — and they seemed to Constance like a voice out of heaven. A voice was awakened within the chambers of her heart, — “Come

forth thou dead and buried love ; this is the morning of the resurrection."

These words were uttered at the breakfast table, of that gray November day, observed throughout France from time immemorial as the Day of the Dead ; when the whole population goes forth to visit tombs, and strew the memorials of affection upon their mounds in the city of the dead.

As she entered her sedan to go to the grave of her mother, Constance said so distinctly as to startle herself :—"It is my thought now, that the apostle would not advise young men and maidens to seek to be unequally yoked with unbelievers, or be careless in forming friendships with those who are deaf to the call of conscience and the Saviour of men ; yet on the other hand, if by long acquaintance their hearts are drawn toward marriage, they ought to marry, and trust that God will use the believing wife or husband to win over the unbeliever. Might it not have been wiser, if I had observed this rule, — wiser than my marrying 'in the Lord' upon short acquaintance ?¹ And might not my life even in the wilderness have been happier, more complete, more useful, if I had clung solely to the company of my Guardian Angel after my brother's death, and been content with the abiding presence of the Heavenly Bridegroom, than either to have married out of the Lord, or to have married in undue haste ?"

The sedan had to pass the house where Charles de

¹ 1 Cor. 7-39 ; 2 Cor. 6-14.

Menou's mother died, when Constance was ten years old. And the pale but glorified features of the dying returned to her mind as if in a vision. Constance remembered how in her childish love, she had tried to kiss away the fast falling tears from the cheeks of her playmate, who was then like one of her brothers. And she recalled the long evenings in which they had studied together, before her father's great open fire; until Charles was led by Palladio into other employment for the most of his evenings.

She recalled the dread day when the Baron Hercule Charnacé, who had been appointed the legal guardian of the orphaned Charles de Menou, came to La Rochelle bringing Palladio. How pale the Baron looked. She had since heard that he was at that time very ill, made so by the death of his young wife; that for three years his reason, if not life itself, had been endangered by his great sorrow.

Recalling all this, her early love returned again. She wished that she could see Charnacé once more.

In these thoughts she almost forgot the errand upon which she was going, until the sedan began to be jostled by the crowds of mourners entering the gates of the cemetery. It seemed as if the world itself had left its traffic for one day, and that upon this one day every citizen was bearing in his arms some token of grief.

Constance could not stay. It was all too public, although every visitor appeared to be occupied by his own mound of sacred earth.

She had re-entered her chair, which had been brought to the graveside, when she saw a man kneeling upon the grave of Madame de Menou; kissing the sod, and forming upon the grave a cross of costly flowers out of season. It was not far away. She saw him rising from the grave: it was Charnacé.

Hastily dropping her curtains, she asked her bearers to move down the path.

"Stop, stop," cried the voice in her heart.

"I do not dare to stop," answered Constance. "I see a great gulf opening at my feet. I do not know how deep it is, or how wide it is."

"Can you not trust yourself to wait, and watch for him, and see his face?"

"I do not dare to trust myself to-day. My heart has gone back ten years."

"Move quickly, and get away from the crowd," spoke Constance in a tremulous tone, urging her bearers to hasten.

A breath from the sea now veiled the streets. The bearers were directed this way and that through cross streets. Within the hour Constance had bidden farewell to the Rohans, hoisted sail, and stolen out into the Atlantic. The weather was thick, but she had accustomed herself to varying conditions upon the Acadian coast; so she hastened to take advantage of the wind, — which had veered to the right quarter just as her bearers were leaving the cemetery.

It was all over now. The sea seemed to her domestic and homelike. And when she retired to

rest, rocked by the billows, she read, — "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee."

And when she kneeled to pray for her husband and her child, she said, — "There is no 'What if.' Conscious now of chagrins and disappointments in my married life, fixed in a yoke unequal, — it is only that I may bear up under it in a true womanly and wifely way. May God bless my home."

Then in a moment, she added, — "May God bless my early friend, Charnacé; and lead him, even if by strange paths, to find spiritual rest. Is he not now, Infinite Father, like a storm-tossed bird upon the ocean? Oh, Thou, without whom no sparrow falls, remember the prayers of his dying mother, and remember the cry of his own heart to be led in Thy ways."

XXVIII.

THE ACADIAN WREATH.

CHARNACÉ, en route for La Rochelle, passed through Orleans, down the Loire to Tours, athwart the tributaries, the Cher, the Indre to the mouth of the Creuse, then up the right fork of the Vienne through Poitiers. The roads were very beautiful in the late autumn, which had not parted with all its leaves. The fine weather was inspiring. Charnacé recalled the memory of his varied journeyings in his native country, in former years. He had forgotten how wonderful it all was, when compared with monotonous and bleak Acadia.

His letters opened the doors of hospitality ; and he made the journey last as many days as possible. All France seemed to him to rise in contrast with the New World. The rivers ; the cultivated grounds ; the vinelands ; the church spires of country towns ; the monastery by the waterside ; a picturesque crag surmounted by some holy house, pointed by the cross, where the devout were chanting songs to God as if in a bell tower ; honored cloisters where venerated students, famed of the world, have scourged their backs and prayed in the hours of darkness ; small fortified cities,

with buildings already old and quaint, and the hoar
o centuries upon them; orderly soldiers at city gates,
or lined upon the defences; towers commanding a
wide area of hill, dale, forest, and stream; ancient
houses hung with weapons, and the relics of the wars
of many generations; massive fortresses that have
stood the shock of centuries; the military homes of
feudal lords upon some shelf among mountain crags
and the wild eagles; the ruins of Roman greatness in
the days of the conquest of Gaul, where one would
pause and listen for the tramp of armies; obelisks in
the ornamented squares of the larger cities; the me-
mentos of the great men of the nation; cathedrals, in
which a city might meet upon the tessellated floor to
worship before the great altar, — all this now seemed
new to the hermit of Penobscot Bay, as if he had
never before seen it.

At Orleans he was attracted by Henry the Fourth's
new cathedral with its towers of two hundred and
eighty feet; by the house of Francis I.; by that of
Agnes of Sorel, and of Diana of Poitiers. Twelve
centuries had passed since the venerable city had
been besieged by Attila; and it was now more than
two hundred years since it was delivered from the
English siege by Joan of Arc. How strongly did
this countrywoman remind him of Constance, whose
purposes were not less clearly defined than if they
had been forced upon her attention by St. Michael
out of heaven; whose religious enthusiasm had so
nearly swept him off his feet into the Calvinistic

heresy in his youth; whose power over him, even now, was like that exercised by the Holy Maid over the wild birds and the living creatures in the forest.

The studies of Calvin and Beza at Orleans awakened in the mind of Charnacé a train of reflections, which prepared him better to appreciate the Protestant population of Tours, then not far from forty thousand,¹ who had grown up under the very shadow of the great abbey St. Martin, which had held the ground for more than a thousand years. Finding the Cathedral doors open for private worship, Charnacé entered the richly carved portals, gazed a moment upon the fine windows,—then devoutly bowed at the great altar, praying to the Father who seeth in secret.

At Poitiers, the Roman Limoneum, on the Clain, he visited the ruins of the vast amphitheatre built by men who expected to hold their own for ages; he went to the battle grounds, where Clovis had defeated Alaric, then eleven centuries since, and where Charles Martel drove back the Saracens in A. D. 732. The steep, the crooked, the narrow streets of the city; the deep ravines on every side save one; the great chain of hills reaching southwest,—all interested him, just as they did upon the day when he first saw it with the Bernons, in searching out the place

¹ The removal of this manufacturing population by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, inflicted a blow upon the prosperity of the city from which it has not recovered to this day.

of Calvin's concealment from his enemies, where the seeds of the Reformation were first sown in the hearts of a few young men of promise, who bore the new life to La Rochelle.

Still no siren song came to Charnacé from out the centuries, bidding him distrust his Church, Grateful now to the ecclesiastical soldier of Acadia. was the thought of the motherhood of the Church of God; age after age brooding over the civilized world, sheltering beneath her wings the poor and the rich, and proclaiming the reign of God as paramount to all earthly interests.

The mass of mankind, he reasoned with himself are receptive not creative; they need to lean hard upon some great and strong nature ordained of heaven to take the responsibility of the earth's control. To such, how great the boon of the Church, the authorized ruler of mankind.

He could not but remember the motherly kindness of Palladio in his orphaned boyhood. His own father, like his uncle, was easy about his religion, not given to worrying about the morals of the world; of fine executive qualities, and ability as a business man. His mother was of the noblest,—the most unselfish in nature, delicate, refined, devout,—but never an independent thinker; they were, as he reasoned, both by nature Catholics, who should have taken the dictum of the Mother Church,—although his mother by early influence had happened to take the Bernon doctrine instead of the pope's. How nearly he came to doing

that, himself. The Bernons were by nature kings and queens of the world.

"It is all in the blood," he said, thinking out loud; "in the training. It is not in me to do as Constance does. But I thank God for the faith I have in the Infinite Love, whether administered through priests, prophets, apostles, or the saints living or dead,—always the same love manifesting itself to those whose hearts are sore, and who long after some supreme affection."

His wandering, wondering heart,—in these delightful days of journeying, when a thousand memories came back awakened by the changing scenery of every hour,—could not fail to people the country, through which he passed, with his own loved ones.

"Of course," he said, talking to himself, "the ancestors of Constance in the far off generations were all Catholics; and why might not she have been one, also? A woman so capable as she,—in some other sphere than La Rochelle rocked by the war tempest, or Acadia in the wilderness,—would have left grateful memories of herself upon the soil of France, in some uplifting and abiding work for the spiritual gain of her nation."

Nobody rising up to deny this proposition, he made another. "How foolish I was to give up Constance as my religious teacher, when I was privileged to call her my friend. With her expanding womanhood, she might, under changed circumstances, have become eminent in the Church, with her great heart,

ready to mother the whole needy world. If she were here now, I almost believe that I could persuade her to take charge of one of these houses of holy women or of orphaned children."

He even went so far as to select a site for the erection of religious houses with the fortune he would bring from Acadia. It was a harmless mode of amusing his journey.

He wondered how Constance would greet him, if he could see her.

It never seemed to occur to Charnacé, that Constance had married. He considered La Tour a nobody.

When he came so near to his native city as to recognize familiar objects, his heart began to break down. Charnacé was, like his uncle, of a singularly sensitive spirit. He saw now, that, in all the city, not one heart would turn to him with affection. He alone of all the old Protestant families had left the faith; he must go in and go out, like a stranger. With a wail, like a man in the lowest depths of despair, with a heart hungering for human love and sympathy, he cried, in low piercing tones, — "Constance! Constance!"

But the Acadian wilds were far off; and there was no answer.

He entered the city upon the morning of the Day of the Dead. He had almost forgotten that there was such a day. Hastening to purchase the most costly of flowers, so late in the season, an early day

in November, he joined the throngs entering the burial place, — a place made memorable by the dust of heroes for many generations. He easily found his mother's grave.

Charnacé had taken no time to compose his mind for visiting such a spot. He had come in with the great throng. Holding his flowers, at the headstone, he thought how he would divide them. He would carry a part to adorn the grave of Constance's mother. Raising his eyes to look for the spot, he saw a figure clad in deep mourning, kneeling at the door of the well known ancient tomb of the Bernons.

Charnacé became pale as the marble upon which his hand rested, and still as the marble. It might be some domestic friend; possibly Elizabeth de Rohan. If it were Constance! He had in his pocket the order for her arrest. In it she was named as a traitor. He had procured it by a thousand lies. He had in his heart a thousand ignominies to be poured out upon her Acadian home. He could not cross this gulf, and speak to her, — even if she were Constance.

The figure moved. It was Constance. He flung himself upon his knees upon his mother's grave, and tried with palsied fingers to arrange the flowers.

When he ventured to look again, she had gone. He would follow; but his feet were like lead. He had committed treason against her in his heart, and he had no right to follow. This saint of the living God stood upon the one side, and he, — a lying, per-

jured ecclesiastic, and no friend to her, — stood upon the other; and there was a measureless abyss between them.

Then and there, he took his parchment order of arrest, and cut out the name of Constance. But what should he do with it? The name was too sacred to be mutilated. What a madman was he to have it inserted. He took from next his heart the Thomas à Kempis, and placed the name of Constance in it. Now, what?

He threw himself in bitter agony upon his mother's grave, and poured out his blinding tears. "Have I come to this, O my God, that there is an unsounded depth morally between me and my dead mother, and between me and the living Constance?"

He thought of the infamies of his life, which separated him from the upright in heart.

Feeling a chill from the sea change, which had come into the November day, he arose and went to the Bernon tomb. He found a wreath of Acadian feather flowers; made from the brilliant tints of humming birds and variegated plumage of songsters and waterfowl. Attached to it he saw a card, in the handwriting of Constance: — "Many children of the Souriquois, who owe their spiritual life to my mother's teaching, send this gift with their gratitude, by Constance."

Should he cut off the card, and rob the dead? He could not do that.

Pressing the card to his lips, he kneeled, and

prayed, — "God forgive me for being untrue to Constance even in my thought; and make me such, that I may be willing to meet her."

He timidly found his way that night to the house of Rohan, wondering whether the Guardian Angel of Constance would stand at the door with a drawn sword. He was met by Elizabeth, the comely daughter of the house. A cordial welcome was extended to him by the Duchess. Constance had never breathed a word in the house, of the course taken by Charnacé in Acadia against the peace of her home; so that the Duchess and her daughter talked with him, as if he and Constance were on the same plane as years ago, save that Constance had married. Charnacé had no heart to stay; every word they spoke cut him to the quick. He made no inquiry for Constance; but they spoke of her sudden departure, — she had been waiting only for the wind to change.

He returned to the Bernon tomb next morning, and cut off the card; and put it into his Thomas à Kempis, where it was found after his death, by Joe Takouchin, — and it was buried with him.

XXIX.

BARON CHARNACÉ.

THERE are few stories of domestic life in France so pathetic as that of the brief married life, followed by overwhelming grief, of the Baron Hercule Charnacé. His only consolation in a world emptied by the hand of death was to fill the world with the fame of his country. Pre-eminent for purity of life, and his knowledge of the affairs of nations and those principles which underlie statecraft, he was little disturbed by the contending religious factions of his age, preferring to satisfy his own conscience and make his peace with God in his own way. As very rarely a communicant, upon such occasions as were made sacred to him by the memory of his sainted dead, he won the approval of the ecclesiastical authorities, and silently pursued his private studies when not engaged in his diplomatic calling.

Taking great pleasure in the company of his nephew, his ward, whom he had made his heir, and who promised so well to honor their ancient house, he urged the younger Charnacé to winter in Paris; the business in hand requiring time, and an

acquaintance with leading men being of prospective advantage.

To the younger Charnacé his spirited Comedy gave the recognition of those lettered men, who had been formed into The Academy by scholarly Richelieu. And he pursued special studies under the direction of the learned men of the Benedictine community; and gave much time to history and politics, under the guidance of his uncle.

Fascinated by the genius of Richelieu, he sought to forward the views of this master by securing the assent of the papal authorities to settle the Huguenot question by a fair discussion, so hoping at least to win some by reason. In advancing this end he was commissioned to negotiate with Urban VIII., unhappily without effect; the leading ecclesiastics of France being opposed to it.

In another way, however, the Acadian Governor was of service,—that of securing for the army men eminent among the Protestants. By this means the chagrins of La Rochelle were diminished; and France as a nation had the ability of her noblest sons, native and adopted. This could not but have had, although unknown to himself at the time, the happiest influence upon the character of Charnacé.

Who could even for a moment be brought into contact with Marshal Gession without being made the better for it? Said the fierce fighter to an officer, who thought an enterprise impracticable,—“I have that in my head, and at my side, all that is

requisite for victory." His sword being able to do all that his brain prompted. To Richelieu he said,— "I will serve you in everything, except in that which is underhanded." "This may hinder your promotion but it will not hinder my esteem," was the regal reply.

Greater still was his good fortune in securing, through letters from his uncle, the service to France of Marshal Rantzau; who, by the proverb, was shot everywhere except in his heart,— who carried to a peaceful grave one eye, one arm, one leg, and sixty honorable wounds.

The liberal views entertained by the Baron, of the practical working of Protestantism in affecting favorably the public morals, as seen by him at Geneva and in Sweden, were not without weight with the younger Charnacé; who was as hospitable as his uncle to new views, and, like him, easily took on the color of his immediate surroundings. The character of Gustavus Adolphus, as delineated by the ambassador, bore fruit in Acadia. The greatness of his military genius; his personal bravery, without passion, without cruelty, never ungenerous to a foe; his even balance; his practical wisdom; his simple and almost faultless character,— made him a peer in the house of that divine order of nobility which numbers so few in all countries and all ages. That he, being such a man, planted himself so squarely upon his clear understanding of the Word of God, commended to Baron Charnacé the Protestant faith, more than could have been done by cartloads of Calvinistic Institutes.

It was when the Baron one morning gave to his nephew a copy of the Scriptures, which he had received from the Swedish King, that a conversation ensued touching young Charnacé's early life. Charles of La Rochelle has spoken of the motto still lettered upon the door casements of his mother's house "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life."

"You rejected the crudities of Calvinism, only to accept the crudities of a Spanish soldier,"—said Charnacé the elder.

"I did it, sir," replied the nephew, "under the instruction of the teacher provided by my guardian in my tender years."

"I made a great mistake," was the answer, "for which I offer to you as a man, the apology due for the practical misdirection which I gave you as a boy. The Jesuits then most easily furnished private teachers of great ability as well as fine scholarship. And with the Jesuits was hidden the key of political promotion. I thought to serve you, not to hamper you. Would you not do wisely to cut clear of your Superior forever, in respect to what you call your voluntary obedience?"

"What then would become of my promotion, as you are pleased to call it? Only yesterday the General of the Society was pleased to urge upon me priestly vows, in order that I might be placed in charge of the Order in America; it being proposed now to enlarge the work."

"You will I trust give him an evasive answer. Defer your decision until your Acadian business turns to your mind. It will not then be too late, if civil position does not offer."

"There is little safety in delaying obedience to one's Superior, unless one throws up the system altogether," returned the Acadian.

"You can suitably deceive him in your own interest," answered the diplomatist. "You are not bound to speak the truth to him, except in matters of common interest. He does not expect you to do it. Your own interest is personal, yours; the Order has not just claim upon it. You will never reach the highest position in the State, unless you use the Order; do not allow it to use you, except at your convenience."

"I have noticed," said the nephew, "that the Cardinal protects the Jesuits rather than seeks their protection; puts forward the Franciscans; leagues with Lutherans; takes nations out of the Catholic League which the Pope is trying to tie together, — in short he acts like a man not a tool."

"Yes," was the answer, "he uses, in fact, his religious position to aid his political movements; and makes all Europe tributary to the upbuilding of his own individual thought and plan. He has boldly said to the Pope, that France can never be the eldest son of the Church, unless first of all there is a France, respected by Europe; and how to make France respected, he must be the judge, not the

Pope. But he could never compass his end, if he had not the qualities of a diplomatist of the highest rank,—as well as the position of prime minister, and paramount influence in the Church. He works below the surface, concealing his methods, moving as secretly as the hidden cause of the lightning, or the earthquake, or the principle of life in all growing things.”

To his uncle, Charnacé unbosomed all his secret life,—his love for Constance. There could be no more profound and tender sympathy than that of him, whose home had been so much to him that his life was blighted all his years, when it was destroyed by death. The nephew was urged to establish his worldly ambitions upon the basis of a home, to abandon all possible dreams of priestly solitude.

“Our family stock,” said the Baron, “is so constituted that we all yearn with an unspeakable longing for the felicities of domestic life. We are not made for priests, to wed the Church. The holy evangel can never train men, unless there are men to train. We must have full and finely developed manhood; and there is no fair proportion to life without the inspiration of noble women. Mere mechanical obedience to an ecclesiastical power, which is to do all the thinking and all the acting for all the world, without one iota of personal responsibility on the part of any man save to obey a Superior,—would ruin the world, and make manliness impossible. I hope, my dear sir, that you will get out of the ma-

chine, within whose grasp I was so thoughtless as to place you. Then marry. The motherhood of the Church is good ; but you want a wife. You are incomplete without a home."

All this was said in a tender, subdued tone, as of one voicing a great sorrow ; and the Baron arose from the table, and sought seclusion for the remainder of the day.

The Acadian loan was, after many delays, effected with Emmanuel Le Borgue of La Rochelle ; to whom was given as security an area half as large as France, — no small part of which was owned by La Tour and the Scotch, and nobody knew who would claim it before Le Borgue's money might be due. He advanced, first and last an enormous amount for such security. The transactions were completed at the Baron's house, 16 Rue de Grenelle, which is described in the papers as the house which has for a sign the *fleur de lys*, near the olive tree.¹

The legal transfer of the M. Razilly property to Charnacé appears to have been made at the same time ; the acknowledgment being before Messieurs Platrier and Chappelin, Notaries.

It was one of the felicities enjoyed by Charnacé that he belonged to a spy system which wired the world before telegraphs, reaching every part of the civilized and no small part of the barbaric world, — the system of Loyola. By this he kept himself informed of the doings of Constance, as she was

¹ Murdoch's Nova Scotia, I. 96, 97.

completing her purchases in London; and he learned, when too late to intercept her, of her contract with Captain Bayley master of the *Dolphin*, one of Alderman Berkly's ships, to transport her and her freight to St. John.

Charnacé's return voyage to Acadia was to be in a government ship, the *St. Francis*; whose commander would bear La Tour as prisoner of State to France. After long delays he made ready; and embarked from the port of the Associates in Morbihan, some four months later than the sailing of *Constance*.

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XXX.

THE MIDDLE OF THE SEA.

A SEA voyage suited the mood of Charnacé, after his life in Paris. He had become almost as eager to return to Acadia as he had been to leave it. The great city seemed far off, and its citizens lonely, upon the first morning after the shores of France had gone down behind the horizon. He found that his individuality had been favored by America. When alone he sought to imitate his ideal, not pattern after a neighbor who might be small or great.

He easily adjusted himself to sea-going ways, and kept watch with the officers ; not for serving the ship but for serving himself. With the close habits of a student, he observed regular seasons for thinking over his reading, and for self communion ; the dog watch of sunrise or sunset, the long hours before midnight, and sometimes four small hours of the morning. His deck-walking in all weathers was often like being alone in Acadia.

Perhaps he missed his calling, and should have been a poet. He had that sympathetic power by which he could throw himself into the situation of

another; and rhetorical equipment by which to express another's life. Often he had amused himself in this way. In Acadia, Charnacé had learned, at times, to feel as the savages did, to think as they thought; in Paris, he occasionally imagined himself, for the hour, in place of Richelieu, or the General of his Order; in Rome he fancied what might be the interior life of Urban.

It came to him when floating upon the St. Francis, a mere chip upon the ocean,—why not for some days and nights imagine myself to be Constance? It would be next to having her companionship; and at least he would understand her better. Perhaps it was a strange and unwarrantable notion. And what he might think would be doubtless as little like her, as if he were to fancy himself standing in the place of Ariel in the sun. Still, the thought pleased him. It would be not unlike inventing, for his own private sight, a play of Constance, in which she would figure as the principal character.

Night was spreading over the face of the deep, and the stars were coming out, and the surface of the waters was becoming dark,—when this idea of personating Constance first occurred to him, after he had been some weeks at sea.

He had at once a strong feeling of isolation. Surely there was but one Constance; and she must have an abiding sense of being alone, as if upon a small craft in a great ocean, or in a slight shelter

embosomed in a forest covering a hemisphere, or a snow hut in the frozen north, — living alone with her Guardian Angel.

This would never do; he could not easily imagine himself — with all his longing for a home — as so situated. He gazed long and dreamily upon the phosphorescent light in the wake of the ship, or went to the prow to see the lights dash up out of the sea in the little waves tossed from the bows. He even thought to take the place of the figure-head, St. Francis, and stand in his place, — as Constance in lonely watch over the paths of ocean.

When his watch was over, he saw before retiring the Bible, which his uncle had given to him as a memento of Gustavus Adolphus, having in it the King's autograph. Did Constance ever close the day without her Bible? With sleepy eyes he opened the lid. He saw the phrase, in his uncle's handwriting, "Look to this as your Superior."

He had read the Bible to controvert, read it as a theologian, read it for the literature; but the next morning he read, as Constance would do, — for spiritual direction. It could not, he reasoned, be trifling with sacred things, if in his imaginative humor he should hold his mind open to receive the Word as a conclusive moral authority, as Constance would do.

Taking a turn upon deck at noon he saw a solitary sail upon the horizon, the only one sighted in the whole voyage except on either coast. Turning his eyes away for a moment, the ship disappeared as

completely as if she had gone down. A slight mist, so far away as not to be noticed, had intervened. To Charnacé it brought to mind the suddenness with which he had lost sight of Constance at La Rochelle. It was perhaps her fate, perhaps his, to be alone; and how soon might they both be veiled from all earthly sight, and sleep in graves which were already waiting.

When he began his deck watch from eight to twelve, the wind was dropping. The *St. Francis* very sluggishly responded to what little air there was; so that Charnacé, — who imagined himself to be a little sensitive to the heat of the day which continued after sundown, — was glad like a woman to stand in draughts made by the canvas. It may have been in the spirit of Constance that he felt that night, as never before, the mysterious silence of the sea. The air was too still to bring a sound from the rigging, and the sea too still to awaken creaking and moaning among the timbers. The waves were asleep, and the sails idle. Forward, the low voices of the seamen were soon hushed. It may be that the rough fore-castle hands were awed by an unusual presence, as if Constance were upon the man-of-war. There was no need of an officer's footfall, so that Charnacé or Constance heard no sound save the ship's bell.

He kept a double watch; and gave the entire night to reflection upon his studies of the day. It was apparent that the Bible was addressed to every

man alone; God revealing himself to the individual, and holding each man to an account for himself.

He thought over the points in his own career, and his plans for the future. His own isolation bore witness with the Scriptures, that he must make his own destiny. The individuality of the Bible phrases made a great impression upon his mind. "The God with whom we have to do," he said to himself, "must be the God of Constance. Her Superior is the Supreme. With Him, she is ready to die alone, and to go forward to the Judgment alone. She needs no priest, save the Son of Man."

"How delightful it is," he added, as if he were Constance, "that He is called the Son of Man, at no great remove from the sinning and sorrowing; and that we can go straight to him, — without Mary, or a Saint, or a Vicar."

"This never will do," said the solitary watchman, as he heard the step of the second officer, and saw him look aloft. The wind was beginning to draw a little abaft the port beam. "But why will it not do? Have I no right to think for myself? Is not my will free? Is not my conscience individual? In all earthly business I decide for myself, why not in the affairs of my soul? Why may I not receive here the good ship St. Francis a new revelation, as properly as Loyola in the cave of Manresa? Henceforth, I will call no man master. One is my Master, even Christ."

The next afternoon, however, after his long sleep,

he was timid. "I am going," he said, "too far. I will no longer play the part of Constance. But her life is world wide from mine, if she accepts this Book as it is, without priestly comment."

It was one of those days which make a sailor's heart glad; and he imagined himself for the two hours, in which he strode the deck, to be none other than Gilberto the boatswain, of simple faith, and of dutiful love for his toil upon the high seas. It was blowing very fresh, the canvas was stretching to the breeze, St. Francis was rushing through the water, as eagerly as the original saint hastened to seek martyrdom among the Turks. The sun had begun to weaken early in the afternoon, peering out dimly upon the gathering storm. The surface of the sea was rugged. After nightfall, it was of inky blackness. The ship was moving at a great pace. Charnacé turned in, to the music of water bubbling through the starboard scuppers.

True to Gilberto's character, Charnacé prayed to various respectable Italian Saints; and, in his dreams, he again walked the streets of Rome, and he attended service at St. Peter's.

For his next morning studies, he turned, alternately, to Loyola's Letter on Obedience, and to the Swedish King's Bible; having returned to his fancy, that Constance was there studying in his place. "Obedience to whom?" he asked, just as he was called to his mess table. "To God. I find no Bible rule by which all interpretation is to be shifted off

upon another. If I do not obliterate the Word of God and get on without it, — I must decide for myself what it means, as I make my decisions independently in secular affairs."

The evening watch in the long late hours, found the ship pitching a good deal, as Charnacé walked the deck. The waves were heavier, the sky was thick, the wind half a gale. "There can be no middle ground," he said, having by some effort imagined Constance exercising in the wind on deck, — as indeed she might be, for aught he knew, in some other part of the wide ocean. "Either God is manifest now to every disciple, as to those in the Gospel story, or He is not. If He is not, then we need a Vicar; if He is, then we do not need a Vicar."

He listened to the creaking of the spars, and the roaring of the wind on high; and heard the men stumbling along the deck, in obeying the orders of the first officer. He looked astern at the seething foam, the only light in the great darkness, — and said, "Good night, Constance."

"In any event," he thought to himself, going down the companion way, "the course pursued by Constance seems more reasonable, when I imagine myself in her place. I do not see how she can do otherwise and be loyal to her God. And if she really seeks the guidance of the Divine Spirit to interpret to her the Word, as she used to say, and as I find her directed to do in the Word itself, she

is probably as near right as she can be outside the pale of the true Church."

The next walk, by day, Charnacé tried to place himself in imaginative sympathy with Francisco Brogi, whom he had detested at sight, who was nevertheless—as a special favor to his old confessor Arrighi—to be one of his own military household. He was an Italian officer; who had won a great reputation in Portugal, in aiding John, duke of Braganza to recover his kingdom. Having never been upon a long voyage before, he was now thoroughly sea-sick, and nearly dead, as he expressed it. This tickled the risibles of Charnacé, who conjured up all sorts of odd contrasts, between the famous fights General Brogi had been in, and his present condition. He fancied the terror produced in Brogi's mind by the sight of the hilly horizon, and the foaming succession of waves; by the booming of the seas against the bows of the ship; by the howling of the wind; by the shaking of the sails; by the clanking of the chain sheets; by the plunging of the vessel; by the seas shipped over the bulwarks.

Suddenly he lost his cue, and said—to the face of the wind—"Even Constance would beat him for a sailor,—perhaps as a soldier."

The occupation of Charnacé had been serious as well as amusing. He had desired to see things from the stand point occupied by Constance. And now he was more than ever persuaded, that the universal

harmonies demanded their union even in this life. He must have a home. He was done with the Church, as a profession.

Now in these wild hours of storm he was exhilarated, and lifted above himself; and as he had often walked with Constance upon the fortifications of La Rochelle when they were children together, to watch the violence of the sea and the curling crests, when the Atlantic broke, shock on shock, against the immovable battlements, so now he imagined that she was with him, hand in hand, outlooking upon the illimitable drifts of foam white as the snows of Acadia, or listening in strange glee to the heavy flapping of the canvas and the rigging screeching in the gale.

"Perhaps Constance is praying for me at this moment," said Charnacé, as a heavy thud — like an iron billow — struck the bows of the ship.

When he still keeping to his usual thoughts opened his Bible, later in the day, he stumbled upon a passage that threw light upon the duty of a married woman, as Constance must understand it. He searched, and satisfied himself of how she must feel, or was bound by her Book to feel toward him. He carried the Book on deck, and flung it into the boiling sea. "With her fanaticism," he said, "she may think it her religious duty never even to see me. Shall I be separated from her forever, without one word?"

And he listened gladly to the sullen thunder of

the sea striking the *St. Francis*. He gazed upon the desolate gloom of the ocean around him. The straining timber of the ship was music to his ears. Charnacé had felt annoyed with himself, that he had been so near Constance, and yet so far from her, at his mother's grave. He ought to have spoken to her; even if his own wickedness had startled the dead. "Perhaps," he thought, "she saw me; and would not speak to me. She may have distrusted me. My love could not have been known to her. I will see her; and show her my heart, my repentance toward her and my God."

He could not sleep, he would not sleep. His heart complained louder than the groaning ship. Would it not have been better if he had chosen his portion with the fat and oiled priests he saw in Paris, who had been his schoolmates? Alas for him, he said, that he had a conscience,—that he could not do as they did.

Past midnight the clouds were torn by the changing wind, as it cross-plowed the skies. The rising and falling of the ship amid the thumping seas; the appearance of the planets; the paling of the stars before the moon slowly rising from the deep; the sheen of the low satellite upon the troubled waters; the skurrying clouds; the struggling light of the dawn faintly appearing,—all awakened in the heart of the lonely watcher echoes as tempestuous as the sea.

He briefly rehearsed his religious experience; but he could awaken no interest in his heart for the sal-

vation of men. He was conscious of one absorbing passion,—to gain his point against La Tour, to see Constance, to establish his home.

But when the moon was high, illuminating distant spaces of the sea, his illuminating conscience also arose, and he determined to quit Constance forever. How could he appear as her lover? The great gulf yawning before him at La Rochelle, was now deeper and wider. Would he not at this season come upon some body of floating ice from the north? Could he not make some excuse to ride the seas upon an ice floe? Could he not find some way of escape, before the St. Francis should enter the Bay of Fundy?

At day dawn, however, it was clear enough that he was still Governor of Acadia; upon a government ship,—in pursuit of a deadly enemy. His passions had been awakened by the war; and they could not be stilled. He would fight for a home; make a home for himself at the cannon's mouth.

Within the hour, Constance was under the guns of the St. Francis.

XXXI.

THE SUIT OF THE DOLPHIN.

IF Constance had set up for a saint, the devil's advocate — commissioned by the usages of the Church to oppose her canonization by cataloguing her sins — would have made much of her exasperated state of mind in regard to Captain John Bayley, who had been six months in a voyage requiring two, — having spent his time in trading with the Indians in the Bay of Chaleurs, and at Cape Breton. If Constance had known in early May what she knew late in August about Captain Bayley, she would have had her light stuff set ashore, and packed across the country from Point Du Chêne or either of several trading stations made by the Dolphin, — then she could have summered at home, and her goods could have been handled; as it was, the La Tour trade for the season was nearly ruined by the Captain's delay. But Bayley was not in the slightest degree savage or ugly about it; upon the other hand he was the most accommodating creature in the world. He was always about to move on.

Constance talked to Roger Williams — who was on board with his Rhode Island Charter — and Roger

Williams talked to Constance; until they were both as dry as the Breton herring. They read the *Areopagitica* together, — then new to the reading world; and discussed English politics. And Williams volunteered his views in regard to the peculiar government of Massachusetts Bay. Constance and Williams both improved in piety, and in their notions of civil freedom; and they grew old together. But Captain Bayley kept on trading with the Indians.

When he was satisfied that he could not make anything more out of his peltry — for that season, he began to think about Williams, who had remarked that the nations were waiting to see his Charter unrolled upon Narragansett Bay; and to think about the French woman, who insisted that her husband's fort might be lost altogether before the arrival of her London guns and powder, and that in such event the Captain would lose his freight and passage money.

Captain Bayley finally drew his lumbering old brig out upon the road he ought to have travelled over early in the season, — just in time to be caught in the late August storm. Aside from what gave way by decay, through lapse of time, the *Dolphin* suffered little damage, and was proceeding as leisurely as she could toward Cape Sable, when she was overhauled by the *St. Francis*.

The night visions of Constance had been upon the high hills and bold cliffs of Acadia, and the rushing seas of Fundy; where the flashing brine was salter, and the sparkling waters brighter, than any other in

the world to her. Awakened early by her mother heart upon the day when she hoped to reach home, she thought to look out, and see the swell break over ledges far from shore; possibly she might see the white line upon the coast. It was so near the day-dawn, that she had little expectation of discerning anything, save the tumult of the waves after the storm.

She saw the *St. Francis*, — looming up largely in the imperfect light, — and bearing down upon the *Dolphin*. Constance could only make out that it was a French man-of-war, — lying over to the star-board; and stealthily advancing through the heavy water. Charnacé, at the same moment, heard, against the wind, the faint songs of the seamen and the rumbling of the yards, as the *Dolphin* was making more sail. The wind was dying out, and likely to fall calm; but the *St. Francis* was a good seagoing craft, and was soon sliding past the brig within hail.

It had now become light enough for Charnacé to read the name of the Englishman, *The Dolphin*. It was the ship Constance had sailed in from London. He saw a woman near the wheel. Could it be Constance? Constance saw a form at the prow of the stranger; and the light so shone upon his features as to suggest to her the thought of Charnacé. She went below quickly. Meeting Captain Bayley at the companion way, she communicated her belief that the Frenchman was bound for *Castle La Tour*, and that the *Dolphin* might be wanted.

The hail of Novelais, the *St. Francis* commander, brought out the information that Captain John Synderland of the *Dolphin*, straight from the Thames and bound for Massachusetts Bay,¹ would like to get his bearings, if the *St. Francis* had any idea what part of the sea they were in, after the blow.

"We want to talk with Captain Bayley."

"Captain Bayley is in London. He came out in the *Dolphin* last spring, and returned to England in June."

This tallied with what Charnacé knew of the sailing of the *Dolphin* under Bayley in February or March, and was not unlikely true. Incredible as it might be to the religious mind of Novelais, that he was liable to pick up a Protestant in the ocean who would tell him the truth, it was more incredible to Charnacé, that Bayley had been six months cruising the Atlantic with *Constance* in search of *St. John*. So Charnacé and *Constance* sailed away from each other as fast as they could.

Captain Synderland proved to be of much more lively temperament than Bayley had been for the past six months; and he shook out his reefs, crowded on what sail he could, and headed for Boston. He had a voice like a ship's gun; and was better armed than most merchantmen. This probably saved him some impertinence from the Saint with his black tiers of guns.

Captain John Bayley had better success with the

¹ Compare with Winthrop's account, II. 192.

French man-of-war Francis, than with the French woman-of-war Constance. She sued him for damages. Without cash in hand, she could do nothing in Boston. Fra Marie was reported, as still cruising for the Dolphin, as he had been all summer. Bayley's failure to land her, according to contract, made it needful for Constance to hire an armed escort to take her and her freight to St. John. Bayley, and his owner, Alderman Berkly of London, must pay the cost of carrying her to Acadia; and make good to General La Tour the losses occasioned by delay.

Light hearted La Tour had been made heavy hearted, thinking that Constance and the Rhode Island Charter had foundered at sea. Perhaps the Bay people took the more kindly to Constance and her suit, since her genial husband had left Boston only eight days before her arrival. He had been treated with the utmost honor and respect. Unlimited hospitality had been proffered; and much powder was burned upon the occasion of his sailing down the harbor, — this time a salute from the Castle, the solitary occupant of former months having been reinforced. General La Tour's vast energy, his power to combine men, his ability to command confidence, and his apparently inexhaustible resources, made him a host of friends. Madame La Tour met, therefore, with a cordial reception, — as well on his account as upon her own.

To the credit of the Endicott government be it spoken, — Captain Bayley was not hung at sight;

public indignation was great, — but the forms of law were observed. Roger Williams had prepared the mind of Constance for that. He had told her, that the Bay people would do just what they had a mind to; but they would legalize it.

That freedom from English law and precedent, which led in the end to the largest liberty, was already manifest in the spirit of the colonial leaders. They had centuries of the elements of English liberty behind them, and the civil wars at home made it impossible for the government to take effective notice of any irregularities alleged concerning colonists over the sea.¹

¹ Lechford's *Plaine Dealing* shows that he labored with the "lords-brethren" to do things regularly, as to legal proceedings, and at least to keep records. He thought they exercised powers beyond the intent of the home government, and made pretensions of being wiser than the English law (pp. 83-86). The not recording appears to have been of set purpose; they intended to create an American law and liberty, and did not want their work overhauled by the crown. The French Refugee of 1687 could not persuade the wily authorities to tell him about their courts; they professed to know nothing about them. The bright Frenchman's report, however, gives us the most that we know about the early legal proceedings of the Bay, — save the important information in Lechford. It appears that the magistrates advised the parties to a quarrel;¹ then acted the part of advocates;² then adjudicated upon them! They considered this fairer than the employment of lawyers; and allowed Lechford to try only one case. In that one, he lobbied with the jury privately; it was probably a habit he brought from England. After two years, he tried his hand at hoeing corn, and at advising the colony for its better ordering and for the conversion of Indians; then returned whence he came.

¹ Mem. Hist. Boston, I. p. 503.

² Lechford, p. 86.

The disposition of the Bay authorities to act promptly in the direction they thought to be right, whether it was legal or not, had been illustrated within sixty days of the arrival of Bayley. A Frenchman, whose name has not come down to us,¹ was suspected of being an incendiary. Nothing was proved against him; but he was compelled to pay the cost of the so called court of justice, stand in the pillory, have both ears cut off, and give £500 bonds for good behavior!

Bayley and his consignee were arrested; and they had to surrender a part of the ship's cargo, subject to the findings of the court, before they could be released. The trial came off in the meeting house.² It was at a special session, before all the magistrates, and a jury of the principal men.³ After giving her testimony, Constance retired to her chamber at Major Gibones' house.

It was argued upon the one side, that Madame La Tour ought not to go to St. John; that it would make trouble with Charnacé. Upon the other side, the facts were presented, and the justice of the claim. In making the plea for Madame La Tour, the Reverend John Wilson created a great sensation, by announcing the news, which had just arrived, of the battle of Marston Moor, July second.

¹ Savage's Police Records, p. 18.

² *Plaine Dealing*, p. 84, indicates this as the place of holding the great quarter courts.

³ Hanney's *Acædia*, p. 166.

The jury gave Madame La Tour £2000 damages. The attached cargo proved to be worth only £1100; and the Boston merchants took £700 of that, for three ships to escort, *vi et armis*, Madame to her husband.¹

The delays of the law kept Constance in Boston longer than had been anticipated. Socially, a great number were added to her friends. A profound respect filled her mind for the deep piety, and good sense of the men she met. The possibilities of a new country opened before her. It cost only £20, to make a good settlement for a family of four persons. At Rodislan, Roger Williams' country, that amount of money would buy one hundred acres of good land; and if one chose to put part of the money into furnishing his log cabin, he could have three years in which to pay for the land, by adding one fifth to his purchase money. The £30 paid to Blaxton for all the Shawmut peninsula, save six acres reserved, had already proved a sagacious investment.

The heart of Constance was full of those plans for New France, which had they been successful would have put a new face upon Acadia, making it one of the most thriving States of the world. She had thrown off the French notion of dividing the soil

¹ Alderman Berkly of London, — Captain Bayley's principal, — soon afterwards arrested Governor Winthrop's son Stephen, the Recorder of the Court, and Captain James Weld, one of the jury, when they visited England; and would have made them much trouble by legal proceedings, — which in that age were more lawless in London than in Boston, — had not Sir Henry Vane interfered.

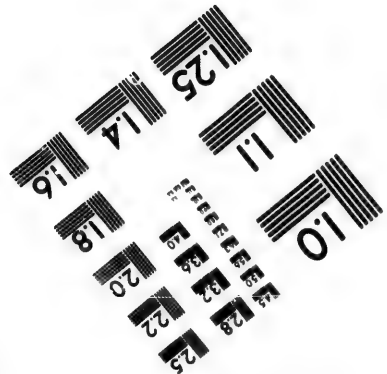
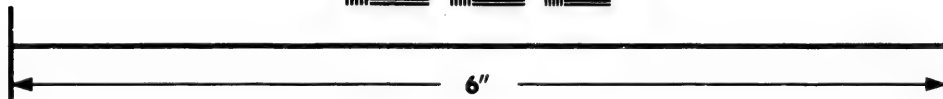
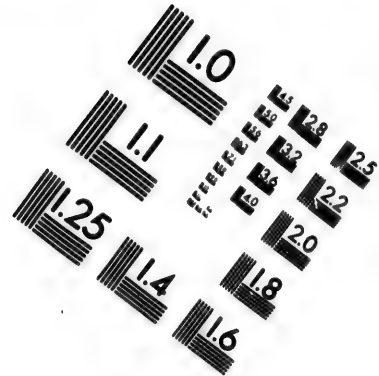
between lords; and sought to build up in Acadia the domestic home, the Christian home of Protestant faith, assuring to each settler an ownership of the soil, and laying the foundation of permanent prosperity.

the mere handful of four hundred French grants to Acadia, who naked of means broke the ground, with determination not to give the lie to the traditions of thrifty France, — now about one hundred thousand in number, all descended from the four hundred old Acadians, — we should have had a grand Protestant French nation, who even if under English rule would exercise a vast influence upon this continent. But upon the other hand, by the time this feeble band of four hundred had increased to two thousand, the English colonies south had a population of more than a quarter of a million. The English themselves neglected Acadia, when it came into their possession; and it has been accorded no such place in the world's history, as it had in the dreams and wise plans of Constance. Since each of the original French colonists is now represented by two hundred and fifty souls, her work would have become one of the great world-forces had she not so early won the crown of martyrdom.¹

Constance was, at the time of her second visit to Boston, in all the flush and fire of the earlier years of her womanhood; at twenty eight, — of modest de-

¹ Consult M. Rameau, *Colonie Féodale en Amérique. L'Acadie*. Paris, 1877. Pages 272, 273, 354, 360-62.





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meanor, of singular beauty, with eyes which became one of the traditions of the Bay, of clear cut religious character, of strong personal magnetism, and the mental acuteness and practical benevolence of Anne Hutchinson,—without her taste for discussing doubtful, difficult, and nonessential points in theology, and without her sharpness of speech. No wonder that Madame La Tour won the hearts of Winthrop and Cotton and the eminent men of the colony.

Of all the noble women figuring in the early Records, there is no one to whom so high praise is given by every historian alluding to her, as Constance of Acadia. The men of that day, who had it in them to found a nation, looked upon her as every way their equal in the handling of affairs. And Louis the king, and the intriguers at his court, accounted her a full match,—to be overcome only by heavy artillery. She must be met by battalions, as Joan of Arc.

“It is not of my choosing,” said Constance to Margarett Gibones, as she embarked for Castle La Tour; “but I must go, and engage in this warfare.”

XXXII.

CASTINE.

WHEN General La Tour declined to be ironed and bundled alive into the St. Francis and the Bastile, Roland Capon certified to the fact that he declined, and the certificate was sent to Louis XIII. by the St. Francis.

Charnacé returned to the Bay of the Rio Hermoso,¹ not a little out of humor. He cannot be said to have been of violent temper, unless at times; but his self will now and then got the better of him, and maintained itself in a quiet way for a long time against his reason and his conscience. It had been perhaps this great moral blunder, which was the cause of all his woes. His early decision to follow Palladio instead of Constance, was, in part, a decision not to give up his will to a woman. He could decide for himself, and he did decide.

When Fra Marie saw, at the landing, that his master was out of tune, it pleased his humor to make the Governor more so, by placing in a conspicuous position the £50 sedan, which Winthrop had shipped

¹ Charnacé made an elaborate attempt, in his correspondence and official reports, to revive the name given to the Penobscot by Spanish explorers, — Rio Hermoso, the Beautiful River.

to Pentagouët as an offset for the damages and chagrins of Passageewakeag.

Charnacé was furious. He had hated sedans, — then recently invented, — since he saw the one by which Constance escaped at La Rochelle.

"A Puritan city in truth!" he said, his nostrils expanding, and his lips curling in scorn. "The Governor takes a gift from a pirate, and bestows it on the chief magistrate of a neighboring jurisdiction, in payment of a just debt. If I were in the second-hand furniture business, I would ask Winthrop to send out his pirates, and bring me twelve dozen such chairs as this; and then I'd call it square between us."

He took up a four foot birch stick from the hearth-side, and laid it across his knees; as he sat fronting the low fire, upon that early September night. CIPHERING upon it, he asked Marie, —

"Did you give him a receipt : the bill of damages?"

"Certainly not. I gave him plenty of palaver for his present, and put the bill in my pocket. We shall, I suppose, collect it, — after we take Fort La Tour."

"The saints sink La Tour!" exclaimed Charnacé, throwing his birch upon the fire. When the fresh blaze lighted up the room, and sent the deep shadows slinking behind the tables and benches, the Governor of Acadia arose and strode up and down the low long room, — his shadow moving up and down the south wall.

"I've just reckoned," he said to Marie, "that it will take thirteen dozen and four of this sample to pay my bill. If I had enough of them, it would pay me to go into the business. You can take the pinnacle, the St. Joe, to-morrow, and, under my hand and seal, ask the Puritans to send me down twelve dozen sedans of this pattern. Then I'll charter a Boston ship, and hire Winthrop for a supercargo; and have him go round to all the viceroys in the world and their sisters, and peddle them out. I suppose the Bay people would rather pay in barter than in money; and they'll make something handsome in disposing of them."

Early next morning, pacing up and down in front of his blazing hearth, waiting for the breakfast call, he said to his apparently obsequious companion in the office, — "Marie, I have decided to teach the Tarratines the use of firearms; then let the Puritans look to it, if they impose on their neighbors. You may set an effigy of John Cotton in the sedan; and give the thing to our Indians to shoot at."

The wickerwork was taken out, and made up into pots for catching silver eels; and the sedan, and the puritan preacher in it, were shot to pieces within a few months.

"For downright lying, commend me to the Protestants," said Francisco Brogi to the Governor. "Madame La Tour was upon the Dolphin, after all."

Fra Marie, in the St. Joe, went to Boston with ten men, before Constance left; and demanded that

Endicott should allow no aid to be rendered in sending her to St. John.

"She is," he reported, "the cause of all La Tour's contempt and rebellion; and her flight from France was contrary to the order of the king."¹

Marie had no hope of getting Constance from Gibones and Hawkins and Winthrop in their own town, — particularly under the guns of the Castle garrison. But he did expect to learn when she would sail. Her escort narrowly escaped attack upon the open seas, by the failure of the fleet's commander to take the wind according to Marie's calculation.

Ex-Governor Winthrop was gathering his apples, when Marie sailed down the harbor; and Governor Charnacé was at his farm up the Biguyduce, — when the envoy returned from observing the lay of the land for making a French attack on Boston whenever occasion should serve. The French, though few in Acadia, did not doubt their ability to take whatever they wanted in America by help of the home government.

In all of Marie's acquaintance with Charnacé, he had never known him to be so enraged. The Governor did well to be angry. About the time Marie left for Boston, Charnacé in cruising came upon Messrs. Vine of Saco, Shirt of Pemaquid, and Wamerton of Mason's Grant, en route for St. John, as they said, to collect bills from La Tour. Charnacé kept them as prisoners for several days; experimenting upon them,

¹ Hubbard, second ed., 487.

as to how they liked the different kinds of Boston dishes,—which his cook was attempting upon Fra Marie's suggestion. Wamerton was of ungovernable temper, and, upon his return from St. John, picked up twenty men well armed, and went to the Governor's farm. The laborers ran for the house. The irate New Hampshire man rapped with knuckles of granite. The laborers fired, killing Wamerton and another man, and wounding several more. The building and outhouses were burned, and the cattle and farm-animals killed, and the crops destroyed.

Marie was sent back to Boston with a threat, that the Governor of Acadia would burn every colonial ship venturing east of the Penobscot. Endicott wrote a fierce letter in reply. Marie was sent to Versailles with Endicott's letter, and a long account of the outrage upon the fort-farm. The French court returned a dignified letter, stating that they would help him against La Tour, but they could not properly make war with the English on account of his cows and keepers and fodder.¹

Charnacé had no taste for farming. He loved to wander over the fertile lands, and the agreeable environs of the fort.² A taste to be always shooting something was now developed in him by his mood. He frequented the cranberry meadows, to watch for wild geese settling near.

¹ The farm is said, in the Wamerton account, to have been called Penobscot, — very likely on account of its being a "rocky place." It was at the head of the Northern Bay, on the Biguynuce.

² Charlevoix.

The Indians fringed the rivers with their weirs; no small shipments of fish were made to Europe. Charnacé was in no temper to study; and he engaged in fishing, or almost anything that offered, to take up his time. He was dissatisfied with himself and everybody else. He had a work to do, not to his mind; to the end — that his mind might be suited. His moral sensibilities were in his way; his mind was at war with itself.

It being his wish to inure himself to every kind of hardship, until he should be as tough as an Indian, — knowing not what strain there might be upon his nervous system in months next coming, — he ascended, before the winter set in, the Rio Hermoso, upon a long hunting trip; thinking, devout as he was, that he would undertake the conversion of the Tarratines in their own country. He was perhaps in as good a frame as he could well expect to be, either to convert savages or to shoot moose. Wild meat might be prepared for the expedition; and wild Indians made into allies, whatever might become of their souls.

XXXIII.

RIO HERMOSO.

ENTERING, by the still reaches of the Hermoso, into the mighty wilderness, Charnacé became at once more robust in body and spirit. There had come to be now no doubt in his mind, that peoples and individuals, when brought into direct contact with the Word of God and the All-revealing Spirit by prayer, were as likely to carry forward life's duties intelligently as if guided by any Vicar or General not omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, or infinite in wisdom and love.

He could, however, and would cling to what was highest and holiest in the life of a Jesuit missionary. Might he wholly renounce his ambitions of glory in the Old World? Could he wholly devote himself to the improvement of the Acadian aborigines? This work, although not so much to his mind as fingering the court at Versailles, was possible. He would now stop at the mouth of the Kenduskeag stream, where he might sometime establish the mission of St. Ignatius, and persuade Indian youth to go down the river to Fra Leo's school.¹

¹ The copper sheet, 8×10, which was placed by the Franciscan in the foundation of his new school building after the death of

Charnacé had ceased to use the devotional manuals of his church, contenting himself with occasionally reading in the Psalms of David,—which had just enough of a warlike vindictive spirit to suit him,—and extempore prayer, or the prayer of our Lord.

It was when he was teaching the Kenduskeag Indians the Lord's prayer, that he came to a perfect stand still. In expounding to the savages, he caught a glimpse of his own savage unforgiving spirit; and telling his hearers that there was no more of the prayer—for that day—he climbed to the highest point of land south of the Kenduskeag, and there reviewed the situation.

His present feeling toward La Tour was that of contempt. He had seen men since going abroad. La Tour was a mere backwood's man, fit for the company of the Indians, but with no soul for art, poetry, literature, or even religion; with absolutely no appreciation of the intellectual character and moral beauty of Constance. Charnacé did not admit to himself, that there was jealousy at the bottom of his heart; although he never could forget, that, when he caught a glimpse of Thomas à Kempis at Cape Sable, his first impulse had been to sabre his rival upon the spot. He did remember,—and it came up to him so vividly as the sun was going down over the vast forest in the west, and the lights were changing on the

Charnacé, erected by the Governor's money, was discovered at Castine in 1863:—"1648, Jan. 8. I, Fra Leo, of Paris, Capuchin Missionary, laid this foundation in honor of our Lady of Hope."

stretches of the Hermoso, — that his heart had never ceased to beat with uncontrollable anguish whenever he thought of Constance, as connected even remotely with La Tour; and that the name La Tour aroused the demon in his breast.

He put it solely upon a suitable revenge for La Tour's affront in raising the blockade, and defeating him in battle. He had been humiliated by his adversary in the eyes of Paris, — not to allude to the New Englanders.

When he sat gloomily among the saturnine warriors at the night fire, he felt a strange sympathy for the revenges they cherished in their hearts. The flaming fires of the aurora were lighting up the north, like the kindlings of war. He could not, however, lose himself in sleep, without asking, — "What would Constance say, if she could read my heart? She would pray for me, just as she used to do when we were children."

Next morning, although it was a sharp air, he took his long gun, and walked up the right bank of the Kenduskeag. He paused on the verge of the great cliff of sheer rock, a little way up the picturesque stream; and under an arbor vitæ shelter kneeled to pray. He stopped short at "Thy will be done." He impiously said, — "My will be done;" and strode grimly along through the thick forest, following the windings of the water.

It had been made clear to him, that his intellectual knowledge of God had never led him to submit his

will; that his tastes, his ambitions, had been his own; that even his religious exercises, if not looked upon as meritorious, were at least pleasing to his poetic sentiment, which was gratified by the thought of a God somewhere in the universe. Conscious of self-seeking, he saw now that his own love for Constance had been selfish. He had desired his own happiness, not hers.

It made him intolerably wretched, when he discovered there,—under a wild apple tree, gnarled and scrubby, upon the margin of a deep pool where he was watching the leaping of the trout,—that the true definition of friendship is an unselfish love. He had never even loved Constance, he had loved himself. To gratify himself he had desired her; as if this messenger of God had no other mission than to become his companion.

Then he wept with the strong agony of a man in the fulness of his years. He could not make up his mind to accept the inevitable outcome of his intellectual processes. His will had never been thwarted by any one save Constance; and the contest was not even yet decided between them. It was to be decided soon. His will rose straight against the wall.

"I will," he said, "at least be frank with God. If I mean 'my will be done,' I will not say 'Thy will be done.'"

He strode on with his long gun, and his heart of iron. He moved over the charred highlands; amid burdocks, thistles, and fire weed killed by frosts;

amid hazel clumps and small birches, — or under gaunt hornbeams towering over the burnt district. He gazed on the desolate rocks bemoaning their stern destiny, under bare branches swaying in the chilling wind. Then he turned toward the sunlighted, gently moving stream; over which dead trees — rising weird-like above the live growth — were leaning to catch their own images mirrored below.

He saw the timid fawn approach to drink; and there was game in all his pathless wandering, — but he never discharged his piece that day. He stood motionless, if he saw a fox stealing along the edge of an opening, or if a buck was nibbling tufts of grass upon the sunny side of a thicket of hemlocks. "These creatures," he said, "do not think. They have no sense of right and wrong; no conscience, no God."

He came upon a wolf, in the great patch of burned timber five miles from the mouth of the stream. Remaining in one position, — as if he had been a dead tree, or a man cut out of the heartless rocks, — he saw the wolf make a find of a young doe killed yesterday, for which the Indian hunter had not yet returned. The wolf slunk away to call his pack. Charnacé shouldered the doe, carried it some distance and threw it across a boulder; then watched for the wolf's return. The pack killed the wolf, which had — as they believed — lied to them.

"If all human liars," said the philosophic hunter, to the avenging wolves, "had been treated the same way, I should not be here to see."

"I cannot pray honestly, if I have no true desire that God's will may be done," repeated Charnacé to his shadow, when before sunset he had crossed the stream, and stood upon the hill he climbed the evening before. "I can, however, read Thomas à Kempis for my devotions."

He opened first at this page, then that, finding nothing to which he would give willing assent:—"The glory and privilege of a good man consists in the testimony of his own mind; for this is a perpetual feast and triumph." "Prosperity itself cannot procure ease and content to a guilty, and self-condemning breast." "The man thou seest so gay, so seemingly full of delight, is galled and stung within." "Man himself is his own worst enemy."

In the evening, however, Charnacé re-read all these passages, at the great fire; and, out of the fulness of his heart, preached a long sermon to the Indian warriors.

Next morning he resumed his trip up the river, ascending the West Branch. Upon the great slide of Katahdin, so desolate, he dreamed of Constance. In his waking moments,—it was the Sabbath,—he asked himself:—

"Has she always climbed upward, since coming to Acadia? Have I stood still? Or am I even worse? If I am worse, do I care?"

Charnacé, upon Lake Millenoket, moved about in the shadow of the planet; setting on fire one after another of the wooded islands in the night. The fringes of fire along the water side pleased his wild

humor; and the great illumination, when the wind arose and the fires were well under way, made the heavens black as sackcloth, — which also pleased his grim humor. The crackling flames, the leaping lights, diverted him, like a storm of fire.

The run down the Hermoso was soon made; his last night of camping being upon the heights near those great ledges that rise on the east side of the Beautiful River, a little above the mouth of the Kenduskeag stream. The clouds of the first great snow fall were already filling the sky.

By this time, Charnacé's mental pendulum was swinging violently, uncontrollably, toward his great love. He would brook no obstacle. He had now decided it to be foolish for him to analyze his friendship for Constance, whether it were selfish or unselfish; he only knew, that his heart was desolate; that he was going to a fort, — not to a home; that he had no home, unless in the presence of Constance. Whether she might love him, was not to the point; he loved her. He envied Castle La Tour every hour of joy in it. Ambitions were, for now, set one side; he would first have a home.

"Luther," he muttered through his teeth as he watched his shadow among the pines, when he walked in front of his great camp fire that night, "embroiled the Holy Church, and disturbed all Europe, for the love he bore his wife. He was a domestic sort of a man, and he wanted to marry. I do not blame him. I want a home."

Still, the next morning, gliding down the river in the fast falling snow, Charnacé could not but return to the question, whether Constance would smile upon him, when he should see her, now so soon. Could he hope to win her love, — by battle? His secret life, — the state of his will before God and the spirit he exercised toward all made in God's image, — must be such as Constance would approve; or she would never love him.

The course he was to pursue was, however, all marked out for him; although he did not know it.

XXXIV.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

WHEN Constance returned home after her long absence of almost a year and a half, the body of Claude la Tour had been laid to rest upon the banks of the Ouangondy, to await the resurrection. Already many months had gone by; and the grass had grown thriftily upon the new grave, and been nipped by the early frosts; and the mound was now covered by dead leaves, and awaiting the snowfall.

No change of earthly circumstances, not even the neighborhood of the death-angel, the absence of his wife, or the danger to his home, could quite subdue the never failing spirits of Charles la Tour; who, perhaps enlivened by his wife's return, kept the castle roaring with his mirth for six weeks. Henrietta had spent the autumnal evenings upon the latest book order from England, — Fuller's Holy and Profane State, and his Holy War; and the last three books of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity; but La Tour had seized upon the works of Ben Jonson; and the brightest of his retainers he drilled in Shakspeare, — in an illuminated clearing, thickly set about

with hemlock and cedar, where the uproariousness of the evening theatricals would amuse his savages, without compromising the dignity of the military post he held under Louis XIII. That his King had already turned traitor to him who held Pentagoët for France, excited no wonder on La Tour's part; and hardly clouded the face of the gay Frenchman.

Takouchin and Pitchibat brought news of the formidable war preparations at the Bay of Rio Hermoso; and La Tour bestirred himself in every way possible to prevent the fall of calamity. He had been put to great loss upon his season's trade by Bayley's delay in delivering his goods; so that in August he had mortgaged his fort and all his real and personal property to Major Gibones for a £2500 loan. The goods at hand would be of little service till next season. La Tour, therefore, opened logging camps, and set his men to make the most of their winter; then went to Boston to procure if practicable more ammunition, and — if it could be compassed — temporary service of men against Charnacé.

He had no sooner gone, than Mirabaud and Oriani, friars whom La Tour still maintained in his allegiance to Louis, began so to conduct themselves that Constance contemptuously sent them adrift, instead of hanging them, as the spies of Charnacé. They at once communicated with the enemy; reporting La Tour as absent, — only fifty men in the fort, — and the magazine low.¹ In his later days, it was one of

¹ Consult Hanney's *Acadia*, pp. 143, 170.

the stings in his unrest, that he had ever sent them into the fort ; but it was the knowledge Charnacé had of her kindness of heart, that emboldened him to impose upon her. He did not believe that Constance would hang them.

The hour had now come ; the favorable condition for an attack. When Charnacé returned from his expedition up the Hermoso, he found, by no great penetration, that he was not wholly the master. He had set in motion influences now beyond his control. The great machine was whirling by a power not his own. The slightest individual resistance on his part would grind him to powder. It was known to his Superior, that he could not quite be depended upon, that he might have ulterior views in regard to Constance. His Jesuitical secretary, Roland Capon, was under instructions from head-quarters. Fra Marie, just then absent, was under instructions other than those of the Governor. And General Francisco Brogi, who had come out as chief officer to Charnacé, proved to be the special emissary of the Jesuit authorities in Paris ; and already, not knowing what he did, the Governor had placed him in practical charge of the war upon Castle La Tour.

The war spirit could not now be quenched by any variation in the mood of Charnacé : who upon some days felt like a Governor carrying out a plan in the name of France ; and upon other days like a lover, not knowing how best to win his way ; and again

like a man with moral sense uppermost, — determined to do right come what would. The conscience of Charnacé was not unlike the moon; of varying phases of fulness, and occasionally eclipsed altogether. He was so susceptible to the influences by which he was surrounded, during December and January, that Charnacé felt very keenly the belittling circumstances in which he was placed.

When alone with his God, he only lacked a little of courageously confessing that he had been in the wrong. He almost proposed to himself to do right by La Tour. He even dreamed one night, that he saw Constance surrounded by armed legions of angels; and that they disappeared or reappeared according to his changing purpose, to do what was right or to continue in the wrong.

Midwinter days, however, found him in the lawless temper of a feudal lord, who knew no will but his own. And he even placed his hand upon the remorseless iron wheel, to make it move the faster, to crush Castle La Tour and Protestantism in Acadia. He could not stay its motion; and he would not, if he could. He became inexpressibly tired of the great white world in which he lived, the interminable winter; any thing but this. He was glad then, when he heard the report of the false friars, that the hour was drawing near for which they had waited.

With explicit instructions to Brogi to spare life, and to insure that no harm should come to Constance, — to which the wily Jesuit soldier readily

assented, — Charnacé set sail in three ships for the St. John.

In answer to the fire of the men-of-war, Constance took her place in one of the bastions, and directed the firing.¹ Her first shot killed three men upon Charnacé's own ship; and the second as many more. Charnacé had forgotten that, when as a boy he had learned the artillery practice with Constance at La Rochelle, she had far surpassed him in the accuracy of her firing.

By the time the ships had delivered their third broadside, with no more effect upon the stone fort than if they had fired into the rocky cliffs overhanging the tide, the fort was all ablaze with guns. The ships were riddled. Twenty men were killed, and thirteen wounded. The water rushed in at the apertures made in the wooden walls by the cannon shot; and still Castle La Tour maintained its deadly fire. The wind had sprung up from the east, and they could not get out of range without warping. They had to run ashore behind Bruyeres' Point, to keep from sinking. Brogi's confidence in his much boasted improved artillery which he had himself selected had kept the ships in position too long. The great precision of the gun service from the fort gave occasion to the New England historians to speak gallant words for Madame La Tour.²

¹ Hanney's Acadia, p. 170.

² There is, however, no occasion for the contrast made between the courage and military efficiency of Constance and her husband, by Hubbard, — pp. 493, 497.

Lemoine, one of the men who had visited Boston with Fra Marie, and who was not lacking in humor, was put in irons by the infuriated Brogi for venturing to tell the pertinent story of John Josselyn, Gent., who gathered a live wasps'-nest in the woods on Noddle's Island, mistaking it for fruit, growing like a pineapple.

The shock of his defeat was to Charnacé like the opening of the earth by powers of darkness below the crust. While the ships were repairing, making them safe to return to Pentagoët, he went to the height of Partridge Island; and there lay down under a juniper tree, more disconsolate than any disappointed man of God in far off ages. He was thoroughly angry,—angry with himself, angry with La Tour, angry with Constance, angry with his Jesuits. But anger is the least of the evils of war. The darkness and ruin of the hour, the world of woe within him, had been preparing of long time.

The more he thought of it, the more angry he became. He believed that he did well to be angry. Had he set up and worshipped the image of Constance in his heart for all these years, only to be beaten by her in a fair fight with great guns? He had pictured her as still the angelic heroine of La Rochelle; he had forgotten the generations of fighting blood in her veins.

If he had now remaining in his bosom one unextinguished spark of manhood, he would take that fort, or die in doing it. Should he succeed, or not succeed,

after having been baffled so many times in his attempt to seize the person of Constance? Lives might be lost; but many had been already lost. Why not more? The death of the first was a vain sacrifice, unless he should finally succeed, even if more should perish. The worst elements in his heart were aroused by actual war. It was not now a matter of will, but of temper.

It is not clear from the meagre records just when it was that he uttered it, but his secretary, Roland Capon, reported that Charnacé had sworn by a great oath, that when he should capture the fort, he would hang Madame La Tour. The words were not forgotten.

It occurred to Charnacé to reconnoitre. He would ascertain whether the fort might not be safely approached by land through some cavin. As he was standing alone, he was seen by Constance, within gunshot of the inner bastion. Leaving Simon Imbert at the guns covering her pathway, she went out to meet him. Constance waved her kerchief for a truce flag; and when Charnacé responded by like signal, she advanced.

Charnacé and Constance were of the same age. He could not but admire her womanly beauty, as well as her soldierly bearing; his very nearness to the object of his passion, softened his heart.

When within earshot, Constance asked, — and her tones were the same that had thrilled Charnacé to

his finger tips in former years, — "Can I be of any service in the relief of the wounded?"

"The only service you can render me, Constance, is to surrender yourself as my prisoner, and surrender the fortress."

The words of Constance were more effective even than her artillery. It is the tender loving words that break human hearts; not the harsh unkind words. Charnacé had now seen her of whom the world was not worthy. This vision, so suddenly appearing, then lost from sight, had the effect upon his mind of clearing it up, — showing him his moral bearings; much as the mysterious shifting scenery of the coast, so often losing itself in a fog bank, looms out of the dissolving mist under a light land-breeze which lets in the sun.

Returning to his solitary post upon the wretched flats of the Biguyduce, and walking up and down among the gloomy fir trees, the sad and fierce Charnacé lived long in the two months next following. What he thought and felt, — when his conscience was full, and when it waned, — when Mars paled his fires, — when Venus glowed in the sky above him, — all these bitter secrets of his lonely hours had no perceptible effect in making Charnacé less susceptible to the influences by which he was incessantly surrounded.

His despicable tools, — whose tool he was, — his friars, his priests, his brotherhood of Indian teachers, and his very Indians, and the very few womenfolk

in the settlement, — all derided him with their eyes, their tones, their hems, their haws, their gait, and by what they did not say, and did not do. Charnacé felt that his kingdom was departing. He wondered what his King would say. What his God had already said, he did not hear or know.

They were all angry. It would have been political madness to have held them back. Richelieu's echo again sounded upon the Bay. Charnacé felt a strange kinship for the arbitrary spirit of the great minister. Singularly introspective, he questioned his own conscience, — "Am I not hard, haughty, tyrannical? Does not my repulse make it necessary for me to steel my heart, for the glory of God?" His papal piety began to assert its claims. The Mother Church pleaded over against Constance.

Word came one day, that his uncle, the Baron Charnacé, had been killed in the trenches in the siege of Breda; his soldier spirit leading him to risk himself in a cause to which he was devoted, — even though his service as ambassador might have excused him. His brave heart had been carried into France, and buried in the church of the Carmelites at Angers.

Upon that March day when this news came, the Governor of Acadia had been trying to school his mind by prayer, and the reading of God's word, to seek the divine companionship, to win the promise that the Holy One would abide with those loving Him. Now his heart was torn in pieces by this

affliction, bringing up as it did all the emptiness of his uncle's heart after his wife died, the long years of distressing melancholy, now happily ended by death.

What could he now do, otherwise than reaffirm all his old vows of love to Constance, and capture her in the Castle? And if he himself should be slain in the battle, would not that be infinitely better than to live as now? His heart drew him back from every thought of relinquishing his undertaking. Charnacé could not but admire the virility of his fair foe. Were she a man, what blame could attach to her that she had fought for the place she called her home? It was his fault, if he had not taken the fort; not hers, that she had defended it. She was a woman worth winning, even at the cannon's mouth.

Then suddenly he saw the clouds breaking against the heights of the Megunticut in the west, like the great rollers breaking upon the outermost rocks seen down the Bay. This presaged a storm: so his mood changed, — with the changing weather. His early inclination to the priesthood, his early rejection by Constance, his life-long flame of love unquenchable for this ablest as well as most amiable and most self-devoted of womankind, had kept his heart single. Why should he marry?

Then it was, that there dawned upon him with some fulness the great thought of a divine presence filling his solitude, the dawning of a better hope, —

but even this he could not free from the influence of Constance. He vowed most solemnly, and recorded it:—

“God do to me as I would do to Charles la Tour, if I ever once think of taking to myself a wife. But my soul craves company in this wilderness of woods close upon the wilderness of waves. And be La Tour dead or alive, I will see Constance; and be of her company,—as I was when we were babes crawling out of our cradles into each other’s houses, as when we went to school hand in hand, as we were for seven blissful years in our teens, as we were after that when we argued theology for more than three years,—as I was until my demoniacal Jesuit confessor—whom may God call to an account for my soul at the Great Day—made it a point of conscience that I forsake an angel and keep company with him and his infernal companions,—promising me high usefulness for the honor of God in establishing his kingdom in a new world. When I get back to Constance, from whom I never should have been separated, then my falsely directed life will be led aright; then I will seek unto God anew; then I will be at rest in God. Not now, O my soul, I cannot rest in God now.”

Then he cursed himself for the life he had led,—as bad as La Tour’s, a mere hunting for pelts and provinces, without one hour of God and peace at heart. Then the wretched man vowed, that, as an earthly means to divine illumination, he would in

taking Castle La Tour keep Saint Constance chained in the chapel; and there kneel before her. "And if," closes this strange paper, — written under the distracting claims of the Governor's duty as an officer of France, of his churchly relations, his conscience, and his love, — "she is silent to me forever, and only now and then drops a tear — like the sham Virgin which Fra Cupávo has made for our Indians, — I shall have all the peace I can have in this world."

XXXV.

CONSTANCE AND CHARLES OF LA ROCHELLE.

ALONE with her Guardian Angel, and in the presence of Him who is called the Heavenly Bridegroom, was Constance at the dawn of the anxious Easter morning. Charles la Tour had returned empty handed from Boston. He had no present money; he had no further mortgage to offer; and all the fine talk of the two days' meeting about the golden rule and helping the distressed — backed up by Scripture — was explained to him in Boston, as applicable only to those who could pay cash or give sound security. La Tour now, therefore, turned to the Indian trade, making an early trip to the woods, hoping to convert his goods into furs, and his furs into money. He had remained in his home but a few days, — just after the defeat of Charnacé. His promised early return would relieve Constance. But Charnacé had now reappeared a few days before Easter, to make an attack upon the land side of the fortress. He had been repulsed, without having gained the slightest advantage in three days' fighting.

At day dawn upon the morning of the Resurrection, Sunday, April the thirteenth, Constance had

assembled all the garrison, who were not on guard, for chapel service. While singing the twenty third psalm :—

que quand au val viendroye
D'ombre de mort, rien de mal ne craindroye :
Car avec moy tu es à chacune heure ;—

the alarm was suddenly given, — that their foes were scaling the walls.

When the forces of Charnacé drew off Saturday night with loss, they held for a short time as prisoner, then released, a soldier from the Perouse near La Tour's old home, in fact one of his early mates. It was through his treachery, that Brogi was to be admitted within the palisades at day break ; when, it was believed, the walls could be scaled by the superior force without meeting resistance. Charnacé himself saw the traitor ; and was satisfied that the fortress could be carried with little or no loss at that early hour. Anxiously watching through the most of the night, he secured the early movement of the men. General Brogi had the work in hand, — his own life in pledge to Charnacé that all should be well. The Acadian Governor then awaited the result ; spending the moments ostensibly with his confessor, Fra Cupávo, who had been selected for his office mainly for the light hold his religion had upon him, and his lack of strictness in meddling with the conscience of Charnacé.

Upon the moment of alarm, Constance rushed out of chapel at the head of her fierce Huguenots to

avenge the treason of her guard. Twelve of the enemy were killed at the first fire, and many wounded. Twice, the invaders were forced back to the wall; then advanced again, being reinforced by the soldiers pouring over the top of the fort. By a fresh onset, and the transcendent power of courage, the Huguenots repulsed the foe the third time. Constance climbed the wall, to defend it at the head of her garrison.¹

General Brogi was led by the boldness of Madame La Tour and her followers to believe that the garrison must be larger than had been reported. He proposed the capitulation of the fort upon honorable terms; offering life and liberty. To this Constance acceded, to save the blood of her men. She was also moved to do it, from having a principal artery cut by a buckshot.

Brogi had been long ill tempered and angry at what he thought the indecision of Charnacé; and he would now make an end. Had he not been sent across the seas for this hour? Pretending that he had been deceived into offering terms by a false showing of the size of the garrison, he gave orders to hang the men at the door of the chapel; and even put a cord round the neck of Madame La Tour,—who was pressing her thumb over the severed artery.

Charnacé had distrusted Brogi from the beginning; knowing how pertinaciously bad men were selected

¹ Charlevoix, *Histoire et Description Générale de La Nouvelle France*. 5 vols. Paris. 1744. Vol. II. page 197.

for the worst of work, as the most self devoted and the holiest of priests were set to some work for which they were best fitted. But he had felt that he was in the toils, and could not escape. He had tried to assure himself, that there was no danger in war, that no resistance could be made at the early Sabbath hour. When he heard the sharp rattle of musketry he hurried to the fort, his conscience sounding thunder peals. Volley on volley alarmed him. But his heart failed him, until all was suddenly still; and then it failed him. Who could tell what he might see next moment?

Charnacé entered the chapel, to which Constance had retired. He killed Brogi with one blow of his sabre. The hanging at the chapel door ceased.

He was now alone with Constance; he had been too long alone, stilling his mind for the agitations of the hour in which he should meet her. Constance was seated in the chair, by which she had stood at the morning service leading her soldiery in prayer to Him who rolled the rock away by angelic hands,—to Him, who was thought by Mary to be the gardener, as He walked among the flowers upon that spring morning sixteen hundred years ago.

Charnacé stood a moment uncovered. He saw that Constance pressed her thumb upon a clot of blood, with her clothing opened to the wound. It was only a moment. He kneeled, as if in adoration; and was silent.

“Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy

laden; and I will give you rest:"—uttering these words, Constance removed her thumb from the wound, and was dead. The open Bible, out of which she had been reading to her soldiers, was covered by her life blood.

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XXXVI.

THE TIDES OF FUNDY.

FRA CUPÁVO, the rosy and rotund keeper of Charnacé's conscience, waited long for his victorious penitent to appear at the confessional next morning. Meeting his master at about noon, he ventured, — with his features smoothed in the attempt to smile with a solemnity befitting the subject, and ducking his head, and bending forward his shoulders until he formed a short crescent, — to remark :

"Your excellency has not forgotten the confessional, I am confident; there are many cares in conquest."

The Governor made no reply, except by a look, which said, — "Go with me."

Uneasy in his gait — for he had come from General La Tour's pipe of Bourdeaux — he followed slowly the firm even tread of Charnacé into Madame la Tour's library.

"I wish to have you witness my signature to these papers; your hand is well known, and carries weight with it in the Order of Jesus and at Versailles."

Hastily signing his full name, Charles de Menou, Sieur Hilaire Charnacé, to the two papers,—the heavy friar nimbly peeping over his shoulders,—he handed one of them to his father confessor to witness.

Cupávo had at a glance read too much. He was sobered. It was a document by which the money value of all the real and personal property captured,—some £10,000,—was to be made over to Charles, the son of Constance, under the guardianship of Lamotte the young Huguenot clergyman, whom Constance had selected to serve as her child's tutor.

His reverence eagerly snatched the proffered parchment, and with eyes shot by wine and rage, he was about to argue the point with the conscience of the Governor, which had been occasionally in his keeping when not in eclipse. To be sure Charnacé had confessed little since his return from France; now, indeed, it was time for the Jesuit to assert the claims of religion,—and speak he would.

Charnacé had stepped back a pace or two: "My holy and venerated father, and, during so many years, my conscience,—if it is your part to guide me to heaven, it is my part to rule you while on earth. Time is of the utmost value to-day. You will witness the paper, without commenting upon it."

Cupávo saw that his master was in no mood for trifling or even delay. Still, as if the Governor's conscience were incarnate in him, and he must be heard, his mouth began to pucker, preparing to

make one or two brief observations in the way of remonstrance.

He was however interrupted by a pistol shot, taking off the lobe of his right ear.

Fra Conscience cried, — "As I am a man, I will speak against this infamy. Will you snatch from the Church this heretical plunder, and endow with it a Huguenot whelp?"

He would have said more; but the lobe of his left ear was cut off; — and another pistol was in hand. He signed the paper; and stood transfixed in his place.

Placing a guard over his conscience, Charnacé within the hour had the child of Constance, the guardian Lamotte, and Henrietta, on board one of La Tour's cruisers, which rode in the harbor, constantly armed and provisioned; and they were under way for Bretagne.

The other paper, which was witnessed later, was, with other documents, sealed in a package addressed to General La Tour; and committed to the care of Madame La Tour's chaplain.

As the sun was going down, Charnacé embarked in the canoe, which Constance had so often used in her missionary journeys among the Indians up the river; and the body of Constance, attired for burial, was placed in it. Her faithful chaplain was at the prow, and her childhood companion at the stern. A grave had been made ready upon the hither side of the river, under the moaning pines.

A shot from a masked battery belonging to the defences of the fort, upon the banks above, struck the canoe mid river; and the body of Constance was borne down the current upon the swift tides of Fundy. The martial fir trees bristling on the heights, the sombre spruces, the rocks dark and shaggy with sea weed, and the screaming sea mews witnessed the burial of Constance.

XXXVII.

IN THE ICE.

THE eccentricity of Charnacé's conduct toward the keeper of his conscience excited no small wonder in Fra Le Vilin, to whom alone Cupávo, upon his return to Pentagouët, told the secret of his ears, and what he knew about Charnacé's love for the Huguenot woman. In thinking over the conduct of their Governor, during many months, indeed ever since La Tour escaped his blockade, it seemed rational to suppose — if their own combined reason could be relied upon as sound — that Charnacé was not what he used to be, certainly not in his relations to their Order.

Not long after his return to the Penobscot, Charnacé took two Indians and went out in a canoe upon the Bay; whether to search for seals, or to make his way to the extreme southwestern headlands, where he had talked of fortifying in encroachment upon English ground, is not now known. The Indians were Joe Takouchin, whom Charnacé had brought from the St. John; and young Madockawando, afterwards principal sachem of the Tarratines in the days of Baron Castine. When they left the fort in the

gray of the morning, in passing Nautilus Island about half a mile out, Charnacé called the attention of the Indians to the dense growth of pines, and to the pleasant gurgling of the waters upon the shingle and the base of the rocks. And for a mile or more, he kept turning himself in the canoe to look at it; and finally reversed his position, so that he could gaze upon it without turning. As the sun came up, a singularly bright cloud overhung the pines, and remained there till the island was out of sight.

It had been a long cold winter; and the ice in the Penobscot was late in breaking up,—indeed Charnacé did not know that the recent warm days and southerly rains had started the great body of ice in the river, until he was in the midst of the advance guard of that northern army which floated down upon the slack tide. A strong south-west wind, rising toward night, choked the Bay with ice.

The night was spent upon one of the Fox Islands; where Charnacé had formerly erected a comfortable shelter for the convenience of his huntsmen and fishing folk. The wind grew sharper, bringing in a hurtling sleet in the early part of the night.

The direction of Loyola to Mazzi of Brescia had been running in the mind of Charnacé all the evening: "When you wake this night, stretch yourself out as if you were dead; and think to yourself how you will wish to have lived when that time really draws near." The going down of the sun had brought to Charnacé a strange horror. He was

at bottom the cause of the death of Constance. Her Guardian Angel had already avenged her, in the torture of soul he had endured since the morning of the Lord's resurrection. The nightfall now found him agonizing under the thought, that God had withdrawn the light forever; but when the morning rose, he said,—"Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Soon after day dawn, Charnacé descried to the eastward his packet from France; and decided to return to the fort. The wind had hauled to the north-west in the night; and the air was full of frost. Their progress was hindered by the ice. The day became exceeding cold. Sometime before noon, in bold water, they were caught in an ice pack. They could still go forward or backward, but slowly and not far; they were encircled by ice cakes, too small for footing, yet so large as to present a great obstacle to paddling; and new ice formed so rapidly that poling along the ice-rafts was soon out of the question. Two or three hours after the noon, they were locked, without tools for making suitable advance or retrogression.

Charnacé diverted himself by watching the glittering light upon the various angles presented by the ice, not far away; and in peering into the depths of the sullen waters; or he lifted up his eyes to the mountain sides on the west, where the pines looked so still and warm; or he gazed with a feeling of envy upon the islands, so shaggy with their coats of fir.

Then he watched the knitting together of the ice by the frost needles.

The whole mass of loose ice was being united by the invisible cold. Within twelve hours next coming, if the weather should not moderate, a rough ice field would be formed, upon which they could move as upon a bridge. That is to say, if they, too, should not be solidified, together with the chunks of ice; for they were cold already, with the penetrating wind, so sharp, so severe, so out of season in the early May. The Indians believed that they could handle the canoe upon the fast forming ice, perhaps by midnight.

Charnacé said little, save to keep up the spirits of his men, one of whom had been with him many leagues of river and sea, in that canoe. He himself loved the very sinews and the pitch daubs of this home of birch. Before the sun went down, Joe was very sure that a half acre of thick slabs of ice to the east of the birch, was strong enough to bear their weight. With more care and cunning than any wild creature of the forest, this half civilized man completed his reconnoitre; and it was determined to work the canoe over the ice; then turn it up edgewise, or bottom up, for a wind break; and so pass the night,—taking turns in watching the ice-making and the weather, so as to make the earliest start possible over the ice floe toward land.

When Charnacé took his turn first in the watch, he felt that he was in no condition to endure much exposure, but the situation itself pleased him. What

could be more fitting to his mental state than this pacing up and down the small area of ice, stepping softly lest he break through, daring not stamp his feet to warm them, and fearing to build a fire lest their little raft of ice should go to pieces under them. The full moon shone clearly, and the ice was sparkling in the bitter north wind. His Indians were asleep under the canoe.

If indeed his jolly and hot blooded confessor was right in thinking him a little daft, he was now at least in the full possession of all his faculties, in circumstances which might easily madden one whose nerves were slightly disturbed.

Now that he had been relieved of his stiffening, crouched-up posture, in the cold canoe, and had freedom of motion, he began to be warm again. The very coldness of the air imparted warmth to his blood,—or, at least, he was not conscious that any of his limbs were freezing.

His mind was full of the roaring tides of Fundy. Once he was absolutely sure, that he saw, approaching him from the east, a form of light stepping airily from one ice block to another. It approached so near, that he closed his eyes for dazzling. A crown of ice was placed upon his head. When he looked up, he beheld the image of light moving north in the teeth of the wind. And, before he could pluck up courage to move, he saw this form of light turn, and blow upon him new and fresher and colder and more icy and more cutting wind out of the North,—as he had seen

pictures of Boreas fanning the world with the breath of his mouth.

He called up Joe, who took his turn in walking up and walking down, face to the wind and back to the wind. Charnacé warmed himself as well as he could from the spirit jug; and wrapped himself in his skins, and lay down to sleep. No, not to sleep. It was too light. A strange light was now in the west casting its rays under that side of the birch most open; a light which outshone the moonbeams that now nearly touched his feet. His head was almost burned, as if by strange fire. It was, he thought, the crown of ice.

Failing to go to sleep, he remembered his life, as if numbering his days; how he had grown worse instead of better in the wilderness, and had sought meaner things than that spiritual good which was the dream of his youth. Why did he not when a boy follow the advice of his dying mother, and enter the college so richly endowed by Jeanne d'Albret and the princes, which furnished so many eminent Protestant scholars? He had given himself up, under the direction of his uncle indeed, to be crooked and twisted in soul by men for whose spiritual purpose he had not now the slightest respect. For years he had fortified himself in the worst positions he could take, by laying aside his private judgment, and allowing his conscience to waddle about on duck's legs, — for this was the way his fat and oily confessor looked to him in that strange light.

That God had not entered into judgment against him was a source of great trouble. If he had only met reproof, disaster. But now all his worldly plans had triumphed. He was at the very height of his power; and he despised himself. That his wickedness was not known, or recognized to be such, by those around him, was a source of trouble. Did they see how it all looked to him now, in that strange light?

"The good opinion of the world is my worst enemy," he said, — startling Madockawando, who now turned out to relieve Joe from pacing athwart their fast enlarging area of ice. Joe turned in, upon the back side of the birch, with his heels toward his master.

Charnacé falling into a little drowse, remembered the words spoken to him by Constance upon the evening he last saw her in France, about the divine companionship; the mystical union, as she called it, with the Son of Man; the biblical idea of the friendship of God offered personally to every man, as he remembered that it dawned upon him on his last voyage to Acadia.

It was now long since he had spoken. The chill in his limbs was approaching his heart by a thousand unseen avenues, as if moving silently along every vein, every nerve, first freezing the extremities of the arterial currents.

He spoke but once: "I am guilty, weary, heavy laden, and I will go to Him for rest." He then fell asleep.

The solitary sentinel outside could hardly keep his blood circulating; but he was startled to hear the words spoken by his master. The tones were like those of a little child dreaming of some far away land of the sun, — dreaming of light; although black clouds were fast rising, and sweeping over the moon, — in token of an approaching change of weather.

Stark and cold was the body of their master, which was borne homeward when the shift of the wind relieved them.

Dark hued mourners went about the streets of still Castine, — so much more silent then than now. The Tarratines, at least, sorrowed for the dead.

XXXVIII.

THE JESUIT FATHERS SAY MASS FOR THE
REPOSE OF THE DEAD.

FRA CUPÁVO, now in middle life, was the son of an old family servant of the house of Baron Charnacé, in Bretagne. When the Governor of Acadia was a student at St. Pol de Leon, in visiting the family seat where his father was born, he saw one day Silvestre Cupávo, in broad black hat, long black hair, and square cut coat, advancing toward him with slow and heavy step, and religious mien. The old man had much to say about his own son the friar, who, having completed his studies at St. Pol de Leon, had long since gone as the first Jesuit missionary to Acadia.

Poutrincourt, sorely against his own will, but in obedience to his King, took out Fra Cupávo to America. Biencourt was so far the son of his father, according to the Jesuits, as to prepare a whipping post, to keep them to line. Cupávo was put in such temper, not to say mass for three months; but finally he wrote a flattering letter to the King, in regard to the master of Port Royal,—and sent with it a secret request for fitting out a

colony for Pemetic. In this company came Fra Le Vilin. Sir Samuel Argal of Virginia, violent, cruel, rapacious, broke up this settlement.

Cupávo, upon being taken to Virginia, persuaded the authorities to go under his guidance to destroy Port Royal. Biencourt and six of his comrades sent a petition to Governor Dale to hang the priest. But Argal in returning south was driven to Fayal by a storm; and he was persuaded, as the easiest way to get rid of his priests, to send them to England.

Cupávo had vowed, that, if he should escape, he would change the hearts of many savages in Acadia; so that he was eager to return with Charnacé, — finding special favor, for his father's sake.

Fra Le Vilin had made himself somewhat famous, as being the only man in La Saussaye's Pemetic colony, who — upon the sudden appearance of Argal — was plucky enough to pop up and fire a cannon, after the commander had repeatedly yelled, — "Fire! Fire!" To be sure, he did not think to aim before he fired; but the old historian gravely remarked, that the gun made as much noise as if it had been English.

If the Protestant clergy of England in that age of Jameses and Charleses had lived more nearly by gospel rule, the Catholic clergy of France in the age of Richelieu might have been held to stricter account; as it was, the rich curates spent their time in hunting, and the poor in drinking.¹ Some of the worst of

¹ Masson's Richelieu, p. 2.

men crept into the Society of Jesus. The French settlers at Biguynuce were, says Wheeler's Castine,¹ very ignorant and depraved; and they were excessive bigots in their religion: and the government was purely a military despotism. Cupávo and Le Vilin were not lacking in elasticity of conscience; and their devices were protean shapes of the same religion. Of course what they did was religious.

The sudden judgment upon Charnacé was all explained to the faithful and simple minded Indian saints. The Governor had greatly erred by taking with him, upon this fatal voyage, the blood stained Bible, which had been his constant companion since he left the St. John. It was sure to bring misfortune; indeed, he had never been quite himself since he had it. The fathers, it is said, smiled perceptibly through their tears, when they saw this book whose fine La Rochelle letterpress had been stained by the blood of an arch heretic.

Before the body of the Governor of Acadia could be laid to rest in the fresh earth of Nautilus Island, the fathers decided that it would be needful to say a hundred masses for the repose of the inquiet dead. In fact the mourning friars declared that a purse of gold had been handed them by their late master, as one of his last pious acts, to celebrate masses for his soul, in event any casualty should ever overtake him in his perilous journeys.

Jean Cupávo did not, however, in his mourning,

¹ p. 19.

altogether lose his wits. "What is to become of all the Governor's property?" asked the priest. "Is our mission of Saint Ignatius to exist only on paper? To be sure His Excellency left no will or wife; but with the Church all things are possible."

Was it possible, also, that the Church would avenge the father confessor for the loss of the lobes of his ears, which he had borne without a wrinkle or apparent disturbance of temper? Silent grudges have often borne an important part in the great crises of history. Why not in Acadia?

The jolly confessor, late conscience to the rightful ruler of New France, chuckled when he thought of another grudge to gratify. He had a grudge,—easily satisfied with some grim joke,—against the widow Bernières; so long a resident, so fair, and unmated. To avenge his own ill success with her, and to excuse his own multifarious wrong doing, it had been his habit now for a long time to slander her guardedly,—lest she know it, and his master know it;—stating with due secrecy that she was the Governor's wife. Had not his master confessed it? The secret marriage might now surely be declared.

He went to the widow. She was still young, and of unfaded beauty. Her husband, *Alexandré*, a fur trader, had been lost upon the *Ripogenus Falls*, a few months after his arrival. With admirable good sense, and the business turn displayed by so many of her countrywomen, she had maintained herself

by trafficking in furs, in a small way, upon her own account. She was amiable, bright, and the best of company. The Governor had indeed now and then laughed for an hour in her society, before he ceased to smile.

Best of all, she was devout; and her faith in the absolute supremacy upon this earth of the Vicar of God had never been in the slightest degree disturbed. Fra Le Vilin, her confessor, who better observed his vows than Cupávo, had used the utmost care never to shock her faith in the immaculate living of the representatives of the Church. And she had a prudish antipathy to gossip, so that the few women in the settlement had their mouths stopped when they ventured into her presence. It was often said, that the Governor ought to marry her; that perhaps he would; and the story so slyly circulated, — by the official's confessor, — that he had done so in secret, found easy credence. Everybody knew it, as soon as the Governor was dead; everybody expected her to appear in mourning, — everybody except herself.

When Jean Cupávo, who was the brain of the Jesuit mission in Acadia, went down to call upon the widow, he thought he would break the news to her — as gently as he could with his tongue of oil — that she was indeed the widow of the Governor.

He knew that she had a nose of wax, for priestly fingering, — if the good of the Church was plainly set before her. Had not Laurent Le Vilin, her confessor, told him so?

To his surprise, she was unwilling to remain with him alone. There might be scandal with him in the house. She had heard nothing to the discredit of the keeper of His Excellency's conscience, at least nothing which she would allow, in her simple faith; but she had the fine instincts of a woman. She said, upon learning that he had important matters about which he wished to talk with her, that she would see him, — if he would come with her confessor.

They talked no small part of the night, — the three. And the night was very cold; the fire upon the hearth was low, but the widow would not rise to re-kindle it. She hoped they would freeze, and go. But they had drank too much good wine to feel the cold.

"The time requires haste in the decision," urged Le Vilin. "The funeral cannot be long deferred; and we have said twenty-five of the masses already."

It was explained to her, and she caught at it in an instant, that all the property would be lost to the mission; that she was providentially there to save it; that, in perfectly honorable widowhood, she could bear the name of the Governor; that he had greatly desired to make her his wife; that he had often spoken of it to his confessor; that he had, the day before he embarked, drafted a will and executed it in her favor, — naming her as his wife; that the will gave large money to the mission, and to establish the plantation and mission of St. Ignatius; that the neighbors already believed, since the Governor

had so often spoken of it, and spoken so freely, that she was his wife by secret marriage.

It was all very wonderful. But had not Providence, — asked Le Vilin, — prepared her mind to take such a step for the advancement of the interests of the Church? The widow did not need to be reminded, she knew the story too well, of the course taken by Madame de la Peltrie the founder of the Ursuline convent at Quebec; who had, — upon advice of her confessor and the advice of the confessor of *Alexandré Bernières'* older brother, and other eminent divines, — feigned a marriage with *M. de Bernières*, a bachelor of rank and of great wealth and devoted to the Church, in order to deceive her own father, who had threatened to disinherit her if she should pledge her patrimony to the Canadian mission.

Still, it was all talked over again by her artful advisers, as if she had never heard of it. And the points in Madame de la Peltrie's piety were brought out with remarkable skill, — and the holy life of *Alexandré Bernières'* brother was well known to her. What wonder, if her conscience, so informed, did not shrink from following the cue given by *Cupávo*.

"If I should do it," said the nose of wax, "it would be to please my Mother, the Church."

She demanded, however, to see the will. They agreed to produce it, when they should meet again.

It all ended, at near day dawn; and the widow's pearly teeth were chattering with the cold. She

resorted late to restorative wine, and buried herself in her furs, locked her house, and went to bed to prevent dying of the cold she had taken. The neighbors said that the poor thing was inconsolable and physically prostrated with grief, — now widowed a second time, and that too when so young.

The widow, Héloïse, was not however so sick, but that she could give strict attention to business. She had more mind of her own than the fathers had given her credit for. Long ambitious in secret to become the Governor's wife, why not accept the situation; and, — as he did whom she admired, — use the Jesuits? She was devout, loyal to the Church: that might be, — without her being led at will by the Society of Jesus, whose refinements, justifying the worst, did not please her. Their ethics, however, were suited to her mind in the mood, — or her plan rather, — of the hour.

If the graves of Castine were to give up their dead, a strange story would be told of the masses said that day over the cold clay in the little stone church with its blood colored windows and ghastly walls.

Roland Capon, and the two friars, prepared the will and witnessed it. The grim father confessor, so fat, so ruddy, himself turned pale as the dead, when he kneeled upon the cold stone floor, placed the parchment upon the ice cold body, and forged the signature of the now dishonored Governor.

The widow Héloïse after dusk saw the will, and consented; being warmer than she was the night

before, with a roaring fire of walnut. Nothing more was said or done that night. It was, however, suggested that perhaps the widow would visit the church privately upon the morrow; and attend to the celebration of more masses for the repose of the inquiet dead,—and receive some portion of the property, in order that she might better incur the expenses of the funeral.

When the widow,—now indeed doubly a widow, and that so young,—visited the church upon the morrow, she was surprised to see the festive air the grisly church had put on, for the celebration of ceremonies for the repose of the troubled dead.

There were a few white artificial flowers standing upon a table, arranged in the figure of a cross. Behind it was a curtain of crimson and gold. She was requested to stand beside the table, to receive her marriage portion. A hand,—which from a well known scar, she knew to be the hand of the Governor,—was extended between the folds of the curtain of crimson and gold; and from his hand she received her marriage portion, in a paper representing fifty thousand livres.

The widow Bernières was requested now to take the hand of the Governor in her right hand; and they were, hand in hand, pronounced to be husband and wife. She shrieked with terror, and fell to the floor.

XXXIX.

THE WIDOW BERNIÈRES.

CHARLES LA TOUR married the widow of his worst enemy,—as if a farce should follow a tragedy. The truth is always stranger than fiction; and no romance can be so wild as the sober story of the seventeenth century in the coast towns of dull and unromantic Maine, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

When La Tour returned on Easter morning from his Indian traffic to the neighborhood of his home, learning from fugitives the extent of his disaster, he set a watch upon the movements of Charnacé, with the full purpose to take his life whenever he should emerge from the fort. He had not seen the preparation of the funereal birch upon the lower side of the fort, but in the distance he thought that he recognized the dark plume of his enemy, and Jean Pitchibat knew his peculiar paddle stroke;—it was when the Indian spy and his master were standing at the masked battery.

One of the papers which Charnacé sent to General La Tour by his chaplain, was a letter from Constance :—

HOME. *Before the dawn of Easter.*

MY BELOVED, —

I am always praying for you. God give you the highest boon, even His own presence in the wilderness. I long for your coming. Unless we have some traitor here, which God forbid, I shall be able to hold the fortress.

If there is any real peril, and God so wills, — I shall die in defence of our home and the religious purpose of our lives.

I would that our dear child were in France.

CONSTANCE.

So long as Constance lived, Charles la Tour was better than himself; he was upheld morally, and kept to a moderately conscientious career. After her death there was, as compared with his former self, a collapse.

The communication sent by Charnacé to La Tour was a very remarkable one, and every way worthy the better nature of the man, and going far to atone for the well known faults of his character. He enclosed the King's order for La Tour's arrest; stating that he should not molest him, if he followed the things making for peace. And, with far reaching foresight, looking toward the peace of Acadia, he sent a document, witnessed by Jean Cupávo, ordering his subordinates upon the Penobscot, in the event of his own decease, — First, to recognize La Tour as their superior; and Second, to co-operate with him at Versailles to secure his re-commission as Lieutenant Governor of Acadia; and Third, to turn over to La

Tour any personal property that he might be possessed of at the time of his decease. The amazing energy and practical sagacity of La Tour were alluded to, as being of great future service to Acadia, in event of his own demise.

Upon the strength of this document, General La Tour ventured with a few faithful retainers, into the neighborhood of Biguyduce, early in May; in the expectation, — if the way should prove clear, — of offering to serve under Charnacé, for the development of Acadia; that henceforth they should work together for the good of New France, rather than contend with each other personally.

Of the two steep hills behind Castine, the one east of the great hill on the Penobscot is the present site of the Maine Normal School building. It was here that La Tour stood upon the morning of Charnacé's burial. The cold wave had passed by; the light and glow of spring appeared for a few hours, — to be succeeded by the chill, and warmth, and alternations of an Acadian May. La Tour could not but think how often he had stood there with Constance, sweeping the horizon; he looked north to the headland on the river where Governor Pownal, a century and a half later, built his fort, — to the Blue Hill rising north of east, and the intervening expanse of the winding Biguyduce, — to the Pemetic mountains on the east, and to the heights southwest, standing as mighty fortresses of the shining Bay on the south, — to the great islands of the Bay westerly, and Megun-

ticut rising against the sky, — to Passageewakeag in the northwest, where the strange story of recent years has told us that La Tour's great enemy has been seen under the clear waters ploughing up the harbor bottom, to increase the depth near the spot where he grounded his ships.

From this height La Tour saw the funereal cortège emerge from the church; and he watched the flotilla of canoes which moved toward Nautilus Island; and saw afar the burial train when it re-formed upon the shore, and disappeared in the pines. Constance with her spiritual nature might have divined what great man had fallen; but Charles la Tour reasoned like a military man, that it was a favorable time to explore the settlement when the inhabitants and even the garrison were for the most part absent. Stealing with fox-like tread among the thickets, he descended the slope, and approached the hamlet. He saw a few Indian women, watching the water for the reappearance of the mourners. And he listened to their conversation.

They were debating the merits of the deceased. It had been a shock to them, that a rumor of possible heresy had been floating over the village; so that on this account the priests had been more willing to adopt Joe Takouchin's notion to bury the Governor's body upon the island, out of the church shadow. Joe's wife settled the matter once for all by alluding to the character of Constance; and saying that any one who was devoted as he was to such

a woman, was as near to being a saint as Fra Cupávo.

La Tour withdrew a little from Joe's lodge, and awaited his return. By the aid of this trusty servant, — who had made sure before daylight to bury Constance's Bible in Charnacé's grave, stealing it away from Cupávo's cabin, — a private hour was secured from the reverend father, when Joe might see him in the evening. La Tour went with Joe to see the priest. His business was broached with such delicacy, that General La Tour and the Jesuit were soon upon easy terms for conversation.

"The late Governor," remarked La Tour, after draining his second glass, and kindling his tobacco in Cupávo's cosey bachelor's den, "sent to me a certain paper looking toward the peace of Acadia; for the promotion of which he desired the co-operation of the Society of Jesus. I have therefore determined, for myself, although not yet convinced that you are right, at least to make no stand upon matters of faith. Why should we repeat here the religious wars which have torn in pieces our beloved France?"

"But you have no treasury to fall back upon," interposed the practical priest.

"My money which I lost by the fortunes of war is indeed in France, in the care of my son's guardian; but it can never earn so much in Brittany as it will if reinvested in Acadia." Then he looked sharply at the priest. He saw nothing but a still cold glitter in his immovable eyes, so well walled up in adipose tissue.

"The late Governor," added La Tour, "executed a paper, devoting to my use in our Acadian enterprises whatever property he might have at his decease. You must remember witnessing to the signature."

Jean Cupávo involuntarily felt for the lobes of his ears; first one, then the other. "I could better remember, if I should see the document."

La Tour produced the paper; but so held it, that the priest could read without taking it in hand. Cupávo had not read it when witnessing to the Governor's signature, and he desired to take it into his own hands; as he said, — for more convenient reading. At this instant Joe drew near. The priest saw at his side, gleaming in the fire light, a long knife held in the Indian's right hand. The Jesuit's urgency to take the document into his own hands was abated; but his face turned red with rage, like a Castine lobster. But he checked himself from speaking.

Next moment, presto, the protean priest, who had spent years in adapting himself to circumstances, burst into a most immoderate fit of laughter; shaking his immense body, as if he had earthquakes within. It seemed that he would never be done.

Discerning the manner of man before him, — pliant as to his faith, keen for a bargain, not unwilling to co-operate with the Brotherhood of Loyola, — it had occurred to Cupávo to propose to La Tour a marriage with the late Governor's widow, as the easiest and wisest way to compromise.

Apologizing for his unseasonable mirth, he proffered his guest the choicest of his wine; and in what was apparently the most irrelevant manner, began to shift the conversation into a jovial come-and-go, — touching La Tour here and there, as if he would sound him through and through, and know every part of his nature: —

“Are not the wines of France improved by sea-voyaging and the quality of soil in our Acadian cellars?” “We could get on much better with you, in the business you propose, if you were to take a devout Catholic for your wife.” “Let me fill your glass. Which do you prefer, the brandy of Bayonne or of Nantz?” “Did you not know, that the Governor’s property went to his wife? He was secretly married; and gave only a mere sop to the Church.” “How much was the last year fur trade worth upon the St. John?” “The Governor’s widow is very handsome. I’d marry her myself, if it were not for my vows.” “I fear that your pipe does not suit you.” “The woman is pious, and will do well by the Church with her money; and your Eastern trade will support you in great expenditure, besides your contributions to our poor mission. Then there will be peace in Acadia; and we shall have leisure to baptize the savages instead of fighting you.”

The jocund priest now renewed his untimely mirth; knowing not how horrible the proposition seemed to La Tour. Cupávo had, however, used the liquors freely; and he ran on from one thing to another, with

a vast deal of method in his mad talk, changing from grave to gay, or mirth to melancholy, as might best compel his guest to keep up his end of the conversation. La Tour observed that his host merely sipped from his cup; that his free rambling without reason was nonsense only in appearance, as the Jesuit changed from relevant to irrelevant topics in a gossiping way hardly pausing for a reply.

The proposition was at last baldly made by the priest, that La Tour should execute an agreement to marry the Governor's widow, as the basis for harmonizing all interests in Acadia.

For once La Tour's self-satisfaction and even-balance was disturbed; although not visibly so in that dim apartment, whose darkness was only made the more apparent by the smoking wick upon the dark and greasy table.

When the wood fire flickered, and for a moment illuminated the rusty and baggy suit of Cupávo, and kindled his red face, it only revealed to La Tour sharp eyes penetrating his secret thoughts and reading his decision in his indecision. There was something almost jaunty in the priest's sombre clothing, and in the way he wore his black cap when he accompanied General La Tour to the door. The point he had made, had punctured the reserve of his guest; and he was likely to hear from him further.

It was lighter out of doors than it was within the Breton's rough hewn logs of cedar. The dawn with

light tints was already touching the mirror-like harbor of Biguyduce. La Tour's canoe was soon gliding over the shining expanse; and, before the sun was up, he stood at the grave of Charnacé upon the isle of Nautilus.

XL.

BEFORE SUNRISE AND AFTER SUNSET.

CHARLES LA TOUR'S heart was troubled; he had no home, — his child in Bretagne, his wife singing among saints glorified. Should he now think on God? He thought on La Tour.

His enemy was dead. Here was his grave. This was satisfactory. That he had been bewitched in his last days seemed probable; Fra Cupávo was probably right in this. His actions could not be accounted for upon rational principles. Alas, he feared, that his poor dying Constance must have had something to do with it; as Charnacé's strange conduct had begun in the very hour of victory.

Now here was this same Cupávo — with ears wisely shortened — attempting to bewitch La Tour. He did not like it. It was inappropriate at this time.

But what should he do about the property? The widow had it. He had nothing. He would have nothing till the return of his packet, — enough for a trader, but not for a Governor. He would consider the situation.

With an excellent appetite, he drew from his haversack his simple Micmac fare, dried herring and parched corn; and, — stretching under the pines near where Charnacé's body was at rest, — he broke his fast.

A strange light — not of the sun which was still below the horizon — kindled in the thicket of firs upon the north; and threw a strong shadow of the trunk of the pine tree, under which he was lying, athwart the grave. La Tour hardly noticed it. His mind was confused by the coming in of thoughts unusual to him.

What was there in the hour, the place, which exercised a strange spell over him? Why had he been the enemy of Charnacé? Taking from his pocket the personal card which his enemy had left with him upon their first interview at Cape Sable, he read it over, — "Charles de Menou, Sieur Hilaire Charnacé." Charles la Tour then arose, and laid the card reverently upon the head of the grave toward the west; and he said: "God do so to me, — if I ever remember his faults, or say aught but good of his memory."

Then he noticed the strange shadow across the sod; but the light was suddenly withdrawn, and he never saw it again.

It might have been his dry herring which reminded him of his rolling reverence Jean Cupávo, so dry, so thirsty, so smoky, so little to his taste; he must be one of the worst of men, who would stop at nothing.

It would, however, be proper for him to offer con-

dolence to the widow. He would like to see her. Perhaps he would call.

And he wondered how much property his rival had left. The income, for a long time, must have been more than one hundred thousand livres. Fra Cupávo ought, indeed, to have a hearing. It would be difficult to get possession, upon the strength of his document under Charnacé's own hand, unless the fathers were favorable and the widow with her later testament was favorable. He must not fail to reflect upon the situation in which he found himself—alone in that spring morning, upon the tide washed isle, at the new grave of his fallen foe, and a scheming priest and handsome but weeping widow across the harbor in front of him.

A chill struck him through and through to the marrow. He must be taking cold.

Leaving the fragments of his breakfast, which he had hardly touched,—his hunger having strangely left him, so that he loathed the food,—he went to the water-side, hoping to find a sweet spring somewhere under the bank, and hoping that the birds would be attracted to the grave of his sleeping foe by the food he had left under the pines.

La Tour slept in his canoe in a sunny nook, in the lee of the island no small part of the day. Late in the afternoon, he paddled up the Biguyduce river to the camp where he had left his retainers. By the message which they had left under a pointed stone, he soon found their new place of concealment. Eat-

ing a hearty dinner of fresh trout and venison, he prepared then to go and see the widow. He was unaccountably cold; he had, he believed, taken cold. Putting on, under his outer garments, a short and close fitting coon skin jacket, he drank a large measure of hot rum, and left the camp.

The widow's house was damp and cold, with a sepulchral closeness in the air. It seemed to La Tour like a tomb with a low fire in one end of it, when he entered. It was dark: but — as he had secured a note of introduction from Fra Cupávo in case he should conclude to call, and since the late Governor's holy confessor had been there that day with Fra Le Vilin less in ill-humor than he was commonly, and as they had mentioned that General la Tour was in town with important papers from His Excellency her honored husband now deceased, — the widow received the distinguished stranger with great cordiality. She even extended her hand, when he announced his name.

It was like the hand of the dead. La Tour instinctively dropped it; unlocking as if by a spring his large hearty hand-grasp, — like a steel trap suddenly opened to free its victim. The widow, twice a widow, almost fell to the floor. There was heat in La Tour's hand, — perhaps a hidden fire in it. She had taken no human hand in her own since she was for a moment riveted to that frozen hand out of the realms of the dead.

As she half turned, La Tour quickly seized her left

hand in his right, and led her to the settle by the fire. "Madame, I fear that you are ill. I trust that I am not intruding in the hour of your great sorrow."

But for the terror in her heart, the widow would have smiled a little at this tender mention of her inexpressible grief. She had hardy schooled her mind to her feigned second widowhood.

She had not thought that her right hand was cold; and had been quite unconscious of any peculiar sensation in it, or lack of sensation.

"I fear," she answered, "that I shall sometime fall from paralysis."

In a moment, using her left hand at first, she began to disturb the low fire; and then, as if forgetting herself, she applied both hands to that miracle-working — the creation of sheets of flames out of dry sticks, glowing coals and smouldering embers. Finally she put on a fresh log. Gentle, genial, resolute, enterprising Charles la Tour, — withal tender in the house of sorrow as he had easily learned when with Constance — was really making a good deal of an impression upon the widow; and stirring up the fire might dry her tears, — and, possibly, take the chill out of her right hand.

After that, she failed to notice any clammy chill in her hand; but thenceforward, she found herself shrinking from giving her hand to any neighbor or old acquaintance. And no one touched her right hand again, until a year after when La Tour took it upon their wedding day, when she shrieked outright

and he dropped her hand,—as they stood in the cold gray morning within the shivering church at Pentagotiet.¹

Too much, however, has been now anticipated. It is not likely that the widow — at that moment when La Tour led her to the fire thought of anything more than that she welcomed a human voice in place of the sepulchral sound that had kept calling to her, as she was engaged in her rounds of domestic service and in her preparation for the funeral, and during that solemn service which had almost frozen her heart's blood and stilled its beating.

La Tour had stood a moment, after leading her to the settle ; but sat down, when she arose to finger the fire. His heart had been indeed so cold, since his wife died ; and cold since his little son had been shipped so suddenly out of his sight, without his first pressing him to his own bosom. And he felt glad, that, instead of being in his lonely camp, or closeted with an intriguing friar, or visiting the grave of one so long hostile to him, he was now in the presence of

¹ She finally died of paralysis ; having lived most happily with General La Tour for many years. But after this wedding, she never used her right hand again for friendly greeting or a friend's pledge. Charles La Tour himself never knew what made her hand so cold ; and with great delicacy refrained from alluding to it, even upon the wedding day. At that time, the priests — who had previously officiated upon a similar occasion so ghastly that they must have been terrified by it when they came to die — thought that the outcry of La Tour's bride was not strange, in that place, with such memories as must have overwhelmed her.

a woman whose eyes were kindly, and whose lips were of gentle accent.

He had feared, when he learned that Charnacé left a widow, that she must be strongly prejudiced against himself as her husband's bitter antagonist. And it puzzled him a little that the widow was not apparently inconsolable. He did not want to ask her how long she had been married to Charnacé, or to appear curious. She plainly had no feeling of aversion to him. He began once to say,—

“My interests—and — those of—your honored husband—were,—you must have known—too well,—were inimical.” But he had hard work to get through with the sentence. She looked at him in a quizzical way; as a child would, innocent of wrong intent when wrong in deed. Then she slowly answered, hesitating as he had done,—looking him fixedly in the eye:—

“It will be gratifying to me, if you do not allude to my husband; it is very painful for me to have you do so.” Then she dropped her eyes, and added timidly,—“I would rather—you would talk—of yourself,—and—of—myself;—or of any business you have with me. I understood—that—you had—important papers.”

What could La Tour do? It was plain from the widow's manner, that she could but keep her eyes on his fine figure; and that, when she made way for him to sit at her side on the settle by the great fire-place, she must be in a state of mind ready to receive favor-

ably any proposal he had to make — in a purely business way.

"The papers which I have brought indicate a desire that the past be forgotten, and that henceforth the property interests, and the political interests, and the social interests, and — I had almost said — the domestic interests," — pausing and looking into the eyes of the widow — "of Acadia should be so managed that my interests shall not be separate from the interests which his Excellency sought to establish."

"As it is now," was the reply, "the Jesuits have taken possession of two thirds of all the personal property which Lieutenant General Charnacé left, giving me one third. His real property he had himself deeded outright to his sister at St. Omer's, — its use to be at her control after his death."

Her voice indicated that the Jesuits were not favorites with her, and that her recent confidence in them had abated.

La Tour, after a moment's pause, as if looking at the papers which he held in his hand, turning them toward the fire light, in such a way that the widow at his side could easily read with him, suggested, —

"It would appear, that the purpose of Charnacé changed somewhat, and that his last will did not confirm this paper. Herein, he directed me to take possession; and to call upon the friars to co-operate with me in securing everything: The name Jean Capávo, Missionary of the Society of Jesus, is attached hereto as a witness. You will, I know pardon me, if I in-

quire whether you have yourself with your own eyes seen the will?"

"No, I have not. I saw only that part relating to myself, and the signature, — which I have since found does not correspond with the Governor's hand upon my trading permit."

"But has not one third of the property been paid to you?"

The widow gasped, started from her seat, turned pale, and fell upon the hearth.

Here was indeed some mystery.

La Tour, without thinking, touched her right hand. It was like ice, but clammy like the flesh of the dead.

Here was indeed some mystery. But the situation was embarrassing. His hostess was evidently very ill. He feared that she had fallen by a paralytic stroke. With some care, he raised her to the settle; and placed under her head a fox-skin rug rolled for a pillow; and then he stood with his back to the fire, watching for the revival of his patient. Turning, after a little, he looked far up the throat of the great chimney, — and he saw what appeared to be a coin-bag black with smoke; and from it hung an icicle, like a stalactite, — it was however so blackened that he did not feel certain, — and a puff of smoke from the fire, filling his eyes, he turned his head, and saw that his patient had recovered from her swoon, and was now sitting up.

Pressing her temples with the thumb and fore-finger of her left hand, she said, — "I am giddy. If

you will heat the poker, we will burn a little brandy infused with bluets, then my head will be clear. You will find the bottle in the side-board."

As she delicately sipped the scorched brandy, La Tour required no urging to visit the side-board for a draught of wine.

Charnacé's widow was evidently not well enough to talk further; nor, at the late hour, was it desirable.

As he left the door, a red meteor blazed across the sky, as if falling near, — and it divided into two balls of fire, and dropped into the sea between the fort and Nautilus Island.

XLI.

LA TOUR.

AFTER General La Tour had made such business arrangements as seemed most likely to promote peace in Acadia, he sailed for France. Once upon his ship, ploughing the waves of mid ocean, he had time to think. And then it seemed as strange to him, as to the prosaic historians to whom he has been an enigma for two centuries, that after all he had agreed — upon his return from France with a renewed commission as Lieutenant General of Acadia — to marry the widow of Charnacé.

With a very large element of hopefulness in his heart, he took the world easily, one day with another, doing what seemed best for that day, and burdening himself little with cares for the past or the future. He reviewed his ground with some care; and believed that he had made no mistake, in carrying out the plan he formed in his boyhood to have a sharp eye to his own interests. And it was clearly for his interest to have peace in Acadia.

This point, then, being settled, — he smoked his pipe as he sat cross-legged upon the quarter deck, or went forward and told yarns with the seamen.

Upon disembarking at Vannes, La Tour made his way to Vitré, some seven leagues east of Rennes, and there upon the picturesque bank of the Vilaine, he found his son in the home of Henrietta, who had married the child's guardian, Lamotte. They lived in a house near the old feudal castle, in after generations occupied by Madame de Sévigné.

Protestant character in France had begun to tell. The able merchants and manufacturers of the reformed faith were found to be men worthy of trust. The walls of Vitré, and their flanking towers, offered good shelter in troublous times; so that public Protestant worship was maintained here more than a hundred years. The son of Constance came to be of man's estate in just such a community as his mother would have selected for him. And he was then connected by marriage with the house of the most high and mighty princess of Tarente.¹

The Protestant religious services were observed at her château, — it being her manorial right, — after the authorities had prohibited public worship. Upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the princess retired to Heidelberg;² and Charles the son of Constance removed to Frankfort, — the princess dying at his house in 1693. He returned to Vitré in later years, and lived to such age that he held in his arms

¹ Émilie of Hesse, widow of Henri Charles de la Tremouille, Prince de Tarente et de Talmond, duc de Thouars. She was the daughter of the landgrave William of Hesse Cassel.

² Certain families, who had worshipped in her house at Vitré, escaped to South Carolina.

his infant grandson Théophile Malo Corret de La Tour D'Auvergne, who fell at Oberhausen.¹

Charles la Tour of Acadia confirmed the action of Charnacé in respect to property and the guardianship for his son. And it was, in after years, upon a voyage to visit this son, that he perished by encountering an iceberg off the American coast. The son found that the name La Tour had been long honored among the families of France, reaching back through many centuries; a name which, in subsequent generations, has maintained a high place upon the roll of able and useful men.

The Queen Regent, — Louis XIII. being dead, and Richelieu his master dead, — gave Charles la Tour a new commission, which recited a formidable list of

¹ Representing the last drop of the blood of Constance, the career of him to whom Napoleon gave a sword inscribed "To the First Grenadier of France," but who returned the sword, saying that soldiers were equals; who refused promotion, but had eight thousand men put into his company as the vanguard; who in the hour of peace was a close student and an author whose works are in good repute to-day, but who was terrible in the day of battle; for whom the whole French army mourned three days when he was slain; in love for whom every soldier set apart a day's pay to purchase a silver urn to hold his heart, which was borne with his regiment; whose name was called at the daily muster roll for fourteen years, till the very close of the Empire, before any one would answer that La Tour had died upon the field of honor; whose sabre was placed in the Church of the Invalids; whose Spartan simplicity of life, and self devotion to his country, is commemorated by the monument still standing upon the old battle ground in Bavaria, — all this may have been foreshadowed in the past or seen by Constance in that winter night in the Acadian Woods.

good things which he had never performed, and stated in round terms that he had been lied about by his enemies.¹ It was his first appearance at court; and it was agreed that the wonderful suavity of the Acadian woodsman would have opened for him a high destiny had he chosen to be a courtier.

Governor La Tour's most marvellous performance in France, however, was his persuading Suzanne, the devout woman of St. Omer, sister of Charnacé, not only to bequeath to him the real estate she had received from her brother, but considerably to die within a twelve month.² The imperturbable self complacency, and diplomatic skill of La Tour, were a large part of his working capital; and the interest of La Tour was always uppermost in his mind. The canoness was the more easily persuaded by a letter addressed to her by — her late brother's confessor — Fra Cupávo; in consideration of which La Tour never disturbed the provisions made in the bogus will for the benefit of the Jesuits. La Tour also had letters from Fra Le Vilin to the learned men in the Jesuit College at St. Omer's, where he had been a student. When Suzanne walked the ramparts of this fortified town, — which have since been made so beautiful by the planting of elms in peaceful generations, — she looked upon him as the most pious person in the New World; an opinion which, in La

¹ Hanney's *Acadis*, pp. 189, 190.

² McGregor's *British America*, I. 281; Haliburton's *Nova Scotia*, I. 60.

Tour's mind, went far toward healing the wound inflicted by Ward of Ipswich who had spoken of him so doubtingly in Boston. The sparkling fountains of the city, and the floating islands upon which cattle were feeding as upon green rafts drawn ashore at night, and the gardens north of the city, — all interested La Tour. He told the canoness, as he did Winthrop about the Boston training, that he never saw anything like it before, and that he would not have believed it if he had not seen it.

The widow Bernières, the relict of the late Governor, was more ruddy upon the return of La Tour; the Acadian climate being modified, and better adapted to her constitution. The articles set forth, that the end and principal design of the marriage was the peace and tranquillity of the country; the ceremony being attested by the very reverend father St. Leonard de Chartes, Vice Prefect, et custode de la mission, who had charge of Charnacé's Indian Seminary at Port Royal; by Frère Jean Desnouse St. Françoise Marie; by J. Jacquelin, Provost de St. Martin; and by La Verdure et Bourgeois, Temoins.¹

If the religious sensibilities of Héloïse had ever suffered a shock, she had been amply reassured by the pliant La Tour, and the assiduous attention of the friars. Her mind was too broad to throw up her faith in the whole Church, for any wrong doing of local representatives; and she had no light to lead

¹ Consult Murdoch's *Nova Scotia*, I. 113; Hanney's *Acadia*, p. 191; Wheeler's *Castine*, p. 19.

her to question the Church itself. Accordingly, at the suggestion of her confessor, she mingled, in her husband's cup of the wedding wine, powder of relics of the Saint Brébeuf, the Jesuit father who suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Iroquois. And after that, neither she nor the friars had reason to suspect Governor La Tour of heresy.

Particularly he clung to the Jesuitical maxims when the Protestant Emmanuel Le Borgue, of La Rochelle, appeared with improved artillery, and began to take La Tour's stone forts one after another, in enforcing his claims to the whole of Acadia, upon the judgment of a French court of justice on account of Charnacé's debt to him of two hundred and sixty thousand livres. It would not be for the interest of La Tour to pay debts contracted in fighting himself. He invoked the aid of England; and surrendered Acadia, forts and all, promptly to Cromwell.

Then he flew upon swift wings over sea; and showed the Protector his original papers,—that he had been created by England a baronet, and that he had received a great English land grant; he said nothing about his shooting with great guns at his own father and the English flag, but he asked to be made the British Governor of Acadia. Cromwell gave him the commission; and more land,—three hundred miles inland measured around the shores of Fundy,—it being agreed between the uncompromising Cromwell and the compromising La Tour, that

none but Protestants should be permitted to reside on this land.¹

As Governor of Acadia under the Commonwealth, La Tour wrested their property from the irreligious priests of Pentagouët, and banished the Jesuits out of the country; they on their part loudly proclaiming, that such ingratitude and false faith was just what might be expected of Protestants, who were no better than the infidel Turks. La Tour did not even retort, that it was no sin to lie to the Jesuits; but that was what he thought.

He introduced Franciscans from Aquitaine to carry on the Micmac and Maléchite mission work, the gray friars Vimount, La Flèche, Vieuxpont; humble, self devoted workers, who, even if they baptized with little discrimination, exerted a most favorable influence. They united the Indians of Acadia; rendered them friendly to the whites; improved their social and domestic condition; and imparted the most simple elements of religious faith and practice,—which in the lives of many brought forth good fruit. This work was continued generation after generation, an influence more favorable every way than any other attainable.

Governor La Tour then established the Presbyterian Church in Acadia. Simon Imbert, one of the ruling elders, remarked to M. Rochet that La Tour was full as good as the average,—so far as he could see. Rochet replied that the Governor had only one

¹ Hanney, p. 201.

fault: it was too apparent that he winced when Reverend Hugh McLean preached on carnal-mindedness. That the Governor was respectably religious, there is no doubt.

Neither is it a matter of doubt, that he did not pay Major Gibones his £2500, when he had the money. La Tour had squeezed Boston like an orange; he then threw it away, — why should he pick it up? The New England historians have avenged the Boston merchants; but Acadia, La Tour's own country, is kindly to his memory.

Charles La Tour knew Acadia too well to hold it. It was liable to change masters any day; and he dealt out to new parties in new grants. He therefore beamed upon Sir Thomas Temple, through the fogs of London; and, like a sharp business man, crowded through a sale of half his Cromwellian land grant, while his stock was highest, — then retired to private life. It was none too soon. Charles II. restored Acadia to France; and Temple was ruined.

La Tour and his wife Héloïse had a home, with beautiful surroundings, at Port Royal. Their descendants — of good family as this world goes — have borne well their part in the Acadian history, improving their stock during more than two hundred years: in marrying and giving in marriage, the rearing of children, the sawing of lumber, the sailing of ships, the building of churches, the fighting of such battles as offered, — living and dying, and entering into the unseen.

Héloïse was always a devout Catholic; and she never told her husband of her false marriage. It was reported, however, by Roland Capon upon his death-bed after La Tour's decease. And the fishermen got hold of it, and transformed it after their fashion in the swift passing generations,—until to-day wherever a man and woman and a rolly-poly priest are figured in ice upon the rocks along the ancient Acadian coast,—which sometimes occurs where the water-brooks pour down high banks into the sea keeping the bowlders and ragged ledges glistening with fresh ice all winter,—there where icy hands are clasped in marriage, no man will fish summer or winter, and crafts give a wide berth to the coast of ill omen.

And still, along the Acadian coast, are rarely seen strange lights, moving hither and thither, perhaps among icebergs from the north, most frequently upon the reefs near Cape Sable. Is it not said, that this light walked the waves like a spirit, smoothing down the rough billows, before the ship of Bergier the prominent La Rochelle merchant, whom Louis XIV. named as his Lieutenant in Acadia, after the country had passed from La Tour and the English rule to France? And is not the wreck of D'Anville's fleet—the Armada inimical to the Protestant interests of the New World—upon the ledges near Cape Sable, attributed by some to a star-like dancing light which misled the helmsman, and the sudden rise of a great gale from the south?

And the pleasant farm lands near Annapolis, the

old Port Royal, are sometimes visited, in the season of vintage, by a singular illumination upon dark nights. And men when alone in any trouble have often spoken of it, particularly those who are very poor, who live near the sea and draw their food from the waters. And the light is always seen moving over the surface of the Bay of the Rio Hermoso north of the Fox islands, upon a certain night early in May. Once it has been seen at low tide tracing the remnants of the old pier at Castine, and moving about the depression in the soil which marks the old fort. It has never been seen floating above the tides of Fundy since the second night after the fall of La Tour's fort, when the chaplain affirmed that he saw it, sweeping swiftly into the open sea.

How little would Constance have been satisfied so to live in the traditions of men. Was it not rather her own expectation, the assurance in which she died, that she would return home at last, and dwell in far off spheres of light, endowed with perpetual youth?

TO THE READER.

TO THE READER.

A "NOVEL" way, or "new" "unusual" way, of sifting and combining historical events is often attractive; but its usefulness will be in proportion to the number of readers who are led by it to study the best authorities easily attainable, and to hold fast only that which is good and beautiful and true. Although the footnotes follow the rule of the "novel" text, yet many of them carry their character upon their faces, and lead to recognized standards: when used in connection with a good historical chart, no studious person can go amiss.

The writer is indebted most of all to private papers in his possession: that these papers exhibit the essential facts in a new light will be acknowledged by every candid historical student.

If he has been led by them to locate the contest described in chapters III. and V. differently from some other writers, it is to be remembered that authorities differ to a surprising degree in regard to the whole story. For example, the discrepancy between Winthrop and Hutchinson alluded to upon page 216,

would indicate that one wrote upon rumor. The point is not important. Haliburton's *Nova Scotia*, I. 55, 59, is probably right. More singularly, the historians differ in regard even to the locality of the events alluded to in chapters XXXIV. and XXXV. Gesner's *New Brunswick*, London, 1847, pp. 25, 26; Haliburton, I. 58; and M. Rameau, — are upon one side. Williamson's *Maine*, and Fernald's *Canada*, although differing by two years in the dates assigned; Charlevoix's *History*, II. 196; and Hazard upon the Gibones' mortgage, — are upon the other side; having the best of it, without doubt. If these obscure passages in history are not important enough to contend about, no discussion need be raised as to the locality of the quarrel between the La Tours. Nor need any question be raised if, — upon grounds justified by the wisdom of the Greeks, — one character in the history has been treated as if he had never existed.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

IT would be entirely unjust to the authors mentioned below, if the reader fails of instituting the comparisons now indicated:—

Page 87. Vase of ice. *Vide* Noble's After Icebergs with a Painter.

Page 116. Two wolves skulking. Alexander's L'Acadie, p. 15.

Page 218. The taking of the Castor. Compare with Hathaway's New Brunswick, Frederickton, 1846, p. 13.

Page 235. The reply of the father of Constance to the Governor. *Vide* Baird's Huguenots in America; consulting "Bernon" in the index.

Page 302. "Tender loving words," etc., N. B. S., worthy of all honor.

Page 308. Twenty-third Psalm. *Vide* Oeuvres De Clement Marot. Roven, 1596. Traductions, p. 187.

Page 313. "It is your part to guide me to heaven." Abbott's Maine, p. 69, evidently refers to this. The words "Poutrincourt" and "Biard,"

in the Index of Parkman's *Pioneers of France*, will lead to Lescarbot. The second of the worthies, Biard, is an interesting character.

Page 318. "God had withdrawn the light forever." There is a suggestive passage in the Talmud, relating to the first night after our fallen parents were driven from Paradise.

Page 330. Madame de la Peltrie. *Vide* Parkman's *Jesuits*, pp. 171-3.

Page 357. Brébeuf's relics. *Vide* Baird's *Hug. in Am.* pp. 119, 120.

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